

SHAKESPEARE QUARTERLY

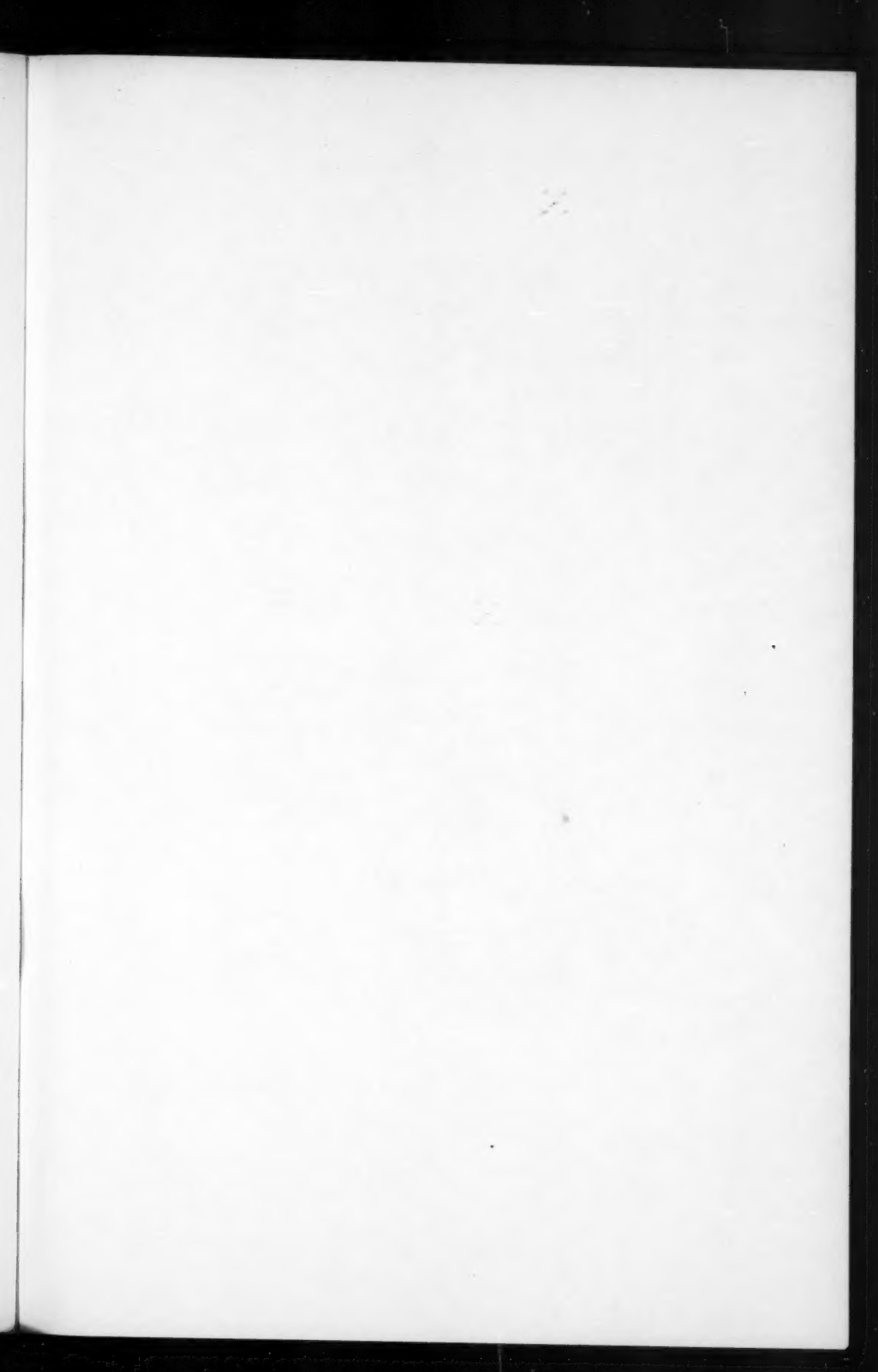


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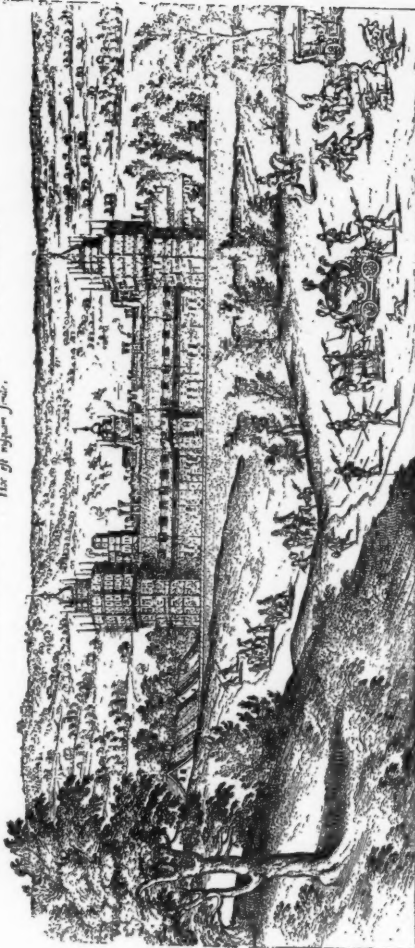
AUTUMN 1959

NUMBER 4



PALATINA REGINA IN ANGLIE REGNI APPELLATA V. NONNIN T2.

Her Majesty's Palace.



Effigies Regine Henricus Anno 1582



Nonsuch Palace. Engraving by Franciscus Hogenberg, after Georg Hogenberg's drawing of 1568. From Braun and Hogenberg's *Civitates Orbis Terrarum* (Cologne, c. 1582). A valuable contemporary record of how Queen Elizabeth traveled and of English costume. The engraver has altered "lucios pisces" (lucres, pikes) to "Lupos pisces". From a copy in the Folger Shakespeare Library. See p. 619.

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The Roman Tongue

MICHAEL LLOYD

WO kinds of criticism would be disposed to respect Philo's opening words in *Antony and Cleopatra*, when he warns Demetrius that he is about to see "the triple pillar of the world transformed Into a strumpet's fool" (I. i. 12-13). One is that kind of criticism which supposes that Shakespeare, lest we should misunderstand, explains to us what we are about to see, and comments on it, through the mouths of chorus-characters. The other is that kind which is prepared to see in Shakespeare's tragic figures noble men ruined by a single flaw. To accept the first kind is in this case difficult, since Philo's scene-setting is clean contradicted by the course of the action that he introduces. To accept the second is not made easy by the fact that Antony is shown in a complex Roman context of ignobility, and remains master of himself in just that respect in which he is predicted to be weakest.

Philo's opening speech is, rather, characteristic of an attitude of mind and a manner of speech which, as the play progresses, we come to see as typically Roman, and which will lead us into a world placed in perpetual and unlovely contrast with the Egyptian. Philo is in that sense a herald and, insignificant though he is, a just one. The Romans, great and small, speak with a single tongue. Let us hear that tongue at work, in different speakers, but on a theme that preoccupies them all:

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. | (I. i. 9-10) |
| Leave thy lascivious wassails. | (I. iv. 56) |
| He ploughed her, and she cropped. | (II. ii. 228) |
| gives his potent regiment to a trull, | (III. vi. 95) |
| Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o'ertake! | (III. x. 10-11) |
| You were half blasted ere I knew you. | (III. xiii. 105) |

There, from as many different speakers, are the comments of Romans upon that relationship and its protagonists which is celebrated in a somewhat different manner in the last act of the play. They stand in disagreeable contrast to the lighter tone of Egyptian conversation, sexually charged though that also may be with innuendoes about billiards and noses. They are in stark contrast also to the predominating tenor of the Egyptian protagonist's utterances about her lover:

The demi-Atlas of this earth,	(I. v. 23)
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars.	(II. v. 116-117)
O, he's more mad Than Telamon for his shield;	(IV. xiii. 1-2)
The crown o' th' earth doth melt.	(IV. xv. 63)

That is the language of the "Egyptian dish" or "trull" about the object of her "lust", and it is elevated in comparison with that of her accusers.

Of the Roman tongue, far from considering it either exposition or illumination of a tragic theme, we are tempted to say, as Falstaff said of Hal: "Thou hast the most unsavoury similes". Indeed there is more than this in common between the two sets of figures. Such language isolates itself, and Shakespeare uses it for a purpose. We may feel that that is to illustrate the mind of the commentator rather than the subject of his comment. In the Roman mouth it implies a Roman adherence to a standard of purity and fidelity in domestic relationships from which the Egyptian world is a polluted deviation. Yet the tongue as it pronounces suggests to us two contrasts. The first is between Egypt as it sounds in the Roman mouth, and Egypt as we are led to experience it in the evolution of the drama; the second, between Rome as it declares itself, and Rome as it acts.

What lies behind that Roman puritanism so prolific in disgust? The Roman soldier Enobarbus is not so different in kind from his superiors as in "plainness"; though that is itself a quality they can employ when it suits their turn. Enobarbus recognizes (better than Antony himself) that his master's amours have involved the affections of the lady (I. ii. 143-148); but he cannot agree that any duty to respect them has been entered into. It is a case not of Antony and Cleopatra but of horse and mare merely. The Roman distinction between business and pleasure is exact; and "under a compelling occasion let women die" (I. ii. 134). The garb of jest need not blind us to Enobarbus' underlying conviction. It is Antony's own. In the east his "pleasure" lies; but "business" (his own word) calls him away. If Cleopatra's need involves no duty to her, still less should it involve regret that she was ever brought to this pass. She is one of the experiences of the Roman grand tour; and since the cost is borne by her, it were pity not to have enjoyed it (I. ii. 149-152).

The lady is a trull, even if her love is unto death, and deserves perhaps no better. A wife strikes hardly deeper; deserves no greater tear, fidelity, or submission of the interests of self. "When old robes are worn out, there are members to make new . . . and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow" (I. ii. 161-167). Again Enobarbus' view is his master's. Between the phases of wishing her dead, and finding the news of her death "the last, best", Antony gives to Fulvia a terse recognition. After that she is used as whipping-boy when an object of blame is required, a role which Cleopatra takes over from her. Such is a wife; and though the name of wife retains an odor of sanctity, she is not so different in fact from the trull. Neither has claims on the affections; both are to be subjected to any pressing claim in the world of masculine action. They belong alike outside that world, and are abused for

entering it. The best comment on such an idea of wifehood beneath the sanctified name is itself a Roman one, Portia's: "If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife" (*Julius Caesar* II. i. 286-287).

To employ or to respect the emotions is a weakness, indeed a deficiency, by the Roman code. The tear for the loss of a sister is as bad in a man as in a horse (and indeed in the efficient Roman soldier as defined by Enobarbus the man is no more than a horse). To weep is a defect, though to pretend to weep may be acceptable. The use of tears is as a cover for true feelings, not as an expression of them (III. ii. 51-59). "What willingly he did confound he wail'd". In that Enobarbus approves of his master. The comic guise persists; but it is an exact pattern of Antony's behavior, lamenting a departure he briskly effects, celebrating a love he is about to betray for his "peace", though he may indulge it for his "pleasure". The master resembles the man also in ignoring the power in himself of that emotion he despises, and both discount it to their ultimate peril.

This cold handling of ties to which exalted names are given spreads through the Roman protagonists. The sanctified titles are used with an unintended irony for relationships which are a travesty of the names they bear. Octavius appears unaware of the comedy of his use of the word "friend" when he demands of Cleopatra that she "From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there" (III. xii. 22-23). It is for the trull, hearing that her "friend's" head is demanded, that the cry of astonishment is reserved: "That head, my lord?" (III. xiii. 19). There is no inaptness between the name and the demand for the man who has lovingly employed the name of sister for a political instrument. Caesar in that was "patching a quarrel" (II. ii. 52). He is "curious" to find "cause" for "what he seems to fear" (III. ii. 35-36). Antony's diagnosis of his motives is proved characteristically astute when Caesar begins to publish animosity towards him while Antony's treatment of the sister is still impeccable (III. iv. 3-10). Octavia is still honored as a wife, and the prepared excuse has not been given, when Caesar starts the breach with his "brother". Octavia in fact was given in marriage as an instrument of Caesar's private purposes (for in this play the political act and the private purpose are one), and she was offered up with these high terms: "A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly" (II. ii. 150-151); and Antony knows how to play the game: "The heart of brothers govern in our loves" (I. 148). "Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well" (III. ii. 39). If there was no irony in Agrippa's original plan "To make you brothers" (II. ii. 126), there must surely be later in his "what, are the brothers parted?" (III. ii. 1). To Menas they are not brothers, but "world-sharers" and "competitors" (II. vii. 69). So when Caesar has hounded Antony to his death he himself thus glosses the name of brother (V. i. 42): "my brother, my competitor", explaining with tears his motives:

I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine. (V. i. 37-39)

To cloak these concepts the names of kindred are used, and used not merely with piety but "with tears" (I. 41). We remember Enobarbus again: "What willingly he did confound he wail'd"; "and indeed the tears live in an onion"

that water that grief. No wonder that Caesar at the outset of his career inaugurated that slaughter of kindred in which his "world-sharers" abetted him (*Julius Caesar* IV.i.2-6). No wonder either that the young Pompey's self-subduing respect for the laws of hospitality is underlined by Antony's contempt in all but words for the hospitality shown to his mother:

I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him. (II. ii. 156-158)

No wonder that in such mouths a reversal of names comes as apt, and kindred takes a name that contradicts it. Those children, to whose safety Cleopatra devotes the last of a "cunning" that has always proved naively ineffectual when pitted against the Roman, are to Caesar but "the unlawful issue" of her "lust".

For whereas "husband" and "children" are the stuff of Cleopatra's relationships, family titles in the Roman mouth are a game of words. That game of words on the Roman tongue is a running counterpoint both to the clear and contrary design of Roman deeds, and to those occasional statements of motive offered to the instruments of those deeds. It is by their deeds, not by their words, that we know them. For the tongue speaks for two purposes: the first, to ensnare opponents and deterrents to their plans; the second, to give a good appearance to the Roman world that stands in malleable and submissive power behind all these histories. As for the first purpose, to ensnare the victim of his private plans, Caesar makes his dependence on "words" clear in those last dealings with Cleopatra. It is perhaps no false pride which leads him to give the name of "eloquence" to the Roman art:

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: (III. xiii. 26-29)

Caesar will answer as a law not the "promises" that are made, but the price exacted by his instrument for making those promises (II. 31-32). We hear him filing his own tongue to the purpose:

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle. (V. i. 57-60)

It is not his fault that one of his Romans slips out of the regime and lets Cleopatra know more truly than Caesar himself "How honourable and how kindly" are his plans for her. The agent is glibly commissioned: "Go and say, We purpose her no shame" (V. i. 61-62); glibly Proculeius repeats his master's lie, that Cleopatra shall plan her own fate (V. ii. 9-11). It next falls pat from Caesar's own lips (II. 184-186). These Roman voices are barely distinguishable from each other.

It is fitting that the intents of such a man shall level at the end of a public show, and one in which the truth as we have come to understand it in this last phase is "balladed out of tune". The wife and mother is to be shown for Rome

as "the common liar" of Rome (I. i. 60) had always seen her: "i' the posture of a whore" (V. ii. 215, 220). It is a just comment, both on the Roman incomprehension of those values it does not possess, and which its tongue perverts and abuses; and on its own motives. For those motives are always in part to grace its private calculations with a public sheen that shall deceive and satisfy the Roman multitude. The man in office furbishes up the appearance of his office that it may be successfully used for his personal ends. It was Brutus' own concern: to "fashion" an issue that it may bear a "colour" acceptable to those who are the ultimate judges because they are the ultimate power (*Julius Caesar* II. i. 29-30). Caesar, who earlier gave the "colour" of brother and sister to an issue which was based on "world-sharer" and "competitor", now invites the significant character "All" to scrutinise his credentials for their approval:

Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. (V. i. 73-77)

How "hardly drawn" into a war he contrived; how "calm and gentle" the writings that demanded the head of his "brother" and Cleopatra's "friend"! There is some just pride in that last exhortation, "see What I can show in this", some truth even in the word "show". For indeed his own kind are not deceived, and they speak his own tongue. "Let the world see His nobleness well acted" (V. ii. 44-45), Proculeius beseeches Cleopatra, aware that the "acting" of "the quick comedians" is one of the functions of the Roman tongue.

For the acted name must be preserved pure, whatever the true state may be:

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. (II. ii. 85-86)

Cleopatra knows both that it is sacred to Antony and that he does lack it: that like Caesar's "nobleness" it must be "well acted":

good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour. (I. iii. 78-80)

So it is with that major quality on which their great names rest. They appear before their own world as triumphant soldiers; but it is not until Antony makes wars for Egypt with Cleopatra as the armorer of his heart that he is transcendent in war. Hitherto

Caesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. (III. i. 16-17)

Antony's soldiership may be "twice the other twain" (II. i. 34-35); but the other twain are Lepidus and Caesar; and Caesar "at Philippi kept His sword e'en like a dancer" (III. xi. 35-36). Antony's soldiership is, in fact, until the last phase, a "name", a "magical word of war", placed upon what is "effected" by others (III. i. 30-31).

Always it is against Cleopatra that the standards of the Roman world are

exposed. By her incredulous "That head, my lord?" we measure the enormity of Caesar's request and the insolence of the language he uses. Her uncompromising "Say I would die" illuminates the web of calculation and deceit through whose meshes it plainly calls (V. ii. 70), as her immediate attempt to fulfil her suicidal destiny on being taken in the monument highlights the treachery by which she was surprised there. Her very "guile" to protect her children, ingenuous and ineffective as it has always proved in her contact with Rome, heightens our sense of the remorseless purpose which works behind the guileful surface of Rome. There is no cunning to stand up to Caesar's: Antony's own spies were "beguiled" by him (III. vii. 77). Yet it is she who, with a passionate dedication she can no more subdue to her own "guile" than she can contravene it, sees the clear truth behind the Roman tongue throughout. "He words me", she recognizes, pithily summing up the intention and the method; and we remember her uncompromising perception of the nature of those obliging Roman sounds the first time we heard them, robbing the Hybla bees of both honey and sting (*Julius Caesar* V. i. 34-38): "Excellent falsehood!" (I. i. 40)

Yet she, whose nature has always been abused and exploited by Rome, not only exposes the Roman intention and method to us, but sees it foiled by her own steadfastness. At her hands Rome is not entirely triumphant. The Roman weapon of words has a way of recoiling on its users. Brutus, who sought publicly to color his intents with words, is himself outpoliced in them to that same public by a master user, Antony. Antony, who entered into a compact of "friendship" and "love" with the conspirators it was his intent to destroy (*Julius Caesar* III. i. 221), finds himself destroyed by the "brother" of that other compact by which he treacherously replaced the first. Caesar himself, prosecuting his policies with Roman guile, will be found by Cleopatra's fidelity "ass unpolicied" and "beguiled" (V. ii. 306-307, 322).

For Caesar sought to play his game of words with Fortune herself, but in that deceived only himself. His claim had been to be nothing less than the minister of divine justice, urging an unbewailed submission to the determination of destiny; and this in a matter which he was himself shaping and contriving, an earthly fashioner of issues who gave to his intents a divine origin and to his machinations the contrary mask of a patient passiveness (III. vi. 84-85, 87-89). Even as he urges upon the deceived instrument of his pians the virtue of patience (I. 98), he reveals his true preoccupations and motives, that "negligent danger" from which his plans must save him (I. 81). With words he paints a picture the reverse of the truth; but the machinator who gives to his own policies the name of things determined by destiny is in effect claiming to be that destiny. It is not long indeed before he seems to others to be fortune herself. Antony who had played at "Making and marring fortunes" (III. xi. 65), now salutes Caesar as "Lord of his fortunes" (III. xii. 11), and Cleopatra herself submits to his "might". But her understanding leads her to a truer distinction, in which she confesses herself the vassal not of Caesar but of his fortune (V. ii. 29), knowing that powerful as he is, nevertheless "Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave" (V. ii. 3). So it proves; and with Fortune the game of words cannot be sustained. The Roman tongue that claims a false submission to destiny while it plays at shaping destinies, finds at last that it has come

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder. (V. ii. 330-331)

What then is the game these men are playing under the confusion of tongues? They are men in whose hands lies the management of public affairs; but they pretend to none of the duties that in Shakespeare's earlier histories have been the guiding motives of such officers. When first they go to war over the murder of Julius Caesar, it is with the personal justice of revenge on their lips. For involving their land in civil strife they offer no further apology, though that consequence is known from the start. That is, by omission, honesty. Lepidus is a solitary figure among them, exhorting his fellows to put aside "private stomaching" and "passion" for peace, reminding them of the cause that combines them, seeking to smooth out antagonism, to subdue small matters to great. "Not if the small come first" (II. ii. 12) replies Enobarbus, who is for the man in the entente, not for the entente. And indeed it is the self with its "private stomaching", personal resentment, ambitions and aggrandisements, that moves under cover of the Roman tongue. The personal life is made the instrument of the public act, and if Octavius sacrifices his sister to pick a quarrel, Antony returns to Cleopatra to give his "demon" scope and to raise against Caesar a list of kings that sits uneasy in Caesar's imagination (III. vi. 67-68). But the public issue is itself the outcome of personal interest, so that "world-sharers" are necessarily competitors, and the public triumph as used by Pompey to mark his service for Rome is degraded to the establishing of a name. The paradox is that for this personal fulfillment the self must be subdued, a strict contrast be preserved between "business" and "pleasure", between the horse as soldier and the horse as lover. That element in him is called "dotage" and "idleness" because the code precludes either the concept or the name of love. If the element in the man grows rebellious, it is put down to witchcraft, and its prompter stigmatized with a name the Roman tongue might more properly apply to itself: "cunning past man's thought".

Cleopatra throughout the play is aware of the function of the Roman tongue. "Excellent falsehood" she accuses it at first; at last, "He words me, girls". She knows how she is named in Rome, and with what justice; and in extremis the mockery becomes to her (or so she seems to say in a line not normally glossed thus) a cause for bitter jest. When she calls upon death, "O temperance, lady!" the Roman exhorts her (V. ii. 48), as the Roman had always exhorted her over those "Alexandrian feasts" in which he had so richly partaken and sought to reproduce at home. She seems then to remember the past cries of Roman puritanism, and ironically to make her answer:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,—
If idle talk will once be necessary,— (V. ii. 49-50)
(= If I am forced for once to an idle jest on the matter).

It is indeed the cause for a jest. It is Enobarbus who first calls for wine in the play; the Romans who are seen drinking

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe, (II. vii. 105-106)

Antony who calls for more and more wine (III. xiii. 183; IV. ii. 21, 45; IV. viii.

34). But it is Cleopatra who on the Roman tongue bears the name for indulgence; and at last she shows that she knows it, and seems to jest on it. Indeed she has entered a plane in which she can see them as an element almost comic in her tragedy, and will "fool. . . their most absurd intents" (V.ii.224-225). Hers indeed is the most telling statement of Roman misrepresentation, based as that is in part on genuine Roman misconception and insensibility:

Saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore. (V.ii.213-220)

It is indeed a matter for the comedians, one of words, and theater postures, so marvelously contradicted by what she is now truly seen to be. If the show is contrived by Caesar for his personal name, it is still a display not merely of the self-seeking but of the insensitiveness and incomprehension that lie behind the Roman tongue.

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Santayana on Shakespeare

JOHN M. MAJOR

DURING a long and fruitful career devoted chiefly to philosophy, George Santayana found time to produce a considerable body of literary criticism, much of which is now available to the reader in a single volume.¹ As a critic of literature, especially of English and American literature, Santayana possessed unusual qualifications. He was of course primarily a philosopher—a moral philosopher, by his own admission—and in this capacity he would insist, often sternly, that literature and the other arts, since they are created by and for civilized men, must observe those laws of reason and moral health without which a civilization cannot long endure. No work of art may be called great, he asserted, unless it has “substance, sanity, and even a sort of pervasive wisdom” (Singer, p. 187). Elsewhere he explicitly states that “every artist is a moralist, though he need not preach”.² At times Santayana applies this philosophic touchstone to literature so relentlessly as to impair the value of his judgments; on the whole, however, intellectual severity is balanced by the sympathy, insight, and mastery of literary technique which are proper to a man who was himself poet and novelist.

He is, for example, very much attuned to the sensuous quality of literature, and in dealing with such matters as form and imagery and language he can be as exacting as any critic of our own day. To a young author who had sent him a volume of his poems, Santayana wrote that he objected to “two or three impurities of idiom”, and then added: “You will think this hypercritical; but, when I read poetry, I expect ‘*integras accedere fontes*’, else I am not satisfied”.³ In one of his early essays we come upon a principle sacred to our contemporary critics: that criticism aims to reach a “total appreciation” of the work of art, that the critic’s function “is precisely to feel and to confront all values, bringing them into relation, and if possible into harmony”.⁴ Not only does Santayana give recognition to this vital principle, but he also for the most part adheres to it in his own critical endeavors.

To be at once a philosopher and a poet ought to be a definite advantage in a literary critic. To have the outlook of a highly sophisticated Latin would

¹ George Santayana, *Essays in Literary Criticism*, ed. Irving Singer (New York, 1956). Citations from Santayana in my text are to this work (hereafter referred to as Singer), except for those writings which Singer does not include.

² George Santayana, “The Censor and the Poet”, in *Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies* (New York, 1923), p. 158.

³ Letter to Arthur Davison Ficke (October 24, 1910), in *The Letters of George Santayana*, ed. Daniel Cory (New York, 1955), p. 99.

⁴ George Santayana, “What Is Aesthetics?” (1904), in *Obiter Scripta*. (New York and London, 1936), p. 40.

seem to be an additional advantage, though some Americans have not thought so.⁵ It must be admitted that Santayana's affinities with Mediterranean culture, both ancient and modern, sometimes issue, in his comments on art, in a sterile classicism or a petty prejudice against the barbarian North. His judgments all too often seem to derive from the equation: the art of the South, or classic art, has sanity, idealism, serenity, beauty of form, and ultimate meaning; the art of the North, otherwise called romanticism, and in its worst state, barbarism, is little more valuable than the creations of gifted children—energetic, expansive, primary, and painted in flashing colors, but also turbid, shapeless, fragmentary, unenlightened and unenlightening. It is just here, in this quaint and slightly malicious "regionalism" and in his excessive respect for tradition, that Santayana is weakest as a critic. Still, we of the North can perhaps benefit from having our beliefs challenged and our idols regarded without awe by a brilliant foreigner, who moreover has lived among us and excelled in our language. He can aid in our emancipation, in much the same way as our reading of the classics, Thoreau reminds us, can liberate us from our little surroundings and our brief moment in time.

The excursions of this philosopher-poet-classicist into the alien territory of English and American literature—or that part of it which interested him—are recorded in a series of essays notable for their acuteness, their severity, their perversity, their inconsistency, and their dazzling style. They range from Shakespeare to Robert Lowell; they return most often to Shakespeare among English authors and (odd choice, it may seem) to Whitman among the Americans. In the remarks on Shakespeare one sees illustrated most clearly, perhaps, both the merits and shortcomings of this rarest of twentieth-century American critics. Furthermore, the Shakespearian criticism of Santayana, for all its shifting about, deserves to be recognized, I think, as some of the most interesting our century has produced.

Brief comments on Shakespeare are to be found in the earliest of Santayana's books, *The Sense of Beauty*, published in 1896. In that work he follows Matthew Arnold in observing that Shakespeare excels in ethos, or expression, rather than in plot, and is for that reason (it is plainly implied) inferior to the Greek dramatists. He agrees with Aristotle that plot is "the most important element in the effect of a drama", and he attributes the supremacy of the expressive element in modern drama to "the romantic tendency of modern times". "What the great characterizers, like Shakespeare, do", he concludes, "is simply to elaborate and develop (perhaps far beyond the necessities of the plot) the suggestion of human individuality which that plot contains. . . . This is an ingenious and fascinating invention, and delights us with the clear discovery of a hidden personality; but the serious and equable development of a plot has a more stable worth in its greater similarity to life, which allows us to see other men's minds through the medium of events, and not events through the medium of other men's minds".⁶ This belief in the primary significance of plot in drama is akin to another thesis of Santayana's, that "indeterminateness of form is fatal to beauty, and, if extreme, even to expressiveness" (*Sense of Beauty*, p. 143)—a

⁵ See, for example, Ludwig Lewisohn, *Expression in America* (New York and London, 1932), pp. 334-339.

⁶ George Santayana, *The Sense of Beauty* (New York, 1896), pp. 174-176.

thesis, incidentally, which he never abandoned, and which largely accounts for his hostility to modern art.

In these remarks on Shakespeare from *The Sense of Beauty* one hears the voice of the classicist mainly. When Santayana next passes judgment on the poet, in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare", he wears his philosopher's robe, of a rather somber hue. The theme of the book in which this essay appears—*Interpretations of Poetry and Religion* (1900)—is that "poetry raised to its highest power is . . . identical with religion grasped in its inmost truth" (Singer, p. 303). In another essay from the same volume, "The Elements and Function of Poetry", Santayana makes clear what are for him the conditions of the "highest" poetry:

Where poetry rises from its elementary and detached expressions in rhythm, euphuism, characterisation, and story-telling, and comes to the consciousness of its highest function, that of portraying the ideals of experience and destiny, then the poet becomes aware that he is essentially a prophet, and either devotes himself, like Homer or Dante, to the loving expression of the religion that exists, or like Lucretius or Wordsworth, to the heralding of one which he believes to be possible. Such poets are aware of their highest mission; others, whatever the energy of their genius, have not conceived their ultimate function as poets. They have been willing to leave their world ugly as a whole, after stuffing it with a sufficient profusion of beauties. (Singer, p. 301)

From this short roster of "prophetic poets" the name of Shakespeare is conspicuously absent; and when we read that characterization is only an "elementary" quality in poetry, we recall that in *The Sense of Beauty* Shakespeare was designated merely a "great characterizer". The reasons for Shakespeare's failure to qualify as a supreme poet are given at length in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare", but before discussing that essay I should like to point out that the passage last quoted illustrates as well as any other Santayana's strongly philosophic, even moralistic, bias as a critic of literature.⁷ To some of us it would appear that his insistence on moral or religious significance in the greatest poetry, while more precisely defined than Arnold's doctrine of "high seriousness", is no less one-sided, exclusive, and even reactionary. However, as we shall see, Santayana gradually outgrew this early doctrinaire attitude toward literature.

One virtue in a critic which Santayana seems always to have possessed in full measure is courage. His devastating attack on the philosophies of Whitman and Browning, which was later to appear as a chapter of *Poetry and Religion*, was originally delivered in person around the year 1900 before the Browning Club of Boston.⁸ A like temerity is perhaps shown in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" and a later essay entitled "Hamlet" (1908), since these "were written at a time when a blind Shakespeareolatry was more prevalent than it is now, and when A. C. Bradley was convincing a considerable section of the

⁷ R. P. Blackmur (in *The Double Agent*, New York, 1935, pp. 279-281) briefly examines Santayana's essay on Lucretius in *Three Philosophical Poets* (1910) as an example of criticism concerned with the "ulterior purposes" of literature.

⁸ See "Bibliography of the writings of George Santayana to October, 1940", compiled by Shohig Terzian, in *The Philosophy of George Santayana*, ed. Paul Arthur Schilpp (Evanston, 1940), p. 626.

scholarly public that Shakespeare was a great philosopher".⁹ "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare", after a brief tribute to the poet's many-sided genius, proceeds quickly to the argument that in his plays and sonnets there is an almost complete insensibility to religion, for which reason he must be denied a place among the greatest poets. Homer and Dante, who are types of the greatest poets, "gave us man with his piety and the world with its gods". These poets "live in a cosmos"; their universe is "a total". "Reason and imagination have mastered it completely and peopled it. No chaos remains beyond. . . . They have a theory of human life; they see man in his relations, surrounded by a kindred universe in which he fills his allotted place. He knows the meaning and issue of his life, and does not voyage without a chart". Shakespeare's world, in contrast, "is only the world of human society. The cosmos eludes him; he does not seem to feel the need of framing that idea. He depicts human life in all its richness and variety, but leaves that life without a setting, and consequently without a meaning". The sum of Shakespeare's philosophy of man, called by Santayana positivism, is set forth in Macbeth's grim speech beginning "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow".¹⁰

Though few would agree that Shakespeare held exclusively the beliefs of any single character of his creation, or that religious certitude is essential to great poetry, many of us would have to admire the skill with which Santayana illustrates his point about the absence of a religious view in Shakespeare and answers objections that might be raised on the grounds that Shakespeare was a dramatist and not an epic poet. On the other hand, when Santayana begins to explain this absence by a theory similar to Arnold's in *Culture and Anarchy*, his argument becomes somewhat blurred. Christianity, he maintains, has never succeeded in expressing itself in any adequate drama because in the Christian (or modern) civilization, art and experience have suffered a separation, culture being drawn from one source, classical antiquity, and religion from another, Christianity itself. In Shakespeare's time and country, moreover, "to be religious already began to mean to be Puritanical; and in the divorce between the fullness of life on the one hand and the depth and unity of faith on the other, there could be no doubt to which side a man of imaginative instincts would attach himself. A world of passion and beauty without a meaning must seem to him more interesting and worthy than a world of empty principle and dogma, meagre, fanatical, and false" (Singer, p. 145). It seems evident from this passage that Santayana had come under the influence of Taine's theory that literature depends upon the race, moment, and milieu that produced it, and is therefore rigorously determined.¹¹ Thus, although Santayana, as a life-long enemy of Puritanism and genteelism, can fully sympathize with Shakespeare's indifference to a religion based on these values (as Santayana sees it to have been), yet he cannot or will not allow his standards of artistic perfection to yield to the laws

⁹ Philip Blair Rice, "The Philosopher as Poet and Critic", in Schilpp, p. 287.

¹⁰ Singer, pp. 141-142. On the confusion of esthetic values with philosophic values, with this essay of Santayana's as illustration, see John Dewey, *Art As Experience* (New York, 1934), pp. 319-322.

¹¹ The influence may be seen in much of Santayana's criticism, particularly on American writers. For the vogue of Taine in American literary criticism of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, see William Van O'Connor, *An Age of Criticism, 1900-1950* (Chicago, 1952), pp. 45-51.

that bind the poet to circumstance, and so consigns Shakespeare to the second rank, victim of a faulty age.

At one point in the essay Santayana's regional or racial prejudice asserts itself in a rather unpleasant way. When we think of the "luminous philosophy" and well-digested experience of a Homer or a Dante, he writes, "the silence of Shakespeare and his philosophical incoherence have something in them that is still heathen; something that makes us wonder whether the northern mind, even in him, did not remain morose and barbarous at its inmost core" (Singer, p. 142).

A more serious fault, perhaps, is that in this indictment of Shakespeare for having no religion, the critic seems to forget the view of tragedy which he himself has set forth in a companion essay in the same volume. The essence of tragedy, it is stated there, is "the sense of a finished life, of the will fulfilled and enlightened". This enlightenment "is not a matter of theory or of moral maxims; the enlightenment by which tragedy is made sublime is a glimpse into the ultimate destinies of our will. This discovery need not be an ethical gain—Macbeth and Othello attain it as much as Brutus and Hamlet—it may serve to accentuate despair, or cruelty, or indifference, or merely to fill the imagination for a moment without much affecting the permanent tone of the mind".¹² Consistency, as we shall see more than once, is not one of Santayana's strong points.

In spite of its eccentricities, however, "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" remains a brilliantly provocative essay. It shows to advantage what Mrs. Leavis has suggested is Santayana's special usefulness as a critic of English (and American, we might add) literature: his skeptical detachment from the entire "insular Nordic Protestant" system of values.¹³

In Santayana's next important work bearing on literature, *Reason in Art* (1905), Shakespeare fares somewhat better. The ideal held up in this work is "rational poetry", a species which, although not altogether unknown—indeed, in every poet there is some "fidelity to nature"—is nevertheless rare, even the greatest poetry suffering an adulteration from "irrelevant false fancy". The requirements of rational poetry are mastery and idealization: "mastery, to see things as they are and dare to describe them ingenuously; idealisation, to select from this reality what is pertinent to ultimate interests and can speak eloquently to the soul".¹⁴ Homer, according to Santayana, succeeded better than anyone else in writing rational poetry, although even he found it necessary to resort to mythology (one kind of "irrelevant false fancy") in order to express his genius. (Here the critic seems to be guilty of another inconsistency; in *Poetry and Religion* he had declared Homer to be a great poet *because* Homer, like Dante, celebrated the existing religion.) By the side of a Homeric epithet, a Shakespearean metaphor seems to Santayana "violent and crude". Still, Shakespeare is not without his moments. "Shakespeare, too, beneath his occasional absurdities of plot and diction, ennobles his stage with actual history, with life painted

¹² "The Elements and Function of Poetry" (Singer, p. 298).

¹³ Q. D. Leavis, "The Critical Writings of George Santayana: An Introductory Note", *Scrutiny*, IV (1935-36), 278-295. Mrs. Leavis' suggestion for the best use of Santayana's critical writings is not exactly flattering to their author. She would have them employed "as a live force to assist in the study of literature at the university stage".

¹⁴ George Santayana, *The Life of Reason: Reason in Art* (New York, 1924), pp. 113-115.

to the quick, with genuine human characters, politics, and wisdom" (*Reason in Art*, p. 113). Nothing is said about Shakespeare's ability to idealize; doubtless the lack of that ability, as brought out in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare", is what makes him inferior to Homer as a rational poet.

Proceeding chronologically, we come next to an essay on *Hamlet*, first published in 1908 as an introduction to the play for an edition of Shakespeare's works, and reprinted with minor changes as "Hamlet" in *Obiter Scripta* (1936). In "Hamlet" we find some of the old criticisms of Shakespeare repeated, but they are offset to a large extent by Santayana's frank admiration for the particular play. Shakespeare is again said to excel in expression rather than in plot-constructing, and to be unable to interpret the cosmos. Still, within its limits, *Hamlet* is a great work. "This picture of universal madness is relieved by the very finest and purest glints of wit, intelligence, and feeling. It is crammed with exquisite lines, and vivified by most interesting and moving characters in great variety, all drawn with masterly breadth, depth, and precision" (Singer, pp. 130, 132).

Perhaps the most stimulating part of the essay is Santayana's analysis of the character of Hamlet, whom he sees as the perfect representative of the romantic mind, victim of the discord between modern genius and modern culture. A similar idea, as we have noticed, was introduced in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" to account for the failure of a Christian drama.

Toward the end of his discussion of *Hamlet* as a monument to the romantic spirit, Santayana displays a rather unexpected critical tolerance. "So absolute a feat of imagination" as this play, he remarks, "cannot be ranked in comparison with other works, nor estimated by any standard of which it does not itself furnish the suggestion and type". Had the essay ended here, Santayana's readers might have gone away pleased as well as instructed. But what Santayana gives with the one hand, he often takes away with the other. Thus the reader before being dismissed has to be reminded that, after all, *Hamlet* is a modern, romantic tragedy, and therefore deficient in wisdom: "if we care to pass . . . from admiration of the masterpiece to reflection on the experience which it expresses, we see that here is no necessary human tragedy, no universal destiny or divine law. It is a picture of incidental unfitness, of a genius wasted for being plucked quite unripe from the sunny places of the world" (Singer, pp. 135-136).

Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies (1922) contains one or two references to Shakespeare that are worthy of being noted. In the essay on Dickens, Shakespeare and Aristophanes are said to be "the very greatest comic poets" (Singer, p. 219); and in "Progress in Philosophy", Santayana declares that Shakespeare is the best poet the English have produced because he was the first:

There is progress [in poetry] in that new poets arise with new gifts, and the fund of transmitted poetry is enriched; but Homer, the first poet amongst the Greeks, was also the best, and so Dante in Italy, and Shakespeare in England. When a civilization and a language take shape they have a wonderful vitality, and their first-fruits are some love-child, some incomparable creature in whom the whole genius of the young race bursts forth uncontaminated and untrammelled. What follows is more

valuable in this respect or in that; it renders fitly the partial feelings and varying fashions of a long decadence; but nothing, so long as that language and that tradition last, can ever equal their first exuberance. (*Soliloquies*, pp. 208-209)

It is agreeable to find Santayana praising Shakespeare so unreservedly, even though in reality it is not so much Shakespeare as early art that is being praised. We also observe in this passage another instance of Santayana's adherence to Taine in the interpretation of literature.

As the years passed, Santayana continued to read Shakespeare and to be both fascinated and repelled by that genius of the barbaric North. In 1932, when Santayana was in his sixty-ninth year, he wrote to Henry Ward Abbot that it was increasingly hard for him to read poetry. "I relish it only in snatches; as it comes in Shakespeare's plays, for instance. I have got a big edition of Shakespeare—for years I was without a copy—and am reading the whole through systematically. How wonderful! Yet how horribly impure, occasional, only half-lifted out of some vile plot and some ranting theatrical tradition. The best of it is that entrancing fusion of music in language with passion, colour, and homely saturation of every word in the humours of life" (*Letters*, p. 274).

The re-reading of Shakespeare's plays at this time, together with the publication in 1933 of the book *On Reading Shakespeare*, by his friend and correspondent Logan Pearsall Smith, seems to have aroused in Santayana a desire finally to pluck out the heart of Shakespeare's mystery. The conclusions of Smith's book, he writes the author, have set his mind "going furiously", and he must unburden himself of his thoughts "before the ferment dies down". For the most part these are the same thoughts Santayana had been expressing in his earlier formal writings, though they are put more succinctly. Again he is convinced that Shakespeare's chief gift was "a great fluid imagination and an enormous eloquence", and that this gift was "set free, fed, and loosened by the circumstances of the age and by his special craft as an actor and playwright". Again he is both admiring and critical of the poet's romantic wildness. "*Exuberance*", he writes, "seems to me to cover everything, the wealth of genius as well as the contempt for art; and in particular it covers the irrelevant elaboration of language and of characters which, to us, is one of Shakespeare's chief charms".

If there is little in these judgments to surprise us, we may be mildly astonished by what follows. With a splendid disregard for his own earlier pronouncements, Santayana declares to Smith that Shakespeare's philosophy was right and true. And in the bargain, he chides T. S. Eliot for denying that fact!

And this brings me back to your conclusion about his philosophy—that life is a dream. Yes, that is his philosophy: and when T. S. Eliot says that this philosophy (borrowed he thinks from Seneca) is an inferior one, compared with Dante's, I agree if you mean inferior morally and imaginatively: but it happens to be the true philosophy for the human passions, and for a man enduring, without supernaturally interpreting, the spectacle of the universe. It is a commonplace philosophy, the old old heathen philosophy of mankind. Shakespeare didn't create it. He felt it was true, and never thought of transcending it. (*Letters*, pp. 279-280)

On closer examination, Santayana's position may not have changed as

radically as appears. He still ascribes to Shakespeare himself, as he had done almost forty years previously, Macbeth's philosophy in the "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech; and he still finds that philosophy inferior "morally and imaginatively". On the other hand, there is a really striking change in his present willingness to admit that "Shakespeare's philosophy" is *dramatically* right, because it is "the true philosophy for the human passions". Thus, without actually surrendering his own beliefs, Santayana has at last arrived at a far more sympathetic, and one might say a far sounder, evaluation of Shakespeare.

The idea touched upon in the letter to Smith is developed at length in an essay entitled "Tragic Philosophy", first published in *Scrutiny* in 1936. Except for one or two occasional references in the letters and autobiography, the comments on Shakespeare in "Tragic Philosophy" are the last Santayana expressed in print. We may therefore probably regard them as the closest thing to his final formal evaluation of the poet. It is all the more gratifying, then, to discover in these comments a considerable increase in warmth, tolerance, and critical balance.

"Tragic Philosophy" begins with a rather caustic rebuke of T. S. Eliot for saying that poetically the "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech from *Macbeth* and a line from the *Paradiso* are equally good, but that the philosophy in Shakespeare is inferior.¹⁵ How, Santayana asks somewhat disdainfully, can one compare different types of poetry written in different languages? And how could one fail to see that a "superior" philosophy would make a poem a superior poem? There is an amusing irony in this new attitude; evidently Santayana has forgotten the occasions, in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" and elsewhere, when he himself was guilty of the same critical fallacies he now blames Eliot for. Yet we are pleased to note the important change in Santayana's own critical viewpoint. For one thing, he has finally come round to distinguishing between "Shakespeare's philosophy" and the philosophies expounded by the characters in Shakespeare's dramas. "Shakespeare was not expressing", he now realizes, "a settled doctrine of his own or of his times. Like an honest miscellaneous dramatist, he was putting into the mouths of his different characters the sentiments that, for the moment, were suggested to him by their predicaments". As for the much-discussed speech of Macbeth's, Macbeth at that point in the action "sees no escape, no alternative; he cannot rise morally above himself; his philosophy is that there is no philosophy, because, in fact, he is incapable of any". To account for the general absence of a shaping philosophy in Shakespeare's plays, Santayana (relying still on the "milieu" theory of literature) offers a strange, one-sided view of the Elizabethan intellectual and spiritual climate. The age needed, he believes, "no mastering living religion, no mastering living philosophy. Life was gayer without them.

¹⁵ Santayana must be in error here. I assume he is alluding to Eliot's essay, "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca". In that essay Eliot compares a line from the *Paradiso* with a passage from *King Lear* ("As flies to wanton boys," etc.), not from *Macbeth*. (See T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays, 1917-1932*, New York, 1932, pp. 116-117.) Ironically, it is the "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech from *Macbeth* which Santayana himself once quoted (in "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare") to illustrate the inferiority of Shakespeare's philosophy.

Eliot later attempted to clarify his point about the "philosophy" in Shakespeare and Dante. See T. S. Eliot, *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (London, 1933), pp. 98-100.

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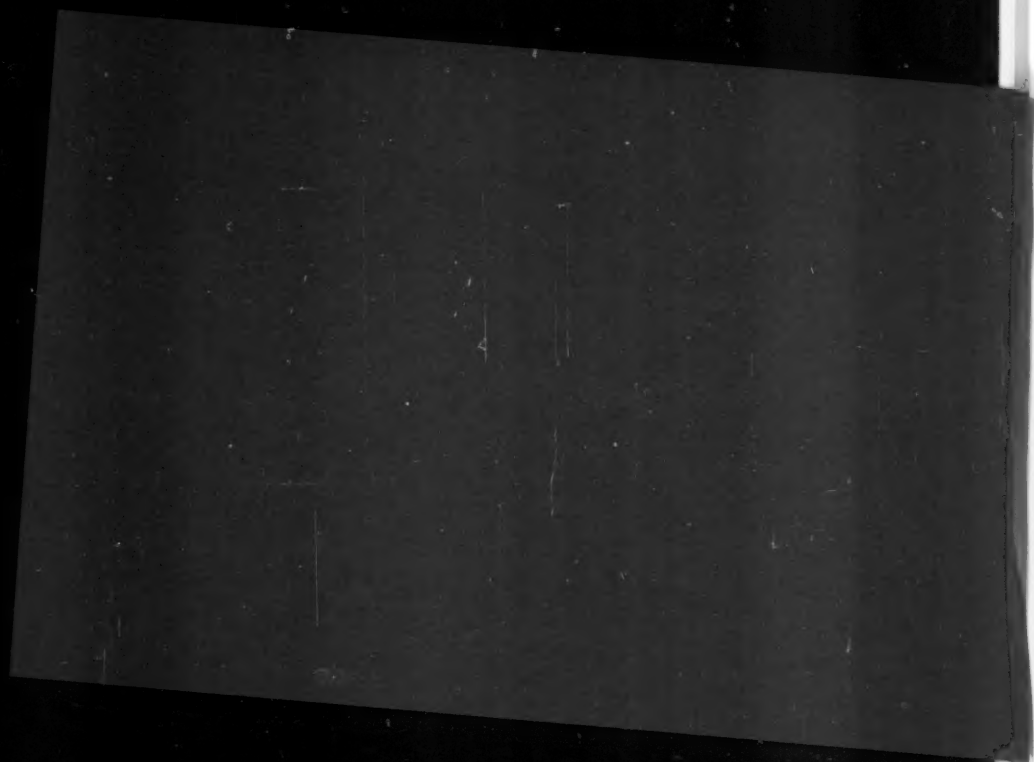
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Philosophy and religion were at best like travels and wars, matters for the adventurer to plunge into, or for the dramatist to describe; never in England or for Shakespeare central matters even in that capacity, but mere conventions or tricks of fancy or moods in individuals".

In discussing the passages from *Macbeth* and the *Paradiso*—which he finds "incommensurable", belonging to "different poetic worlds"—Santayana is at his best, bringing to bear on each that powerful combination of intellectual authority and literary insight that was his special gift. His conclusions show how far he has departed from opinions he held in 1900. Dante is still for him a very great poet, but "for our modern feeling the picture is too imaginative, too visionary, soaked too much in emotion. In spite of the stern historical details, when we rub our eyes and shake off the spell, the whole thing seems childishly unreal". The "disillusioned philosophy" of Shakespeare, on the other hand, and his lack of concern for Christianity are now seen to be entirely appropriate for Shakespeare's dramatic purposes:

These considerations may help us to understand why Shakespeare, although Christianity was at hand, and Seneca, although a Platonic philosophy was at hand, based like Christianity on moral inspiration, nevertheless stuck fast in a disillusioned philosophy which Mr. Eliot thinks inferior. They stuck fast in the facts of life. They had to do so, whatever may have been their private religious convictions, because they were dramatists addressing the secular mind and concerned with the earthly career of passionate individuals, of inspired individuals, whose inspirations contradicted the truth and were shattered by it. This defeat, together with a proud and grandiloquent acceptance of it, is final for the tragic poet. His philosophy can build only on such knowledge of the world as the world can give. . . . To have allowed religion to shift the scenes, override the natural passions of men, and reverse the moral of the story, would have seemed an intolerable anticlimax. . . . I can think of only one tragedy in which religion might well play a leading part, and that is the tragedy of religion itself.¹⁶

Although "Tragic Philosophy" is Santayana's last formal and extended discussion of Shakespeare, some occasional remarks in the later letters and the autobiography show that his interest in the great dramatist continued to the end. Less than a year before his death he wrote to Corliss Lamont: "I have often tried to define Shakespeare's 'philosophy,' after noticing the strange absence of religion in him; but perhaps he might be set down for a Humanist or Naturalist of our sect, his ghosts and witches and Arians being wise, sceptical inclusions of mad dreams actually visiting distressed minds" (*Letters*, p. 425). Thus the last barrier between the critic and the poet has been removed, by the mellowness attending on the critic's old age, perhaps. Shakespeare—all of him, philosopher as well as poet and playwright—is finally granted the long withheld paternal blessing. There is a touching irony in his being welcomed into the very sect that all along has sheltered the old philosopher himself.

The real warmth of Santayana's feeling in his later years for Shakespeare

¹⁶ Singer, pp. 266-277. Various objections are raised to the arguments in "Tragic Philosophy" by F. R. Leavis, in "Tragedy and the 'Medium': A Note on Mr. Santayana's 'Tragic Philosophy'", *Scrutiny*, XII (1943-44), 249-260.

is movingly displayed in a passage from the final volume of his autobiography, *My Host the World*, published posthumously in 1953. He is explaining, rather ruefully, the differences between "my England"—the ideal England of his imagination—and the actual England where he spent a part of his life. For the illusion which was "my England", Shakespeare and Dickens were important sources, "and especially Shakespeare's comedies and comic scenes in the histories and tragedies". In the songs "and in Shakespeare's wit and wistfulness everywhere, I find the spirit of my England purer than in any later poet. He was not puritan, he smacked of the country air and of young blood".¹⁷

Looking back over this long association between critic and poet, we come to several conclusions. George Santayana in his role of critic of literature was perhaps more deeply and consistently interested in Shakespeare than in any other writer, ancient or modern. Discussions of Shakespeare, of varying length and weight, are to be found in almost everything Santayana wrote on art and literature, from *The Sense of Beauty*, published in 1896, to a letter written in 1951, a year before the philosopher's death. The most important of these discussions are the two essays, "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" (1900) and "Tragic Philosophy" (1936). Poles apart in their thinking, between them they illustrate the gradual change that took place in the critic's attitude, from a grudging admiration for some of Shakespeare's qualities, and a near-contempt for others, to a fondness and respect for the author almost without reservation.

This change is all the more remarkable considering Santayana's distaste for what, in his opinion (in his earlier writings, at least), characterized the Northern genius in art: spiritual and philosophic shallowness, lack of restraint, formlessness, and inelegance. Like Voltaire, Santayana thought of Shakespeare as an "inspired barbarian"; but whereas Voltaire's strictures were based on Shakespeare's alleged lack of art and taste, Santayana's derived primarily from Shakespeare's philosophy—or rather, his lack of a philosophy. For a long time Santayana was demanding of great poetry that it have a philosophic wholeness, a cosmic view, a sound morality. Because he did not find these qualities in Shakespeare, he relegated him to an inferior rank among the world's poets. In holding to this position he made the error, surprising in so astute a critic, of attributing to Shakespeare himself the philosophies of certain of Shakespeare's characters, in particular Macbeth.

These rigid views on poetry stood for a number of years, at least through Santayana's most important work of literary criticism, *Three Philosophical Poets* (1910). By 1922, however, the year of publication of *Soliloquies in England*, he had become much less demanding. In an essay from that volume entitled "On My Friendly Critics", he writes what amounts almost to a recantation:

So anxious was I, when younger, to find some rational justification for poetry and religion, and to show that their magic was significant of true facts, that I insisted too much, as I now think, on the need of relevance to fact even in poetry. Not only did I distinguish good religion from bad by its expression of practical wisdom, and of the moral discipline that makes for happiness in this world, but I maintained that the noblest poetry also must express the moral burden of life and must be rich in

¹⁷ George Santayana, *Persons and Places: My Host the World* (New York, 1953), p. 97.

wisdom. Age has made me less exacting, and I can now find quite sufficient perfection in poetry, like that of the Chinese and Arabians, without much philosophic scope, in mere grace and feeling and music and cloud-castles and frolic. (*Soliloquies*, p. 254)

Although this new tolerance is not reflected immediately in the judgments on Shakespeare, by the time of "Tragic Philosophy" (1936) it has grown to the point where Santayana can accept wholeheartedly Shakespeare's philosophy as well as Shakespeare's poetry. The only difficulty (as Irving Singer notes) is that since Santayana never tried to reconstruct his earlier criticism, we cannot be sure how much of it he would have clung to in his later years. Nevertheless, the mere spectacle of an acute critical intelligence gradually reversing itself over the years provides much instruction as well as fascination.

At no point in his career as critic does Santayana have any reservations about Shakespeare's mastery of language, his marvelous exuberance, his skill in creating characters, or his wit and humor.

The relative narrowness and inflexibility of Santayana's earlier Shakespearian criticism may have been partly caused by his attachment to Taine's deterministic theory of literature. This attachment seems gradually to have weakened, as did also his extreme preference for classical values and the culture of the Mediterranean regions.

In summary, from Santayana's fairly extensive writings on Shakespeare, both formal and informal, one learns a great deal about his methods and his development as a critic of literature. From them one also obtains a set of brilliant, original, frank, and erratic opinions on our greatest writer.

University of Colorado


Tumuli Elizabethæ Reginae Vera delineatio



The tomb of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey. Engraved by an unknown artist for Henry Holland's *Herwologia Anglica* (1620). Second state of the print.
From a copy in the Folger Shakespeare Library. See p. 619.

The Tragic Structure of *Troilus and Cressida*.¹

BRIAN MORRIS

OLERIDGE summed up two centuries of criticism and anticipated over a century more when he said of *Troilus and Cressida*, "Indeed, there is no one of Shakespeare's plays harder to characterize".² Opinions differed at its first appearance. The title-page of the 1609 Quarto calls it a "History", the Address to the Reader, added in the second state, refers to it as a Comedy, and the First Folio describes it as the "Tragedy" of *Troilus and Cressida*. No real weight can be given to these ascriptions as critical terms, for the inchoate state of criticism in the first years of the seventeenth century did not admit of any precision in such labels, and terms like "Comedy" and "Tragedy" cannot bear their modern interpretations. During the past fifty years critics have tended to see the play as a peculiar kind of Comedy, and to consider it in company with *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure* as forming a group which has been variously described as "the dark comedies", "the problem comedies", or "the problem plays". But the attempt by Dowden, Lawrence, Tillyard and others to confine these plays in some way within the pale of comedy has resulted in an increasing uneasiness, a sense that the plays differ from each other perhaps more than from others of Shakespeare's plays, a feeling that in some way they have been forcibly and unequally yoked together. It has proved, in fact, impossible to find, or even invent, a term which can adequately define and cover three plays so different in subject and so diverse in effect. What applies to one is usually less true of the others, and any consideration of one of them as a unit in itself is bedeviled by the ineptitude of critical terms which more properly apply to the others.

The real reason for considering *Troilus and Cressida* as a Comedy at all seems to be its failure to qualify as a recognizable tragedy. Its effect in the theater can hardly be said to be comic in the usual sense of the word, yet it does not conform to the pattern laid down by Aristotle as the basis of tragic form. Few modern critics have pondered the possibility that Shakespearean tragedy should not, and cannot, be judged solely by the Aristotelian canons, and the habit of mind which persists in erecting the idea of tragic form around vague interpretations of ἀμαρτία and ὕβρις is responsible for the rejection of

¹ Some of the arguments used here to support the interpretation of *Troilus and Cressida* as essentially a tragedy have been utilized, in a different form, for an introduction to an edition of this play which will form part of *Oeuvres Complètes de Shakespeare*, published by the Club français du Livre.

² Coleridge's *Literary Criticism*, edited by J. W. Mackail (1908), p. 221.

Troilus and Cressida as any sort of tragedy. The error of such conformist criticism was apparent to Heine when he wrote,

Those critics who judged *Troilus and Cressida* according to the rules drawn by Aristotle from the best Greek plays, must often have fallen into the greatest perplexities, if not into the most ridiculous blunders. . . . My old poetry-master at Düsseldorf once remarked very acutely: "Those plays in which breathes the melancholy spirit of Melpomene rather than the gaiety of Thalia belong to the domain of tragedy".³

There is scant evidence indeed that the popular playwrights of the Elizabethan period had the *Poetics* in mind when they constructed what they called "tragedies", and perhaps the nearest thing to a discussion of the nature of tragedy in the period when Shakespeare came to write *Troilus and Cressida* is found in *A Warning for Fair Women*, where Tragedy appears as a character and describes her function:

I must haue passions that must moue the soule,
Make the heart heauie, and throb within the bosome,
Extorting teares out of the strictest eyes,
To racke a thought and straine it to his forme,
Untill I rap the sences from their course,
This is my office⁴

an office clearly comprehensible to an Elizabethan audience, and so imprecise as to be quite unrelated to Aristotle. J. W. H. Atkins has shown how very amorphous were the ideas of the "kinds" in this period,⁵ and the opinion has steadily been growing that we must re-think our attitudes towards the Elizabethan ideas of comedy and tragedy in the light of what we can now see we do not know. W. R. Boaden has made a start in this direction in an article⁶ in which he suggests that we should "rid ourselves as completely as possible of preconceptions" and approach the play "allowing ourselves to respond naturally to our own emotions and sympathies, as Shakespeare means us to do". This may appear a somewhat drastic course, but when we have reached a point at which as eminent a critic as Miss Alice Walker talks of Shakespeare's "comprehensive comic purpose" in this play, and suggests to us that "Troilus' infatuation is never allowed to engage our sympathies",⁷ the time has come to re-examine Shakespeare's intention even if it means casting overboard our inheritance of criticism, and Mr. Boaden's suggestion is sound and salutary.

D. A. Stauffer, in his most valuable account of Shakespeare's images,⁸ has described *Troilus and Cressida* as "this theorem of thought that passes for a play", and though it has often been pointed out that the construction is along extremely formal lines, few have paused to show how, or to ask why. Yet this fact seems essential to any attempt to explain the detachment of the play, and it

³ *Sämmtliche Werke*, 7 vols., Philadelphia, 1857-61. See *Troilus and Cressida* (New Variorum edition), p. 523.

⁴ *A Warning for Faire Women* (1599), A2 verso.

⁵ *English Literary Criticism: The Renaissance* (1947), Chapter VIII.

⁶ "The Human Shakespeare and *Troilus and Cressida*", *Shakespeare Quarterly*, VIII (Spring 1957), 167-177.

⁷ *Troilus and Cressida* (New Cambridge Shakespeare), edited by J. Dover Wilson and Alice Walker, p. xi.

⁸ *Shakespeare's World of Images*, New York (1949), p. 132.

springs quite inevitably from the source-story itself. The Trojan War was a well-known subject, and obviously any dramatic treatment of it had to be selective. Even Heywood, in the ten acts of *The Iron Age*, could not include the whole Homeric story, and, as the Prologue explains, Shakespeare's selection was far more straitly confined,

Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.

Shakespeare's choice of material is such as to make it quite clear that his first concern is with the loves of Troilus and Cressida. The schemings of Ulysses and the fall of Hector could not be cut away from the main plot because they were generally accepted as so closely connected that they formed a single story. Even the fragmentary plot of the Dekker-Chettle play on the subject seems to cover more or less the same ground, and includes the characters of Ajax, Ulysses and Achilles.⁹ The facts were sacrosanct in the public imagination, so that the dramatist was denied the structural elements of surprise and narrative tension. This rigidity of material, in turn, imposed a presentation involving a greater element of ritual, pageant and display than of excitement and adventure. Such a technique is made even more necessary by the paucity of stage-action in the selected part of the story. The combat between Ajax and Hector supplies the only vigorous movement before the tumult of the battle scenes which ends Act Five. Shakespeare has to create a dramatic structure out of two rather static stories, connected only tenuously by a common involvement in the disaster of Troy. But the problem is not so difficult as it has sometimes been made to appear. Shakespeare uses "the generals' plot"¹⁰ to balance the climactic construction of the Troilus and Cressida story. Though neither Quarto nor Folio text has Act and Scene divisions, there can be little doubt of the antithetical and cumulative nature of the construction.

The positioning of the Greek "debate" scene is significant. It follows the quite unintellectual enunciation of the love of Troilus and Cressida with a sort of dramatic roadblock of cold, practical, political argument. The subject is the concrete problem of the failure of the Greek attacks and the collapse of army discipline. The historical importance of the "degree speech" has caused it to be over-emphasized. If Dr. Tillyard is correct, Ulysses is saying only what the Elizabethan audience would never have questioned, and what they would have accepted not as "philosophy" but as simple truth. The dramatic purpose of the scene is to show the Greek generals dealing with a practical problem in a calculating, reasonable and passionless way, and by contrasting this atmosphere with the vulnerable emotionalism of the preceding scenes to direct the sympathy of the audience toward Troilus and Cressida as being of the weaker but more attractive party. But the Greek debate is quickly balanced by the Trojan. In II. ii the same static construction, the same close argument provides an almost Hebraic parallel to the scene in the Greek camp. These two scenes, leaving aside for the moment all question of their content, by their size, scope, and the new polemic tone they introduce, form the first pillar in the arch-like structure of the secondary plot.

⁹ See W. W. Greg, *Henslowe Papers* (1907), p. 142.

¹⁰ This term is used to denote those scenes in the play which result from the plot initiated by Ulysses and Nestor at the end of I. iii.

The second column, or, to change the metaphor, the recapitulation of the subject, comes in IV. v, with the inconclusive fight between Hector and Ajax. Here the implications of the two debates are seen in physical conflict on the stage. The chivalrous but doomed Hector faces the "blockish" Ajax, and this ironical opposition of Trojan "honor" and Greek "reason" cannot come to any conclusion simply because the combatants are kin, and such is the confusion between reason and honor in both camps that indeed

half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek. (IV. v. 85-86)

Only futile plotting by Ulysses and Nestor has filled those camp scenes which occur between the two great, polarized statements of debate and duel. It is significant that the fiasco in which this plotting culminates is placed just before the climax of the play in V. ii, where Troilus states the difference between appearance and reality in other terms,

this is, and is not, Cressid. (V. ii. 146)

The whole architectonic structure of the generals' plot is, in fact, the formal statement in extended narrative of that very dilemma which motivates the action of the Troilus and Cressida story. Its monolithic design forms the backcloth against which the tragedy of the two lovers is played out.

Any examination of the construction of the Troilus and Cressida plot must reveal that it is the only part of this play which has a living, organic development. The two scenes which open the play serve chiefly to present the two major characters and to establish the fact that they are in love. But in each of the four other scenes in which Troilus and Cressida are together on the stage there is evident an increase in power and intensity. The first meeting (III.ii) is followed by the scene containing the announcement that Cressida must be exchanged for Antenor (IV.ii), which is the narrative turning point of the whole play. Then comes the long "farewell" scene where the lovers take their leave and promise to be true, and their next and last appearance is in the great climax of V. ii, which is the point of resolution for the whole play. This climactic construction gives a narrative continuity to a plot which in itself lacks stage action. By making the actions of Troilus and Cressida increasingly significant each time they appear, Shakespeare succeeds in creating the illusion of progress and movement as well as showing the emotional development of the initial situation. The technique of giving each stage in the plot its own self-contained scene is not Shakespeare's usual practice. Comparison with the more orthodox development of a love story, in *Romeo and Juliet* for example, shows that Shakespeare is here presenting the incidents of his plot in an extremely formalized way, creating a deliberate crescendo pattern which rises to the point in V. ii, where Troilus is broken by the sight of Cressida's infidelity and begins to find his true nature.

These two distinct patterns, the static presentation of the generals' plot and the climactic display of the stages in a story of doomed love, are structurally complementary. The Troilus and Cressida story is the more important to an audience simply because a climactic pattern is dramatically more interesting than a pageant pattern, and Shakespeare's intention to concern himself principally

with the lovers is evident not only from the title of the play and his selection from the source-story, but from his scene-by-scene construction as well. Yet, at a deeper level, the two plots are linked by a common concern with the opposing ideals of reason and honor. The conflict of ideals which is stated philosophically in both the debate scenes, and which motivates the contrived opposition of Hector and Achilles, is itself the cause of the tragic failure and fall of Troilus. The external conflict is epitomized in the situation of the hero, and Shakespeare's dual presentation of the dilemma is the key to the underlying unity of the play.

In the two great debate scenes the positions of the two parties, Trojan and Greek, are worked out, and the ideological background of the play is enunciated. The Greek debate takes place because the level of morale is dangerously low, and Agamemnon admits that

checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd (I. iii. 5-6)

He offers no solution, save that of grin and bear it, and Nestor simply repeats what has already been said. The "fever whereof all our power is sick" is then stated in general, philosophical terms by Ulysses.¹¹ His first conclusion, "Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength", provides no more than a general appreciation of the situation, and Agamemnon asks for a specific remedy. Ulysses immediately goes to the heart of the matter, "The great Achilles. . . Grows dainty of his worth", and elaborates his proposition to show how the recalcitrance of Achilles and his scorn of strategy have infected the whole army. So far all has been sweet reason. The discussion has moved logically from a general consideration of the state of affairs to the particular impediment to successful action, the attitude of Achilles. The next step would seem to be the formulation of a definite plan to bring the offender to order and so to restore the general standard of discipline. But at this point the debate is interrupted by the arrival of the Trojan embassy bearing the superbly romantic and chivalrous challenge of Hector. The normal and "reasonable" course would be to reject this ludicrous suggestion out of hand and to concentrate on the task under discussion. But Agamemnon takes no such action. He accepts the challenge at once and without question even though it is quite irrelevant to his initial purpose. He is sidetracked by the appeal to "honor" and, fantastic as the challenge is, he does not find it too starved a subject for his own sword, if need be. It is significant that Ulysses takes no part in the discussion of the challenge. He speaks only one word, "Amen", while the Trojans are on the stage. Yet the effect of the "roisting challenge" is to break up completely the clear, reasonable calculation of profit and loss that he has so laboriously initiated. Ulysses and Nestor are left on the stage when the generals depart to feast the Trojan embassy and the strategic reasoning of the first part of the scene has degenerated into a poor plot dependent for its success on the foolishness of Ajax and the pride of Achilles. Ulysses the general has become Ulysses the conspirator. The will o' the wisp of "honor" has drawn the eyes and minds of all the Greeks after it, and the "reasonable" reconstruction of army discipline and order has been forgotten. In this situation it is not easy to decide precisely where the

¹¹ For a detailed discussion of the rhetorical nature of Ulysses' speech see *Troilus and Cressida* (New Variorum edition) pp. 397-404.

sympathy of the audience was intended to lie. Man was acknowledged to be pre-eminently a reasonable animal, and to approach his problems in anything but a reasonable spirit was to deny and run counter to his essential nature. But, on the other hand, if ever there was an Elizabethan virtue it was honor and the pursuit of glory. It was as influential in the drama as it was in the sphere of politics, yet it is probably true to say that the opposition of reason and honor had seldom, before Shakespeare, been made the mainspring of a stage plot.

The same dilemma is seen from a different angle in the Trojan debate (II.ii). This scene is perhaps best considered in the light of the earlier treatment of its subject-matter in *King John*. In II.i, the diplomatic juggling of the two Kings before Angiers leads Falconbridge to deliver the soliloquy on Commodity, which, he says, has drawn the King of France

From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. (II.i. 585-586)

"Commodity" here is the reasonable consideration of the practical disadvantages accruing upon a continuation of the war with England, and King Philip's decision is based on his assessment of what he stands to lose if the armor "conscience buckled on" is not laid aside as expediency demands. But the two ideals are not allowed to come into open conflict. Philip's compromise is short-lived, and the necessity for religious obedience makes expediency impossible. But in the debate between Troilus and Hector the situation is reversed and the conflict perpetuated. The offer of compromise is made by Nestor, "Deliver Helen, and all damage else. . . . Shall be struck off". Hector advocates acceptance on the grounds that Helen is not worth the price that has already been paid for her, and that the only reasonable policy is to cut one's losses as much as possible. Troilus' opposition is based on his complete acceptance of the ideal of honor as a thing which cannot be compromised. Just as the Greek debate moved from the general to the particular, so the Trojans argue from the particular to the general, and in the consideration of the value of "value" the dangers of Troilus' position are revealed in the nature of his arguments. They have their origin in passion, his use of words is prejudiced and emotional, and his images are unfairly loaded,

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. (II.ii. 69-72)

He cannot refute Hector's arguments with reason, but he makes his appeal to the weak point in Hector's armor, his honor. At this point the entry of Cassandra has precisely the same effect upon the argument as the entry of the Trojan embassy has upon the Greek debate. Hector finds his counsel of expediency in alliance with his sister's madness and his cause stands upon shifting sand. His appeal to the "moral laws of nature and of nations" is powerless to counterbalance her passionate but quite irrational prophecies, and Hector, though intellectually his position has hardly suffered serious assault, is himself compromised by Cassandra's attitude. The ground is cut from under his feet,

and his policy of reasonable expediency is overshadowed by the ideal of honor to which throughout he has paid at least lip-service. It is the volte-face into which he is consequently forced that gives the Hector of the later scenes the doomed quality that makes him incapable of real leadership. When Ulysses prophesies (IV. v) that the walls of Troy must fall, Hector replies

I must not believe you:
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: (IV. v. 221-224)

He must not believe, and yet he does. Hector is divided against himself and though, in the course of the debate, he alone sees and expounds the reasonable and moral solution, he is, like the Greek generals, seduced by the ideal of honor and follows the worse course.

In both the debates the criteria of reasonable action are prevented by appeals to honor, and the effects which issue from the unfinished discussions are motivated by emotion and imagination and end in disorder, the very chaos of which both Ulysses and Hector have given warning. But the generals' plot, if it stood alone, would result only in a peculiar kind of chronicle history play, and the particular effect of *Troilus and Cressida* is produced by the fact that this plot is essentially the background to the main action. The conflict of reason and honor is epitomized, focussed and concentrated in the particular character and situation of Troilus. He seems to have been conceived in a different dimension from the characters who surround him. In general the technique of character-presentation has been to create a personality as the representation of his acknowledged qualities; scratch the surface and they are the static figures of a tableau. Troilus alone is shown in action, his dynamic, explosive nature driving the play relentlessly on to its devastated conclusion. It could hardly be otherwise, for the sources of the story decreed that at the death of Hector Troilus assumed the leadership of the Trojan army, and that he was a formidable warrior. Shakespeare leaves us in no doubt about this aspect of his nature. The first two scenes of the play present Troilus the warrior by a brilliant stroke of dramatic creation. At his first appearance he is in armor, and his first words present the conflict which is destined to be his downfall,

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none. (I. i. 2-5)

He interprets this opposition of duty and desire not as "the world well lost" but in terms of the enervating effect of love upon his proper, martial character:

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night
And skillless as unpractised infancy. (I. i. 9-12)

Obviously the effect of this self-deprecation upon an audience is to reveal the stature of Troilus as a soldier, and the oblique presentation is seconded by Pandarus' report of his valor in the scene immediately following. This descrip-

tion of Troilus is motivated by the affected indifference of Cressida, which gives Pandarus the perfect opportunity to inform the audience at length of all they need to know about the central figure of the play. It is significant that Pandarus extols him as the example not of virtue or beauty, but of courage and martial bearing,

Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! (I. ii. 251-254)

The effect of these opening scenes is to present Troilus as, first and foremost, a great warrior, but a warrior whose efficiency in the field is compromised by a passion of love. We are shown his fatal folly, but we are also shown his potential qualities as a leader of men, and throughout the play there is nothing which casts the slightest doubt upon his ability as a soldier. Ulysses, in a piece of quite disinterested description (IV. v. 96-109), says of him that he is as manly as Hector and more dangerous, and even Thersites cannot fault him in his courage. By the end of II. ii, Troilus has emerged as the real leader of the Trojans, when his hot-headed arguments have successfully lamed Hector's reasons, and thereafter Hector himself is forced to follow his younger brother's lead. On the only other occasion when the two brothers are at odds (V. iii) there is no doubt as to who is master.

But the extremes of Troilus' passionate nature bring about his downfall as surely as Othello's extremes of love bring about his. Those very qualities which make him a great warrior, his passion, his ruthless single-mindedness, his refusal to compromise, cannot but destroy him if he should fall in love with a woman who is less than his ideal. The superlative nature of his qualities marks him as of the house and lineage of heroes. He alone, among the characters who surround him, has the energy to initiate significant action, and he alone possesses the higher sensibilities, the capacity for enduring the extremes of joy and suffering which is the mark of the poetic temperament. Circumstances favor the growth of the love which has seduced Troilus from his proper calling. His passion is encouraged, his go-between is successful, his desires are granted, and even the agony of parting from Cressida only increases his involvement. Throughout the action of the play Troilus moves steadily closer to the edge of the cliff, and the sense of tragic loss grows all the greater after the scene of the Trojan debate, for here is the one character who might be capable yet of saving Troy beguiled and vitiated by an almost criminal folly of passion.

The inevitable, terrible moment of disillusionment comes in V. ii, and as a presentation of suffering this scene yields to no other in Shakespeare. It is brutally, pitilessly effective on the stage, and this despite the fact that its construction would seem at first blush to be the height of artificiality. The triangular setting requires the audience to make a number of assumptions: (1) that Troilus and Ulysses can hear everything said by Diomed and Cressida, (2) that Thersites can hear everything said by Diomed and Cressida, (3) that Thersites can hear everything said by Troilus and Ulysses, (4) that Troilus and Ulysses cannot hear Thersites at all, and (5) that Diomed and Cressida cannot hear either Thersites or Troilus and Ulysses at all. Such a complex use of convention is more commonly found in Comedy, but here the effect is neither

comic nor artificial for our attention is riveted upon the intensely moving predicament of Troilus. From an outward appearance of beauty and faith he has created, in his inexperience, an image of perfection which is to him Cressida. He has taken the appearance for the reality and now he is forced to witness every detail of her faithlessness. His vision of her is so single, his own love is of "so strain'd a purity", that he refuses to believe "the attest of eyes and ears" and can only cry

This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida: (V.ii. 137)

but such a quibble cannot explain the facts, and a few tortured clauses bring us to the climax of the play where verbal distinctions cannot satisfy and Troilus reaches the center of his torment,

If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. (V.ii. 141-142)

But it is, and there is no rule in the unity he has constructed, and his world comes crashing about his ears.

This is the deepest water of his suffering, and from this moment on he begins to find his true self. At first his passion is transferred to Diomed,

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed: (V.ii. 167-168)

but in the following scene it has become a fixed and general hatred of all the Greeks. He chides Hector for his chivalry, and says,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth. (V.iii. 45-48)

He is once again the warrior and champion, and in the last scene of the play the death of Hector raises him to a position where he can, and will, stand against the Universe,

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. (V.x. 12-14)

Cressida is past. Troilus does not die on stage, but his death is a foregone conclusion. He himself knows it, and anticipates it, when he says,

I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on! (V.x. 8-9)

If Shakespeare had followed his sources to the death of Troilus, the fifth Act of the play would have been completely unbalanced by an over-long series of skirmishes and battles, and even if he had telescoped the intervening events the result would have been dramatically unsatisfactory. To show the death of Troilus would be to give the play a completeness which is false to its pervading atmosphere. The sense of waste, present in all tragedy, is here emphasized to a degree not attempted elsewhere by Shakespeare, and the picture of Troilus going off to a death as inevitable as it is undefined provides an effect which is

in harmony with the whole background of the play. Troilus has achieved the transmutation of his passion of love, and has become "absolute for death". His end is like that of Antony, who says,

but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed.

(*Antony and Cleopatra* IV. xiv. 99-101)

Death, to Troilus, has become both a release from the refining fire of suffering and a consummation devoutly to be desired. His end is not pathetic, for it is the climax and inevitable result of his involvement in a great but misguided love; nor is it simply a savage and meaningless slaughter, because the soul of Troilus has passed from the experience of surpassing joy through a place of suffering where it has been purged of its dross and made regenerate. At the moment when he has learned how to live, Troilus must die because he has found his true identity as the champion of Troy, and Troy has been fated to fall. The climactic nature of the structure and the dramatic inevitability of Troilus' progress from love to death make it difficult to see how the development can be seen as anything but tragic. If anything is certain it is that V. ii, is intended to be the climax of the play, and to think of that scene and the scenes which lead up to it as comic, in any sense of the word, argues either a super-subtlety or an insensitivity well beyond the average.

The Elizabethan attitudes to the story are various,¹² but it is probably true to say that at the turn of the century the majority of references are to the faithlessness of Cressida and tell us little about the contemporary attitude to Troilus. It is noteworthy, however, that on the few occasions when Shakespeare mentions Troilus outside this play he is associated with Leander,¹³ Thisbe, Dido, and Medea,¹⁴ all of whom would be thought of principally as tragic figures. Elsewhere, in Watson's *Superius. The first sett, of Italian Madrigalls Englished* (1590),¹⁵ Troilus is said to be "dead for loue", and in Middleton and Dekker's *The Roaring Girle*¹⁶ the story of Troilus and Cressida is associated with those of Demophoon and Phillis and Aeneas and Dido. It would seem, then, that at the time when Shakespeare wrote this play it was not uncommon to regard the story of Troilus as essentially a tragedy of love, and Shakespeare's treatment of it need not be thought either novel or surprising.

But the play as it stands presents many features alien to the basic tragic effect. This is inevitable because the story of Troilus brings with it a great deal of luggage. The generals' plot and all the incidents of the war could not be omitted, and they make up the world in which the love of Troilus and Cressida is set. This background of failure and frustration, of bitterness and evil, is the result of the denigration the story had undergone since Chaucer first told it in English. Shakespeare simply completes the process of depreciation and presents a moral world in which evil is completely unrelieved. In the majority of

¹² See Hyder E. Rollins, "The Troilus-Cressida Story from Chaucer to Shakespeare", *PMLA*, New Series, XXV (1917), 3.

¹³ Troilus is twice associated with Leander, *Much Ado* V. ii. 31, and *As You Like It* IV. i. 97.

¹⁴ *The Merchant of Venice* V. i. 4-14.

¹⁵ For an edited text, see *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, II (1898-9), 323-358.

¹⁶ *The Roaring Girle* (1611), Students' Facsimile edition, F2 verso.

Elizabethan tragedies there is some recognizable standard of good, some point of reference to which the tragic movement itself can be related. But here there is none. All the positives are spurious, every ideal is demonstrably impractical. Reason is shown as compromised by honor, and ineffectual; honor is seen to be unreasonably fixed on an unworthy object, and tragically misleading; actions, however worthy, continually break down because the very criteria of action are destroyed by pride, stupidity, lust, and irresolution. The difficulties of inaction are the same as those in *Hamlet*, except that whereas Hamlet will not attempt to act upon anything less than certainty, the Greeks and Trojans of *Troilus and Cressida* attempt action upon slight justification and they are thwarted every time. The whole relationship of cause and effect is disjointed, results do not follow from decisions, and corruption has made an universal prey.

Comparison with *Measure for Measure*, which despite its brooding over the swamp retains throughout an identifiable moral standard of good, shows to what extent the power of corruption has liquidated the idealism of this play. The Duke's choric commentary in *Measure for Measure* does, among other things, help to hold the balance between good and evil, but in *Troilus and Cressida* the chief commentator is Thersites, who "serves here voluntary" as a kind of vicious caricaturist, describing each character at the imagined extreme of his failings. Yet despite his prejudice he is often very close to the truth in what he says. He is right, for example, when he describes the outcome of the generals' plot,

... the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: (V. iv. 10-13)

for he sees, as Shakespeare intended us to see, that all the sound and fury of this background world signifies, in the end, nothing but failure and destruction. The contrast between the ethical chaos and the objective, geometrical construction is too obvious to have been accidental on Shakespeare's part. Troilus is the only character who is shown developing through his experiences, and he must be regarded as the center of the play. Behind him stands a world in which evil is regnant and rampant and it is this background which gives the play its peculiarly bitter flavour. Its moral world is powerful, confused, and heading for disaster, but its resolution must be into chaos and anarchy. Evil has broken its bounds and is out of control.

This study in futility and destruction is the setting for the tragedy of a young man who committed the young man's error of allowing his passion to overpower his judgment. He has all the potentialities of greatness, his speech has the ennobling note of high tragedy, but his nature is to love "not wisely, but too well". His end is that of one "not yet mature, yet matchless" who was likely

had he been put on
To have proved most royally.

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ha posto el Campanile, come è qui mato.



St. Paul's Cathedral (1562). By Francesco(?) Attar. This drawing is one of the author's illustrations in an account of his mercantile journeys in Europe and North Africa. The half-timber construction of the tower is wrong (see Hollar's engravings in *SQ*, X, 176, 396, which show a stone tower with pointed arches). The sketches made by foreign travelers are not necessarily photographic in accuracy but must be used with caution. From Folger Shakespeare Library MS. V.a. 259, fo. 167^v. (The Ms. is sometimes attributed to one Alessandro Magno.) See p. 619.

Acts IV and V of *Timon of Athens*

WINIFRED M. T. NOWOTNY

IN his article in *Shakespeare Quarterly*, VI, W. M. Merchant draws attention to some scriptural references in Acts I-III of *Timon of Athens* and argues that they establish in the play a theme of "betrayal of trust and friendship, related to the scriptural theme of an ideal of charity and its denial" and goes on to deal with the difficulties encountered in trying to relate this theme to what he sees as the other main theme of the play, that of "deceitful appearance, introduced by the technical consideration of poetry and painting in their arts of imitation"—the theme of deceitful appearance being, in his view, the one that is "structurally important" in that it effects "the completion of the fourth¹ act by a return to the subject of the opening scene", though, as he also points out, "the fifth² act has a different tone". One cannot but welcome the attempt to find out whether in Timon's speeches in Acts IV and V there is something more consequential than a number of spurts of vituperation and whether Acts IV and V stand in any convincing artistic relationship to Acts I-III. Perhaps a comment on some of the issues raised in Mr. Merchant's article will do something to further enquiry into the question of the artistic unity of *Timon*. My comment will be limited to the proffering of these observations: (a) that the significant echoing of scriptural phrases is not confined to Acts I-III; (b) that in Timon's "overthrow of all established values and truths" there is a clearly articulated sequence, and that in this sequence the climactic inversion is of values specifically Christian; (c) that this climactic inversion is more intimately related to the processes of Timon's imagination, as represented in Acts IV and V, than is the theme of art's counterfeiting.

It will be best to consider first to what extent one may rightly say that the Timon of Acts IV and V is more than a speech-prefix to a number of indifferently-placed diatribes. The first diatribe (IV. i. 1-41)³ calls for the subversion of the degrees and duties of ordered society and its conclusion decisively rejects the "accommodations" of civilization in the words "Nothing Ile beare from thee/But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne". The second diatribe (IV. iii. 1-23) is an exposure of the falsity of the myth of Order and a restatement of the structure of society as a function of Fortune operating upon the basic villainy of man's nature; it reaches its climax, just before the discovery of the gold, in a call for the destruction of mankind. The gold provokes a third diatribe (IV. iii. 26-47), in which gold as a symbol of Fortune is seen as confounding

^{1, 2} The Globe Shakespeare puts the Poet and Painter scene at the beginning of Act V; Mr. Merchant's comments on the changed tone in the "fifth act" must be taken as referring to what follows the exit of Poet and Painter at V. i. 118 of the Globe.

³ Line-references are those of the Globe Shakespeare. In quoting the text itself I follow the Folio.

and the reverberation is felt again in the last speech of the play when Alcibiades, summing up Timon's attitude to humanity in his latter days, declares "thou abhorrd'st in us our humane griefes" and speaks of "faults" (which in Shakespeare's English meant sins or crimes) "forgiven". It seems fairly clear that Timon's last declarations to humanity are vibrant with strange echoes of that Gospel they so bitterly deny, and that this climax has been prepared for as early as the passage on gold as the maker and breaker of religions in the third diatribe.

A development more immediate than this, however, is the transition, in IV.iii, from gold as the symbol of the confusion of moral, physical and social distinctions (IV.iii.28-41) to a further symbolization of gold as the "common whore" (IV.iii.42), leading to the diatribe (IV.iii.151-166) that presents prostitution as being, in fact, a leveller of society to a featureless and rotten lump and, in symbol, a means of revealing that a featureless and rotten lump is what society in reality is. This latter I take to be the true *aculeus* of the identification of gold and prostitution. The identification begins, at IV.iii.42-43, with an explanatory analogy (nations will quarrel over gold as men do over their whores), but its reference is very swiftly extended and particularized when it is stressed that each member of the metaphorical connection (the gold itself and the whore herself) is in actuality and not merely in metaphor as destructive as Alcibiades' sword. That Timon's imagination moves symbolically (not literally from gold as a destroyer to prostitution as a destroyer to war as a destroyer) is I think clearly shown in the fourth diatribe, Timon's speech to Alcibiades (IV.iii.107-128), in which Timon sees Alcibiades as the scourge of sexuality: as the "plague" of some "high-Vic'd City", of usury (earlier described as a bawd), of the counterfeit matron who is really a bawd, of "Milke pappes that . . . bore at mens eyes", and of the babe who is to be thought of as a bastard, all these instances having as common factor some association with base sexuality hidden under the appearance of being a traditionally fit object of piety; this common factor indicates that the movement of Timon's imagination is towards a vision of society as presenting a varied *superficies* covering the one reality of base and indiscriminating human appetite; and it is for that reason that Timon adjures Alcibiades to "Swear against Obiects", for "Obiects" has here its usual Shakespearian sense of that-which-is-looked-upon. The "theme of deceitful appearance" (to which my remarks would now seem to be approximating) has, in this part of the play, a vital, complex and in some respects implicit connection with its instance, prostitution—not, as in the poet and painter scene of Act V, an explicit and relatively simple instance in the counterfeiting of art. These speeches on prostitution in Act IV (the fifth and sixth diatribes) present baseness and utter absence of discrimination ("Thatch / Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead, / (Some that were hang'd) no matter:") as being the hidden reality and social distinctions as being only superficial and false; thus in Timon's imagination the prostitute is at once the symbol of the real baseness underlying the pretence of ordered society, an actual agent of its actual destruction, and an agent such that her activities will have effects at once concrete and symbolical of the real truth: "Downe with the Nose, / Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away" . . . "defeate and quell / The sourse of all Erection". These curses, veneratedly particularized, have

their impetus and form from the identification of the prostitute with the social leveller, who reduces Order, the appearance, to shapeless rottenness, the reality. Thus Timon's view of the real nature of man in society is expressed by his substituting the myth of Prostitution for the myth of Order.

The preoccupation with society as a structure has reached an imaginative climax, and the interest of the dialogue now turns to Nature. Timon in his seventh diatribe (IV. iii. 176-196), discovering that though he is sick of man's unkindness, he is still prompted by Nature to eat, turns to scrutinize her and addresses her as the "Common Mother", the main drift of the speech being that Nature is indifferent, neutral, showing no principle of discrimination, whether between her "proud Childe (arrogant man)" and the "venom'd Worme", or between the normal and what is "abhorred"; she merely "Teemes and feeds all". Apemantus now enters, at first repeating, though in a different vein, the stress on the unconcern of Nature with distinctions of rank, and goes on to try to show Timon that Nature has a sermon to preach, but Timon rejects Apemantus' sermon because it does not speak to his condition, and he argues in reply that if Nature does provide any comment on "the sweet degrees that this breefe world affords", the comment is to be found in the natural relations that obtain between each animal and its prey. Here (IV. iii. 329-349) Timon is moving towards an inversion of the argument from "the book of the creatures" and indeed towards inversion of the whole argument from "correspondences". When, therefore, in the next diatribe (IV. iii. 376-393) he speaks of his sickness with "this false world", the phrase sums up not only his experiences of so-called friendship but also his vision of a world devoid of any true source or embodiment of values (whether in society, man or nature) and he immediately goes on, as indeed the inner logic of his repudiation demands, to address that power which he now discerns to be greater than anything in the world, namely, his gold—seen, now, as cancelling every bond between man and what is godlike (kingship, the relation between father and son, marriage, heroism, love, chastity, consecration) and finally as being itself, impossibly, a god ("Thou visible God / That souldrest close Impossibilities"), at whose pentecost appear the tongues in which money talks, the one touchstone and toucher of hearts, the "yellow slave" now revealed as master of its slave, man.

This neo-God, gold, now becomes the prime mover in a new cosmology, which is announced in Timon's encounter with the thieves, to whom he preaches a new interpretation of the exemplifying in natural phenomena of the divine plan for the world. The speech on universal thievery (IV. iii. 427-453), like the speeches on prostitution, has more to it than an indiscriminate misanthropy taking temporary color from whatever confronts it in encounters dictated in the first place by a plot. As in *Lear*, the function of the plot itself, in this part of the play, is to provide encounters with people who will appear to have suggested to the hero precisely those symbols upon which the dramatist's imagination is at work. Timon's cosmology of Thievery is connected only dramaturgically with the actual entry of actual thieves; the basic connection of the Thievery-symbol with what has gone before lies in its dialectic with the concept of the expression of the divine in the natural order, just as the Prostitution-symbol had its dialectical relation to the concept of Order in society. God's law in Nature (as seen for instance by Hooker) fixes demarcations; in

so far as the phenomena of the natural order provide examples to society, they do so by exemplifying (as in Shakespeare's fable of the bees in *Henry V* and in that of the belly and the members in *Coriolanus*) hierarchical functions operating for mutual benefit, or "common weal"; Timon on the contrary sees the physical universe in terms of usurpation and flux, exemplifying social relations of mutual robbery. Thus the myth of Natural Law is challenged by the myth of Natural Thievery, just as the myth of Order in society was challenged by the myth of Prostitution.

Thus far in Acts IV and V, it seems to me clear that one continuous imaginative process shapes the sequence of Timon's encounters and speeches. It is not clear to me what relation obtains between this process and the ensuing encounters with the steward and with the poet and the painter. I should perhaps mention, in order to clarify for the reader the point of view from which I write this article, that I think *Timon* to be the work of two hands and, whilst I am convinced that there is no compelling case for supposing Shakespeare to have written any more of Acts I to III than the dialogue of Timon and Flavius in Act II, scene 2, the area of my bafflement on the authorship question is, precisely, from IV.iii.464 (the entry of Flavius, after the thieves' exit) to the end of the play. Within this stretch of the play all that I feel sure of is that Shakespeare did write Timon's speeches to the senators and Alcibiades' comment on the epitaph. For here, surely, is the last efflux of that imaginative process by which there has been substituted for the whole Elizabethan world-picture the twin myths of prostitution and thievery associated with the god gold, a last efflux in which Timon, when society resorts to him to save it, repudiates that society at its very foundation and preaches as Anti-Christ his ironic message of salvation. The high incantatory style has a slow long-swinging calm that would be hard to match from anywhere in Shakespeare's work (Gonzalo's "and set it downe / With gold on lasting Pillers" comes nearest), but who else has this greatness?

Timon's witness is of course ironic, and the play is not to end without Alcibiades' reinterpretation of Timon's life and death. I do not fully understand this closing speech, but I think that if I did, I should find that I understood the relation between Shakespeare's tragedies and his last plays, for, in a sense surely important for our understanding of the last phase of Shakespeare's art, Timon's words, "Lippes, let soure words go by, and Language end", must precede discovery of the richness of that conceit whereby, over his submerged tomb, vast Neptune is to "weep for aye . . . on faults forgiuen".

London

King Lear: A Study in Balanced and Shifting Sympathies

EDWARD A. BLOCK

WE are all so familiar with the denouement of *King Lear* and the transformation which many of the leading characters undergo as the action gradually unfolds, that there is perhaps a tendency to approach the play with a point of view shaped by its later development and conclusion. Such an approach inevitably tends, I think, to obscure not only the particular kind of tension which exists in the first two acts, but the fact that this tension results from the skill with which Shakespeare has consciously and systematically created a delicate equilibrium within each of the several conflicts that break out in the early part of the play. I am referring specifically to the conflicts between Lear and Cordelia; between Lear, on the one hand, and Goneril and Regan, on the other; and between Edmund, on the one hand, and Gloucester and Edgar, on the other. These conflicts were not, of course, original with Shakespeare; they occur in his sources. But what is original is the manner in which he has modified and transformed each of the various conflicts. In effect, through the superbly fair presentation of opposing and apparently irreconcilable points of view and through consistent and significant modifications of character, he has succeeded in creating that tension on the part of the audience which results from their sympathies being so equally divided that they become the victims and suffer all the throes of what may fairly be termed schizophrenic frustration. I shall take each of these conflicts as they appear in Shakespeare's source material and endeavor to show how by deviating from his originals he succeeded in creating a series of equilibriums which can only have been deliberately intended and contrived.

The conflict which arises between Lear and Cordelia when he calls upon her for a public affirmation of her love is found in all four of Shakespeare's generally acknowledged sources, though the treatments vary considerably in length. Thus, 139 lines of *The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir* are devoted to it as compared with 49, 30, and 27 lines in the corresponding versions of the incident by John Higgins (*The Mirror for Magistrates*), Holinshed (*the Chronicle*), and Spenser (*F.Q.* II. x. 27-29), respectively. Regardless of their varying lengths, all four versions of the conflict have a common theme, namely, the flouting of parental and kingly authority, or, to put it another way, a daughter's lack of proper regard, verging on disobedience, for a man who was not only her father but her king. If in presenting the conflict Shakespeare had followed his sources, the Elizabethan audience, with a code of parental relationship far stricter than ours, would have been quick to apportion the blame

where they felt it belonged and would have given their wholehearted sympathy to King Lear as a father and a king defied by a daughter who was at once also his subject. In order to prevent his audience from unreservedly committing their sympathies this early in the play, Shakespeare repeatedly deviated from his sources; moreover, he did so in such a way as to produce the tension which inevitably follows when one's sympathies for the participants in a conflict are kept effectively in balance. Essentially what he did to achieve this balanced tension was to magnify Lear's weaknesses and stress Cordelia's virtues.

A comparison of the motivations given in Shakespeare's sources for the division of the land with those stated and implied by Shakespeare throws considerable light on the deterioration in character that Lear has undergone at Shakespeare's hands. In three of the four pre-Shakespearean versions of the division of the land the motivations given for dividing it are completely rational and in all four versions the actual division proceeds in a normal, straightforward, intelligible manner. According to both the author of the old chronicle play and Higgins, Lear divides up the land in order to provide his three unmarried daughters with a dowry and at the same time avail himself of the occasion to find out which loves him most. In the first of these two versions we find the additional motivation that Lear, who feels that "one foote already hangeth in the grave" (p. 380),¹ wishes to divest himself of earthly cares and resign the crown "in equal dowry" to his three daughters. Spenser gives no motivation for the division of the land, while in Holinshed's account Lear wishes to ascertain which of his daughters loves him most so that he can give her the kingdom. In all four versions the division and final granting of the land proceed perfectly normally. Each of the three daughters, beginning with Goneril, makes her speech, and it is only after Cordelia's sorry performance that Lear divides up the land, equal portions going to the two older sisters.

Shakespeare's treatment of the whole incident is somewhat more complicated. He follows the old chronicle play in ascribing one of Lear's motives for dividing up the land to his desire to "shake all cares and business from our age" (I. i. 39).² A second motive, namely, to prevent future strife, while original with Shakespeare is without discernible significance. It is the third motive, unmistakably implied and likewise original with Shakespeare, which reveals so clearly a weakness in Lear that is not evident in the four earlier versions of the story. Lear, it will be remembered, announces that the division of the land is to be a contest based on his daughters' expression of love for him. We find, however, that actually there is no contest. He has already divided up the land, reserving two equal portions for Goneril and Regan (I. i. 79-82) and a larger portion for his favorite daughter, Cordelia (I. i. 85-86). Moreover, he bestows the land on Goneril and Regan immediately after each has made her speech. Under the circumstances, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that dividing up the land on the basis of his daughters' speeches is a mere form, a childish device to gratify Lear's love of absolute power and his hunger for public assurance of his daughters' love. It is true that in all four of the earlier versions,

¹ All quotations from *The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir* are from *Six Old Plays* (London, 1779), II, 379-464; all quotations from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Higgins' *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* are from the *Arden King Lear*, ed. Kenneth Muir (Cambridge, Mass., 1952).

² All quotations are from the *Arden King Lear*, ed. Kenneth Muir.

he shows a similar desire to hear his daughters publicly express their love for him, but the contest is at least superficially genuine in that no apportionment of land is made until after Cordelia has spoken. In Shakespeare's version, the contest is treated quite differently and, as a result, Lear is made to appear a crafty, egocentric, childish old man who devises a false situation in order to satisfy what is essentially a love of outward display: first, the public expression of his daughters' love for him, and, second, his own power to exercise kingly authority by not only rewarding his daughters, but doing so at his own discretion.

Another form taken by Lear's love of outward display is his insistence upon a personal retinue of one hundred knights who are to accompany him during his alternate monthly stays with Goneril and Regan. Higgins is the only one of the four sources who mentions a train of personal attendants, and there the number is sixty. To emphasize Lear's love of outward display, Shakespeare has increased the number from sixty to one hundred and at the same time has changed an important detail. In Higgins' account, it is Goneril and Regan who propose that Lear "threscore knightes & squires / Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at cal" (127-128). With Shakespeare it is Lear himself who imperiously announces that a personal train of one hundred knights will accompany him during his alternate monthly visits with his daughters. Obviously, the hundred knights can serve no practical purpose in the well-staffed palaces of Goneril and Regan; they are to be there merely for display purposes and as symbols and reminders to King Lear of his former power. That their presence is bound to be a future source of friction between him and his two daughters becomes painfully evident later in the play. Thus Lear's insistence upon the presence of one hundred knights is evidence not only of his love of outward display but of his incredibly poor judgment in failing to foresee the trouble he is bringing on himself by insisting upon their presence.

A further indication of Lear's lack of judgment and common sense is afforded by the closing sentence of his speech to Cornwall and Albany just after he has banished Cordelia:

Only we shall retain
The name and all th' addition to a king; the sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. (I. i. 135-139)

There is no semblance of a counterpart in any of Shakespeare's sources to the above passage, which seems designed to show Lear's foolishness in wanting the name and respect due to a king while at the same time giving up the means for enforcing them.

In his treatment of Kent and Cordelia, Lear shows a furious irritability and ruthless cruelty which are either completely lacking or are very much milder in Shakespeare's originals. The old chronicle play is the only one of Shakespeare's four sources which contains a counterpart to Kent. Here he appears under the name of Perillus, as a member of the king's entourage, and like Kent tries to remonstrate with his master for his treatment of Cordelia. Lear's answer is comparatively mild:

Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:
 I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorne
 To tell her father how she loveth him.
 Who ever speaketh hereof to mee againe,
 I will esteeme him for my mortal foe. (P. 397)

And that is the end of the matter; Perillus faithfully remains with Leir until the end of the play.

Very different is the explosion which punctuates the corresponding incident in Shakespeare, where Lear in an outburst of passion thunders at Kent:

Hear me, recreant!
 On thine allegiance, hear me!
 That thou has sought to make us break our vows,
 Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Our potency made good, take thy reward. (I. i. 166-172)

He then proceeds to banish Kent under pain of death if by the tenth day he has not left the kingdom.

Lear's treatment of Cordelia is likewise far more savage than in any of Shakespeare's sources. According to Holinshed, he is merely "nothing content" with her answer; in Spenser's account, he is only "to displeasance mou'd"; and with Higgins there is just a very brief allusion to his ire. His reaction is more vividly presented in the chronicle play, where he breaks in on Cordella's ineffectual attempt to explain herself and angrily exclaims:

Peace, bastard Impe, no issue of King *Leir*,
 I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
 Call me not father, if thou love thy life,
 Nor these thy sisters once presume to name;
 Looke for no helpe henceforth from me nor mine;
 Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyselfe. (P. 388)

Forthwith he disinherits her and divides her share between Gonorill and Ragan, this being the full extent of Cordelia's punishment in the other three sources.

Shakespeare's Lear is, by contrast, far more violent and vindictive in his treatment of Cordelia. To begin with, there is nothing in the sources which matches the passion and finality of the speech in which he disowns her:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist and cease to be,
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for ever. (I. i. 109-116)

Not only does Lear disown her, but in the speech addressed to Kent, which immediately follows, he suddenly turns to Cordelia and proceeds to banish her with the brutal command: "Hence, and avoid my sight" (I. i. 123). Shake-

speare was only following his sources when Lear subsequently disinherits Cordelia and divides her land equally between her two sisters. However, the disowning and banishing of Cordelia are original with him and between them manifestly serve to heighten Lear's ruthlessness and cruelty.

In the opening scene of *King Lear*, Cordelia speaks considerably fewer lines than her father. Nevertheless, just as Shakespeare deviated from his sources in this scene in order to magnify and emphasize Lear's character defects, so, despite the narrower framework, he used a similar technique to stress Cordelia's virtues and present her in a more human and sympathetic light than her prototypes. In all four of Shakespeare's sources, Cordelia's prototypes are merely mouthpieces for a blunt and graceless honesty. Thus, in the old chronicle play, Cordella's declaration of love consists of the couplet: "But looke what love the child doth owe the father, / The same to you I beare, my gracious lord" (p. 387). In Holinshed, Cordeilla speaks at somewhat greater length, but is little if any more gracious: "Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue alwaies borne towards me . . . I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, assertaine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are worth, and so much I loue you, and no more" (p. 235). Higgins makes Cordell particularly tactless and rude when he describes her as saying:

I loude you euer as my father well,
No otherwise, if more to know you craue:
We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue (82-84)

In the *Faerie Queene*, Cordeill could scarcely be briefer, her entire answer consisting of the statement that "she lou'd him, as behoou'd" (II. x. 28. 5).

By contrast, when Lear impatiently and irritably admonishes Cordelia with the threatening command: "Mend your speech a little, / Lest you may mar your fortunes" (I. i. 94-95), her answer, which deserves to be quoted in full, is not only longer but warmer and more human than any of the corresponding speeches by her prototypes:

Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Happily, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all. (I. i. 95-104)

Here, Cordelia has not only the grace to acknowledge the full extent of all that Lear has done for her, but returns his love in full and equal measure. A spasm of scrupulous, but tactless, honesty compels her to make a gibe at her sisters and in the same breath publicly reserve half her love for her future husband. All in all, however, hers is a more sentient and emotional performance than any given by her prototypes.

Although Shakespeare was following his sources, chiefly the old chronicle play, in the well known passage where Cordelia laments her inability to express her real feelings (I.i.91-92), as well as in her later speech (I.i.224 ff.), where she pleads her lack of skill in flattering, her two asides represent Shakespeare's original contribution, at least where content is concerned. The first consists of the brief but significant remark: "What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent" (I.i.62); the second, which is substantially to the same effect, is somewhat longer:

Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. (I.i.76-78)

Between them these two asides indicate unmistakably an important element that is completely absent in any of Shakespeare's sources, namely, that Cordelia does, in point of fact, love her father, as Cordella, Cordeilla, Cordell, and Cordeill do not. And this, I think, is the crowning touch which serves to set her apart from her prototypes and complete her transformation into a warm and sympathetic human being.

If Shakespeare was intent, as I think he was, on magnifying Lear's defects and emphasizing Cordelia's virtues in order to keep the audience's sympathies in a state of balanced suspense, he achieved the same result by the equally effective device of presenting two diametrically opposed points of view in such a way that both seem to possess equal validity. When, in lines that are original with Shakespeare, Lear says to Cordelia: "So young, and so untender?", and she replies: "So young, my Lord, and true" (I.i.106-107), we have the two opposing viewpoints reduced to their quintessence. What to Lear is lack of love is to Cordelia the crowning merit of honesty. The two opposing viewpoints again come to a head in the line, also original with Shakespeare, where Lear says: "Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her" (I.i.129). What is pride to him is honesty and sincerity to Cordelia. One may well ask: who is right? And who is wrong? Or are both perhaps equally at fault? These are the almost unanswerable questions with which Shakespeare confronts his audience.

II

Although all four of his sources provided Shakespeare with material in varying degrees of detail for Lear's unkind treatment by his two older daughters and their total lack of affection for him, the two powerful and painful scenes in *King Lear* (I.iv. and II.iv), where the conflict between father and daughters reaches a climax are largely original with Shakespeare. In Spenser we read that Gonorrill "gan despise his drouping day, / And wearie waxe of his continuall stay" (II.x.30.4-5). Leyr then goes to Regan who, "when of his departure she despayrd / Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd" (II.x.30.8-9). Holinshed stresses Leir's grief at the unkindness of his two daughters, "which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little" (p.235), while in Higgins the two daughters not only cut down his train, but call him "doting foole", deny all his requests, and ask "if with life he could not be contente" (157-158). The fullest account of the conflict is given in the old chronicle play. There we find Perillus (Kent) in a long soliloquy describing how when Gonorrill "sees hee hath no

more to give, / It grieves her heart to see her father live"; how "shames she not in most opprobrious sort / To call him foole and doted to his face"; and how Leir, "the myrrour of mild patience, / Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply" (p. 403). Later, we learn that she has "restrained halfe his portion already" and "will presently restraine the other" (p. 404). Soon thereafter she angrily dismisses her father with the words: "You may go pack, and seeke some other place, / To sow the seed of discord and disgrace" (p. 406). Thereupon Leir journeys to Ragan, who contrives an elaborate but unsuccessful plot to assassinate him.

In all versions, it will be noted, the story is substantially the same: Lear's cruel treatment by two ungrateful daughters. No attempt is made to introduce any extenuating circumstances for this ill treatment and lack of affection; in fact, one account, as we have seen, stresses his patience under adversity. As a result there is no possible balance of sympathy. The two daughters are the blackest of black, while Lear, a suffering, tormented, persecuted old man, is the purest of white. What Shakespeare did in treating the conflict was to deviate from his originals in such a way as to create the same kind of equilibrium he brought about earlier in the conflict between Lear and Cordelia. In order to achieve this equilibrium, Shakespeare again emphasizes and magnifies Lear's weaknesses and character defects. The beginnings may be seen in I.iii, where he is described as having struck one of Goneril's gentlemen "for chiding of his fool". Immediately thereafter Goneril complains at some length about Lear's conduct and that of his knights:

By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. (I.iii.4-8)

There seems no reason to doubt the veracity of Goneril's statement since much of it is corroborated in the following scene. There on his return from hunting, Lear is irritable, impatient, unreasonable: in short, a difficult house guest. His first words are: "Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go get it ready" (I.iv.9)—two commands that would seem to be mutually contradictory. A minute or so later, he shouts for his dinner: "Dinner, hol dinner!" (I.iv.45), in the same breath clamors for his fool, then turns to Oswald, who has just entered, and rudely and impatiently asks: "You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?" (I.iv.47). Lear lacks the patience to wait for an answer; instead, he again shouts for his fool and then complains of poor service because he is not immediately forthcoming. After a brief moment of comparative calm, Oswald re-enters only to be insulted by Lear: "You whoreson dog! You slave! You cur!" (I.iv.85-86) and then struck by Lear for politely remonstrating: "I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon" (I.iv.87-88). It is not too much to say that within a few minutes of his return from hunting to Goneril's palace, Lear has succeeded in producing an uproar and transforming a scene of comparative quiet into a shambles.

When, later in the scene, Goneril finally appears, she immediately starts complaining about the conduct of Lear's fool and of his knights:

Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd Fool,
 But other of your insolent retinue
 Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots (I. iv. 209-212)

Lear's answer is ostensibly to change the subject, whereupon she proceeds to complain yet more specifically and bitterly about his hundred knights:

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
 Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
 Than a grac'd palace. (I. iv. 250-254)

Since the knights appear to be the root cause of much of the trouble, Goneril's request for Lear a "little to disquantity your train" would seem to be by no means unreasonable. Lear, however, looks upon it as a treacherous insult. Showing much of the same furious irritability as earlier when crossed by Cordelia and Kent, he explodes:

Darkness and devils!
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee. (I. iv. 260-262)

This explosion is followed by the terrible speech where he curses Goneril by invoking the goddess Nature to make her sterile, or, failing that, to create "her child of spleen, that it may live / And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her" and turn "all her mother's pains and benefits / To laughter and contempt" (I. iv. 284-296).

Very clearly what Shakespeare has attempted to do is to balance the audience's sympathies between Lear and Goneril, first, by presenting Lear in as unfavorable a light as possible and, then, by emphasizing what Goneril has had to put up with not only from Lear's knights but from Lear himself. The transformation that has occurred in the conflict becomes all the more evident when we realize that in Shakespeare's sources no mention whatsoever is made of the behavior of Lear's knights, while apart from a brief speech by Goneril in the old chronicle play where she complains of Lear's "quips and peremptory taunts" and of how he criticizes her when she makes "a new fashioned gowne" (p. 403), he is consistently presented as a patient, blameless, long-suffering old man.

In the scene where Lear's two daughters gradually strip him of his retinue of knights, Shakespeare, as in the earlier conflict between Lear and Cordelia, also maintains a balance of sympathy on the audience's part by presenting the two opposing points of view with a scrupulous and at times poignant fairness which is completely lacking in his sources. Regan's not unreasonable suggestion that Goneril may have been justified in seeking to restrain the conduct of Lear's knights is met with the explosive cry: "My curses on her!" Her subsequent attempt to reason quietly with Lear, together with his answer, are a significant and revealing indication of the effect that Shakespeare was trying to create. She begins by reminding Lear that he is old and that Nature in him "stands on the very verge of her confine." He should accordingly be ruled "by some discretion

that discerns" his state better than Lear himself (II. iv. 148-151). All this is true enough. Lear is old and palpably he is in need of guidance. Regan's further suggestion that he should ask Goneril to forgive him for having "wronged her" is likewise not unnatural. As we have seen, Lear has been a difficult and intractable guest of Goneril's, has shattered the peace of her household, and by so doing has introduced a tension which has completely destroyed his own peace of mind. Lear's answer, however, has behind it an equally potent but more human logic. "Ask her forgiveness?" he cries, and then, kneeling, acts out his reconciliation speech to Goneril:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food (II. iv. 155-157)

One asks, as I think Shakespeare meant one to ask: who is right? And who is wrong? Or are both equally right and at the same time equally wrong?

For the cutting down of Lear's train of knights by his two daughters Shakespeare was indebted to Higgins. Higgins' account, however, is only a brief and barren recital of facts. All we find there is that Gonerell "denyde all his desires, / So halfe his garde she and her husband refte" (130-131); later, when Leire goes to Ragan, she and her husband "tooke, all his retinue from him quite / Saue only ten"; two lines later "they laste alowde but fieve" (144-147). He returns in despair to Gonerell who, "beastly cruell shee, / Bereaude him of his seruantes all saue one" (152-153).

Shakespeare completely transmutes this bare and brutal statement of fact and in the process manages skillfully to present the two opposing points of view with scrupulous objectivity. When Regan suggests that Lear reduce his train of knights from one hundred to fifty, she very reasonably asks why he should need more and continues:

How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. (II. iv. 242-244)

Her logic is impeccable, as is that of Goneril, who promptly adds: "Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance / From those that she calls servants, or from mine?" (II. iv. 245-246). Indeed, why not? And that is precisely the question which Regan asks as, following her sister's lead, she tries to cut Lear's train down to twenty-five. But there is another kind of logic behind Lear's pathetic expostulation: "I gave you all", a logic which is unanswerable and in a sense transcends his daughters' logic.

With the same kind of reasonableness as had characterized her previous argument, Goneril turns to Lear and asks:

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you? (II. iv. 263-265)

Regan is, after all, merely being logical when she adds: "What need one?" Why indeed does Lear need any knights at all to attend him in a well staffed ducal household? On many counts the knights are a source of friction and, what is more, they are from a realistic, practical standpoint completely un-

necessary. But in Lear's answer Shakespeare opposes logic based on reason with logic based on human emotions and human psychological needs. "O! reason not the need", cries the tortured Lear,

Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. (II. iv. 266-272)

To Lear the knights are indeed a form of gorgeous clothing, symbols and reminders of his former power and authority and, as such, an indispensable prerequisite to the last remaining vestiges of his kingly manhood. To Lear's kind of logic there is, I submit, no answer, any more than there is to the very different logic used by Goneril and Regan. Each point of view is valid on its own terms, and that is how Shakespeare has presented them. Once again, he has left an audience, whose sympathies for the participants in a conflict he has so deliberately and systematically balanced, to ponder on the unanswerable question: Who is right? And who is wrong? And to conclude with him that here, as in so many of life's conflicts, there is much to be said for both sides.

III

When we turn to the subplot of *King Lear*, we find Shakespeare deliberately attempting to create a balance in the conflict between Edmund and his father and brother similar to that which is apparent in the two other conflicts we have been considering. Although perhaps less pronounced than in those two conflicts, the balance in the subplot is nevertheless completely lacking in the source material. As has long been recognized, the source of Shakespeare's subplot is the story of the Paphlagonian King in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Related first by the son, Leonatus (Edgar) and then by his father, the king (Gloucester), it is the story of incredible cruelty, wickedness, and ingratitude on the part of the king's bastard son, Plexirtus (Edmund), and of the consequent suffering by the innocent father and his legitimate son. From the son we learn that his father was "by the hard-harted vngratefulnes of a sonne of his, deprieved, not onely of his kingdom . . . but of his sight" (p. 244).³ Further details are supplied by the blinded father: "I was caried by a bastarde sonne of mine . . . first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, to doo my best to destroy, this sonne . . . vnderuening destruction. What waies he used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smoothe malice, hidden ambition, & smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harbored" (p. 245). The father goes on to describe how Plexirtus later drove him from the throne, put out his eyes, and then let him go, to suffer "full of wretchednes, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines" (pp. 245-246). As narrated by Sidney, the story is obviously one of black and naked evil triumphing over innocence, no attempt whatsoever being made to introduce even a semblance of balance in the one-sided conflict between the two opposing forces.

³ All quotations are from the Arden *King Lear*, ed. Kenneth Muir.

Shakespeare, by contrast, demonstrably went to some pains to introduce a substantial measure of balance in the early stages of the conflict. Just as in Lear's conflict, first, with Cordelia and, later, with Goneril and Regan, Shakespeare magnified Lear's character defects in the interests of achieving balance, so for the same purpose and in the same manner he deviated from his source in his treatment of Gloucester and Edgar. As portrayed in the opening scene of the subplot (I.ii), Gloucester is surely unbelievably credulous in accepting Edmund's forged letter at its face value, especially since by doing so he is exhibiting a complete lack of faith in his legitimate son, whom he claims to love "so tenderly and entirely" (I.ii.99) and who is by Gloucester's own testimony no less dear to him than Edmund (I.i.20). It is just this credulity which Edmund so successfully plays upon and to which he refers later in the scene when he scornfully characterizes him as a "credulous father". Lack of judgment and straightforwardness also seem to be reflected in Gloucester's failure to confront Edgar directly and thus give him the benefit of the doubt which any normal father would give a loved son. Instead, Gloucester prejudices him on the basis of a piece of evidence which only sheer blindness and obtuseness could have prevented him from realizing was completely at variance with his son's character. Shakespeare also introduced a pronounced element of superstitiousness in Gloucester's character through the addition of the speech in which he voices alarm at England's political and social instability, as evidenced in part by Edgar's supposed treachery, and weakly attributes all this to the predictions of "these late eclipses in the sun and moon" (I.ii.107 ff.). Clearly Gloucester's superstitiousness and credulity go hand in hand, the former in a sense preparing for the latter.

Edgar, too, is presented as a weak and gullible character, who foolishly relies on Edmund's unsupported statement that he has incurred his father's wrath, and then is easily persuaded without protest to avoid his father instead of confronting him directly and clearing himself. It is no wonder that Edmund sneeringly refers to him as a brother

Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! (I.ii.187-189)

To a father and son both of whom are gullible and credulous to the point of foolishness, Edmund provides a welcome and much needed relief. Here at least is a man who seems to know where he is going and is determined to get there, and whose ruthless spirit of competent and forthright enterprise affords so striking a contrast to the flabbiness of Gloucester and Edgar. Moreover, in the place of a muddle-headed and superstitious father, who blames present and impending disasters on the sun and moon, we find a tough-minded realist who scoffs at this "admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!" and refers mockingly to Gloucester's superstitiousness as this "excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars . . ." (I.ii.124 ff.).

As if this were not enough to create some measure of sympathy for Edmund, Shakespeare has taken particular trouble at the very beginning of the sub-plot

to insert a soliloquy (I.ii.1 ff.) unmistakably intended to neutralize the audience's reaction to Edmund's bastardy. The relevant portion of the soliloquy is as follows:

Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? Bastardy? (I.ii.6-10)

One is forcibly reminded of a speech by a member of another despised minority group, that by Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* who, on being baited by Solanio and Salerio, replies: "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?" In both speeches, I think, Shakespeare with characteristic fairness and tolerance is trying to neutralize prejudices and to present the underdog in a sympathetic light by showing that Jews and bastards alike are, after all, human beings and as such no different from other human beings in all essential respects.

All these are the ways, then, in which Shakespeare by deliberately deviating from his source has succeeded in introducing a measure of balance into the conflict between Edmund and his father and brother.

IV

If, as we have seen, Shakespeare carefully and systematically created an equilibrium of balanced sympathy for the participants in the various conflicts that originate early in *King Lear*, this equilibrium is only temporary. At times imperceptibly, at times with sudden and dramatic effectiveness, Shakespeare contrived to crystallize the audience's sympathies either by sublimating a conflict or by destroying all semblance of balance. Actually, the conflict between Lear and Cordelia ends in the opening scene, to be gradually replaced by a furious inner conflict within Lear as he increasingly realizes that he has wronged Cordelia. The beginning of this inner conflict goes back to I.iv. when, after quarreling with Goneril, Lear cries out:

O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out! (I.iv.275-281)

Later, he admits: "I did her wrong" (I.v.24), and considerably later we have Kent's moving account of the torment that Lear is suffering:

A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia. (IV.iii.43-48)

When Lear cries out to Cordelia:

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;
 Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead, (IV. vii. 45-48)

and when Cordelia begs Lear: "O! look upon me, Sir, / And hold your hand in benediction o'er me" (IV. vii. 57-58), obviously the wheel has come full circle from the mutual misunderstandings and the recriminations of the opening scene. Obviously, too, there is no longer any external conflict between two people when one of them realizes and admits that he has erred and the other does everything in her power, as Cordelia does, to make amends for the other's sufferings and asks his blessing. Thus, in the place of the old balanced sympathy between two contestants in a conflict, we feel an equal measure of profound but totally different sympathy for two people who are desperately trying to make their peace with one another.

Where the conflict between Lear and his two older daughters is concerned, the delicate if not precarious equilibrium which we have there observed is irrevocably destroyed when the two daughters shut Lear out of Gloucester's castle and leave him, lashed by the tempest, to wander over a lonely heath. Whatever may be said on behalf of Goneril and Regan earlier in the conflict, from here on there is no possibility of any balanced sympathy; as we turn against the two daughters, our sympathies are wholly with Lear.

In much the same way, any semblance of balanced sympathy in the conflict between Edmund and his father and brother is abruptly dispelled when Edmund, who began by seeking only Edgar's lands (I. ii. 16, 190), proceeds to take steps which directly endanger his life (II. i), and then betrays Gloucester to Cornwall (III. iii and v). We recognize Edmund for what he really is, and, despite their early foolish gullibility and credulity, our sympathies are from now on wholeheartedly with Gloucester and Edgar. Gloucester's sympathy for Kent when he is in the stocks and for Lear both immediately before and after he goes out into the storm are additional motivating factors in this shift of sympathy.

Why Shakespeare made no discernible attempt to create a balance of sympathy in the other conflicts which occur in the play, namely, between Kent and Lear, between Kent and Regan and Cornwall, and between Gloucester and Regan and Cornwall is, I think, readily explainable. To a certain extent they are merely peripheral to the main conflicts we have been considering, and Shakespeare therefore used them functionally—either to maintain or to help destroy the equilibrium that he injected into these conflicts. Thus, the conflict between Kent and Lear (I. i) obviously serves to accentuate Lear's hot temper and lack of judgment and consequently to produce a balance in the Lear-Cordelia conflict, just as Cornwall's and Regan's cruelty first to Kent and then to Gloucester helps in the latter case to win our sympathy for Gloucester as against Edmund and in both cases to shift our sympathy away from Regan in the Lear-Regan conflict.

In considering the play as a whole, then, we see Shakespeare consciously changing and adding to his source material in the interests of clearly discernible

dramatic purposes. If in the latter part of the play tension centers upon who is going to win in the various unresolved conflicts, Shakespeare introduces tension of a different kind in the early part of the play as he forces his audience to divide their sympathies equally between the participants in the three central conflicts. Here the tension centers on the different but closely related question: who deserves to win? Thanks to the artistry and skill with which Shakespeare deviated from his sources, *King Lear* is throughout permeated with a continuous suspense that would otherwise be lacking and hitherto does not appear to have been adequately recognized.

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Folk Medicine and the Four Fairies of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

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O the Elizabethans no subject, apart from love, was more appropriate to *Midsummer's Night* than folk medicine; or conversely, at no time could a reference to folk medicine be more opportunely introduced than on *Midsummer's Night*. It was believed that on this night of the summer solstice, plants were granted a magic power that they possessed at no other time of the year.¹ That Shakespeare was well acquainted with this mass of superstition is shown by his use of it in his plays—most extensively, as might be expected in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.² In one scene of this play (III. ii. 179-205)³ Bottom, wearing an ass's head that seems to fit uncommonly well upon his shoulders, meets the fairy queen and her four servants—Cobweb, Peaseblossom, Mustardseed, and Moth. Because each of these fairy servants represents an item used in household remedies and would thus be affected by the superstitions of *Midsummer's Night*, it seems possible that the four fairies find their origin in folk medicine.

Once the possibility of such a common source is recognized, several points can be established: (1) Because the superstitions regarding the magic power of plants were closely associated with *Midsummer's Night*, the scene is related both to the time of the play and the pervading atmosphere of moonlight and magic. (2) Because much of the action is centered around Oberon's use of a flower possessing magic properties, the scene is connected with the plot of the play. (3) Bottom's greetings to Peaseblossom and Mustardseed play upon the medicinal uses of the pea and mustard plants. (4) The fourth fairy Moth, or Mote, is linked to the other fairies through the use of the moth in household remedies; the method of preparation may offer a possible, or partial, explanation why this character was never developed and often excluded altogether.⁴

In the Elizabethan era, medical knowledge was much more widely diffused than it is today. Most of this knowledge consisted of Greek and Roman

¹ Sir James Frazer, "Balder the Beautiful", *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. (New York, 1935), Vol. II. All material concerning the superstitions of *Midsummer Night* has been taken from this volume.

² It is not necessary to establish Shakespeare's knowledge of either medicine or folk lore. Such standard works as John Charles Bucknill, *The Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare* (1860), and F. G. Savage, *The Flora and Folk Lore of Shakespeare* (1923), prove Shakespeare's familiarity with these subjects, thus making possible more specialized studies, such as this one.

³ Citations to Shakespeare in this paper are to *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, ed. George Lyman Kittredge (New York, 1936).

⁴ Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch and J. D. Wilson, eds. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (New Cambridge Edition, 1924), p. 124, n. 166-169.

teachings, transmitted to England by the Renaissance. In the herbals and medical manuals of the day, Aristotle, Galen, Dioscorides, and Pliny were cited as sources and authorities.⁵ In 1543, an act of Parliament conferred the liberty to practice medicine on all subjects "... having knowledge and experience in the nature of herbs, roots, waters, or the operation of the same, by speculation or practise ..."⁶ Under such conditions, it is to be expected that Shakespeare, like any intelligent layman, should have an acquaintance with the medical practices of the time.

Not only was medical lore so readily accessible that uneducated people, such as barbers, carpenters, and soapball sellers, considered themselves capable of treating patients (Moyes, p. 4) but also the materials utilized in the remedies were easily available and free for the taking.⁷ Although herbs and roots were for the greater part used in the plasters, purges, and potions, other natural products were included. Often parts of animal, reptile, and insect bodies were thought to have healing properties, as were certain natural secretions of insects and animals. Thus, the night moth and the cobweb, like the pea and mustard plants, were a part of the *materia medica* of Elizabethan England.

Easily obtained as these products were, their medical use demanded a minute knowledge of the herb or product's properties—whether it was hot or cold, moist or dry. The properties of the herb were then related to the symptoms of the disease. In the older art of simples each herb had one property or virtue, but the art grew to belie its name and become very complex indeed. Despite the vast number of products drawn from a myriad of sources, to each was ascribed not one virtue, but several. As Friar Lawrence fills his osier cage with herbs, he comments:

Many for many virtues excellent,
None yet for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. (*Romeo* II. ii. 13-16)

Nor did the resulting medicament necessarily consist of only one herb, root, or substance. Under the Galenic system of poly-pharmacy, many products—herbs, minerals, parts of animal and insect bodies—might be compounded into one remedy.⁸ Sometimes the result was opposite to what was expected, for one ill-chosen ingredient might counteract the curative effect of many others.⁹ As Hamlet observes:

The dram of e'il
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal. (I. iv. 36-38)

⁵ Bucknill, pp. 10-34.

⁶ Quoted in John Moyes, *Medicine and Kindred Arts in the Plays of Shakespeare* (London, 1896), p. 4.

⁷ The mixture of science and superstition in the pharmacy and medicine of the Elizabethans can be best comprehended by reading such herbals as John Gerarde, *The Herball or Generall Historie of Plantes* (London, 1597), and John Parkinson, *The Theatre of Plants: or an universal and compleate herball* (London, 1640), or such medical books as Nicholas Culpeper, *Culpeper's School of Physick: or the Experimental Practice of the Whole Art*, ed. Alice Culpeper (London, 1678).

⁸ Culpeper, *School of Physick*, pp. 5ff.

⁹ Culpeper, Preface, n.p.

These curious remedies were further complicated by the superstitions that surrounded the natural products and their medicinal use. Ancient and widespread, the folklore was of various origins. Those superstitions granting a magic power to plants come not from one source, but three—the astrology of the Greeks and the Romans, the sun worship of the Druids, and the Christian belief in healing by faith. Each of these sources is in some manner related to the date of June 23, then observed as Midsummer's Night. Because the moon is full on that night, the horoscopes arranged by the astrologers showed the aspects of the heavens to be favorable to the curing of disease.¹⁰ Because Midsummer's Night marks the summer solstice, at which time the sun reaches its full height, the Druids believed that the plants catch from the sun some radiance that invests them for that one night with marvelous and mystical powers. Because this date is set aside by the church calendar as St. John's Eve, the Christians believed that miraculous cures could be effected with herbs collected on that night.¹¹

Astrological beliefs were inherent in the medical teachings of the Greeks and the Romans; when the English adopted that ancient pharmacopoeia, they accepted with it the zodiacal system by which was ascertained the influence of the sun, the moon, and the stars on all earthly things. If Chaucer's doctor was well grounded in *astronomye*, to the Elizabethan practitioner stargazing and witchcraft were inseparable.¹² Although it was believed that the influence of the moon and planets varied with the time of the year and the particular herb, root, or plant affected, one basic principle ruled the collecting of medical products: those gathered in the light of the moon are beneficial and healing; those gathered in the dark are evil and death-dealing. In any reference to the gathering of herbs, Shakespeare is consistent on this point. The hemlock that the witches of *Macbeth* place in their hideous cauldron is not only poisonous in its own right but also "dug in the dark" (IV. i. 25). In *Cymbeline*, the herbs considered most fitting for the murdered Cloten's grave are those that have on them "the cold dew o' the night" (IV. ii. 283-284).

In the players' scene in *Hamlet*, the duke murders the king by pouring poison in the sleeping man's ear. As he commits his awful deed—"hands apt" and "drugs fit"—he repeats a rhyme imitative of the folk charms and spells chanted over herbal potions as they were mixed or administered:¹³

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately. (III. ii. 268-271)

Concerned with the influence of darkness on all vegetation, Shakespeare is also aware of the salutary effect of moonlight. Of the poison-dipped sword that is to kill Hamlet, Laertes explains:

¹⁰ *The Compleat Book of Knowledge Treating of the Wisdom of the Antients*, Compiled by the Learned Alubettes, Benesaphan, Erra Pater, and other of the Antients (London, 1698), pp. 17-18, 63.

¹¹ Frazer, p. 45.

¹² Nicholas Culpeper, *Culpeper's English Physician and Complete Herbal: Medicinal and occult properties* (London, 1807), pp. 13-24.

¹³ William George Black, *Folk Medicine: a Chapter in the History of Culture* (London, Published for the Folk Lore Society, 1883), pp. 90-91.

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare
 Collected from all the simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death. (IV. vii. 145-147)

Of the power of moonlight, Lorenzo says:

In such a night
 Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Aeson. (*Merch.* V. i. 11-13)

It is such enchanted herbs and those that have virtue under the moon that appear in the moon-drenched scenes of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; here is no place for foul and midnight weeds. Although the benign influence of the moonlight will prevail, the danger from the baleful powers lying within these growing things is always imminent. Frightened by the ass's head, Bottom's crew flee the wood, fearing that even the senseless things would do them wrong, but they are unharmed (III. ii. 25-30). Oberon's strange flower, coupled with Puck's mischief, causes confusions and complexities, but no irreparable damage will result from the flower juice squeezed on the lovers' eyelids. Nor will Titania be harmed by the flower's magic; from all danger she has been protected. The very sources of evil employed by the three sisters of *Macbeth* are banished from the bower as the fairies weave their spell. The spotted snake may leave its skin for her bed and the long-legged spider its web to serve her; but they themselves—like the newt, the blindworm, the beetle, and the snail—are charmed away by the fairy song (II. ii. 8-26). The flowers that surround the fairy bower are summer flowers of fragrance and virtue—the oxslip, the violet, the muskrose, woodbine, thyme, and eglantine (II. ii. 249-253).

If the astrologers destined this night to be favorable to all growing things, the Druids granted the plants wondrous and mysterious powers. Though these powers were many and varied, all were favorable to man and tended to endow him with some supernatural capacity or envied faculty that he could not otherwise gain. For example, there was "the receipt of fern seed", which Shakespeare knew and used (*1 Henry IV*, II. i. 96). The person who found and gathered fern seed on this night was awarded supernatural knowledge: he would know where all buried treasure lay, and he could make himself invisible at will by placing the fern seed in his shoe. In the withering of garlands gathered and woven on Midsummer's Night, a family might read prophecies of the year's love and joy, sorrow and death. In one part of England it was believed that a person would be free of illness for a year if he would go out on Midsummer's Night, gather a garland of those herbs thought to be most beneficial in treating his particular ailments, and, after observing the proper ritual, burn the garland. So many and varied are these superstitions relating to the mystic power of plants on Midsummer Night that Frazer in his detailed discussion in "Balder the Beautiful" (*The Golden Bough*, II, 75) makes no attempt to exhaust them. He can only conclude that these beliefs are deeply rooted, widely spread, and very ancient. Nor does he feel any explanation for their existence is needed beyond the fact that on the eve of the solstice or Midsummer's Night the growing season is at its height.

Midsummer Night was the time set apart by the church fathers to honor the nativity of John the Baptist. Since the night was sacred to the Druids, it was

inevitable that many of the pagan rituals should be retained and the source of the miracles transferred from the power of the sun to the divine intervention of the saint. While the healing power of St. John is connected with many herbs, it was his own herb, St. John's Wort, that supposedly had special powers when plucked at midnight on St. John's Eve. Since the setting of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is in pre-Christian Athens, no direct reference to the saint or his herb could be expected. An indirect allusion is provided, however, in the similarity between the powers granted Oberon's magic flower and the properties attributed to the herb of St. John. Oberon's flower is set apart by the purple juice that can be squeezed from it. One streak of this juice on the eyelids, and the most magical changes can be brought about (II.i.169-172). St. John's Wort, though variously identified as mugwort, hawkweed, mountain arnica, or golden *hypericum*, is always marked by the red or purple juice that can be squeezed from its petals, stamens, or roots. From one drop of this juice, strange and unspoken wonders might be wrought.¹⁴ While no attempt should be made to identify Oberon's "flower of the purple dye", which had gained its power from the pagan god Cupid (II.i.155-168), with St. John's Wort, sacred to the memory of the martyred saint, there is semblance enough to make Oberon's flower credible to all those who, on that same night, had sought to possess the mystical herb of St. John.

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Shakespeare seems to have taken this familiar folklore concerning the magic power of plants as a meeting point between the supernatural and the natural worlds. Neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge has succeeded better in finding the miraculous in the commonplace or in making the real appear supernatural than does Shakespeare in this scene where an oaf of a mortal glimpses the fairy world and recognizes in it a part of his own: those creatures of nature who do the fairy queen's bidding are man's servants as well.

Although the fairies are well aware of the mortals who have invaded the wood, the human characters move about insensible to the elfin creatures. Only Bottom, transformed by their magic, looks upon and speaks with those of the fairy world. But Bottom is neither Hamlet nor Horatio, and whatever things there may be on heaven and earth, he encompasses little. Unlike his comrades, Bottom, on coming in contact with the supernatural, is not afraid; for unlike them, Bottom has come under the fairy spell and been translated. But translated or transformed as Bottom may be, there is perhaps a more logical explanation for his lack of fear. Once given the names of the fairy servants, he is no more perturbed than a man of today would be by the sight of band-aid or aspirin on the druggist's shelf. From their names, Bottom recognizes the fairies as both friendly and familiar: he has met them before and expects to meet them again. Moreover, both the time and the place are propitious. It is Midsummer's Night, the time most favorable for gathering medicinal products. He is meeting them in the village wood, the place where the common people would most likely search for the raw materials from which their remedies were concocted.

After the four fairy servants, at Titania's command, have hailed their mortal guest and made him welcome, Bottom requests each fairy's name. Cobweb is the first of the four he addresses:

¹⁴ Frazer, pp. 45-71.

Bot: I cry your worships mercy heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob: Cobweb.

Bot: I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my fingers, I shall make bold with you. (III. i. 182-187)

Bottom's greeting to Cobweb is not only a cordial exchange of courtesy but it is also a clear reference to a common practice in folk medicine: cobwebs were placed on a cut to staunch the flow of blood.¹⁵

Bottom's recognition of Peaseblossom, the second fairy servant, follows the same pattern:

Bot: I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. (III. i. 190-193)

But this time, it would seem that the affable Bottom can no longer restrain his wit and has begun to banter. In asking to be commended to Peaseblossom's mother, Mistress Squash, and to his father, Master Peascod, Bottom has not only demonstrated his acquaintance with the family of peasen, as the common pease were called, but also has introduced a quibble on the plant cycle: Are the pod and the seed parent to the blossom, or is it the other way about with the blossom and the plant proving parent to the seed? While this problem of Peaseblossom's family position—something of a chicken-first, egg-first proposition—makes for a never-ending and delightful quibble in itself, it serves also to introduce the whole of the pea plant for Bottom's punning pleasure, and the peasecod in particular.

"Peasecod time is wooing time" goes the old saying. In discussing the part the common peascod played in rustic wooing, Halliwell cites Touchstone's speech in *As You Like It* (III. iv. 52)¹⁶, but does not point out the similar use in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. To the rustic lover the pea and its pod were almost as powerful as Oberon's purple flower. The juice from the flower might augur a strange and wonderful love; from the first well-filled peascod the rustic lovers could read the future of their love. The juice of the flower could expunge the very love it engendered; and so the common pea: if either lover were jilted, the pain of the lost love was eased by rubbing the whole body with the hay of the pea plant (Halliwell).

But the love foretold by the peascod was a much more physical love than that induced by the fairy flower. The term, *peasecod*, was inverted to mean *codpiece*,¹⁷ the padded flap on the front of the trousers covering the genitals. Since *cod* means testicle as well as bag of seeds, the play upon the words *codpiece* and *peascod* is as effective in meaning as in sound. Bottom's concentration on the physical aspects of love forms an earthy contrast with the attitude of the chaste Titania, who sympathizes with the moon's "watery eye" (III. i. 203-205). Wishing to show her strange lover the utmost hospitality, she leads him to her bower where she tempts him by offering him his choice of dainties. When she suggests "new nuts", another term for the male genitals, the sleepy

¹⁵ Nicholas Culpeper, *Culpeper's Last Legacy* (London, 1668), p. 95.

¹⁶ James Orchard Halliwell, *A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, 5th ed. (London, 1901), II, 610.

¹⁷ Alexander Schmidt, *Shakespeare Lexicon* (London, 1875) II, 848.

Bottom makes his last effort to *gleek* by suggesting in their place a "handful or two of dried pease" (IV.i.36-37).

If Bottom has demonstrated his humor in his greeting to Peaseblossom, in speaking to Mustardseed he outdoes his first attempt:

Bot: Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giantlike oxbeef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed. (III.ii.196-201)

Much of the humor in these lines depends upon the recognition of the two most common uses of mustardseed—its medicinal use in a plaster or poultice to ease a sore back or aching muscles and its table use as a condiment to be served on beef. Since the French method of making meat sauce by adding flour and spices was not introduced until later, the preparation for either the plaster or the sauce was the same: the raw mustardseed was ground or pounded and mixed to a paste with vinegar and water.¹⁸ The lines also play upon the minute size of the mustardseed in contrast to its strength—both its biting pungency and amazing fertility.¹⁹

It is to the persistence and vigor of the mustardseed that Bottom refers when he says, "I know your patience well. . . ." Here the word *patience* means endurance in time of suffering; and no doubt Bottom, like any person of that time, knew well that no matter how often the seed-head is destroyed or cut back, the mustard remains one of the most prolific of plants. It is with commendable forethought that Bottom mentions this admirable endurance before he reminds Master Mustardseed of his devoured kinsmen.

While the word is written *patience* and the meaning fits well into the context, when the lines are spoken the listener also hears the word *patients*. The homonym is an immediate reminder of the medical use of the mustardseed. *Patients* fits as well into the context as does *patience*; for Bottom, as his tears attest, has reason to know one patient of mustardseed very well indeed. If Bottom is one patient, the oxbeef he mentions in the next sentence would seem to be another. While there is undeniable humor in the resemblance between a portion of the human body plastered with a mustard poultice and a piece of beef spread with mustard sauce, Bottom is not content with so obvious an observation. He would go further than saying the two who devour the doughty mustard are alike; he would say they are the same: "That same cowardly giantlike ox-beef. . . ." Since both the ox-beef and Bottom are giantlike in proportion to the tiny mustardseed and since both commit the cowardly act of preying upon one so much smaller than themselves, there is left to prove the identity only in the term ox-beef.

Bottom offers no direct statement to prove the two are the same; rather he depends on the assumption that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Since Bottom is speaking as an ass, or at least through the mouth of an ass, and since he is playing the fool with mastery, the most immediate connection would be between *ox* and *ass*. Not only do the ox and the ass, as animals,

¹⁸ Parkinson, p. 832. Note that in speaking of the medicinal uses of mustardseed, Parkinson considers it an effective plaster for the loins.

¹⁹ Gerarde, pp. 189-190.

crop and devour the defenseless mustard but, as words, both *ox* and *ass* have the meaning of *fool*, particularly in the sense, "to make a fool of".²⁰ While it would seem that Shakespeare had in mind this familiar pun, which he has used elsewhere,²¹ a double pun occurs through his using not merely *ox*, but *ox-beef*.

With the term *ox-beef*, the same reasoning can be followed with *arse* as the common equivalent. The "giantlike ox-beef", as meat, would be the largest cuts of beef, the loins or haunches. On the living animal, the haunches were the buttocks or the arse. From the time of Chaucer, *arse* had been substituted for *bottom* in poetry and proverb until the two were almost synonymous.²² When the name *Bottom* is put in place of the word *bottom*, the pun is complete—are not bull-beef²³ and bully Bottom (III.i.8) one and the same!

For all his confessed guilt, Bottom is no coward, for the tears brought to his eyes by the kinsmen of Master Mustardseed were brought not by his pity provoked by their weakness, but by his suffering occasioned by their strength. Whether the tears were caused by a mouthful of beef too hotly seasoned or by a blistering poultice, the burning is more than Bottom can easily endure. Now Bottom has brought his jest to full circle: If patience means endurance in time of suffering, he knows well the patience of the mustardseed, for in time of suffering its endurance is admittedly greater than that of its patients.

Bottom has no greeting for the fourth fairy, Moth. It would almost seem that having exhausted his wit on Peaseblossom and Mustardseed, he is left momentarily wordless. However, the real problem in regard to Moth is not Bottom's lack of greeting but rather the tentative and uncertain position of the fourth fairy. In the history of the play, the character was included, excluded, and then once again included in the action.²⁴ When folk medicine is accepted as the source of the four fairies, Moth does belong to the group. Insect bodies, whole or in part, were frequently used in recipes and remedies—fried earthworms were dropped into an aching ear and dried bees were made into a purge for treating kidney stones.²⁵ The common night moth had both an internal and external medical use: because of its caustic properties it was made into a plaster to treat old sores and was also used to prepare a diuretic for kidney and bladder ailments.²⁶

The real difference between Moth and his fellow fairies is not the failure of the moth to be used in medicine but rather the method of preparation for that use. The difference in method results from the fact that the moth is not vegetable matter as are peaseblossom and mustardseed, nor inanimate matter as is cobweb, but is a living creature that must sacrifice its life before it can fulfill its purpose. Careful instructions for preparing and storing the moths are given

²⁰ All definitions in this paper are taken from the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

²¹ *Merry Wives* V. v. 126 and *Troil.* V. v. 65.

²² *The Compleat Book of Knowledge*, p. 116. Here is quoted the folk saying, "The Kettle calls the Pot Black-arse." See also, OED, *arse*, meaning 2.

²³ C. T. Onions, *A Shakespeare Glossary*, 2nd ed. (Oxford University, 1929), p. 25. Mr. Onions notes that *bull-beef* not only has the meaning of beef as meat but also is an abusive term for a big blustering fellow.

²⁴ Quiller-Couch and Wilson, p. 124, n. 166-169.

²⁵ Culpeper, *School of Physick*, pp. 87, 135.

²⁶ Pierre Pommet, *A Complete History of Drugs*, added to by Mrs. Lemery and Tournefort (London, 1748), II, 41.

by Pliny. During the summer months when the moths were flying, the creatures were caught alive, placed in jars and covered with a layer of rose petals, then the covered jars were steamed until the moths were dead.²⁷

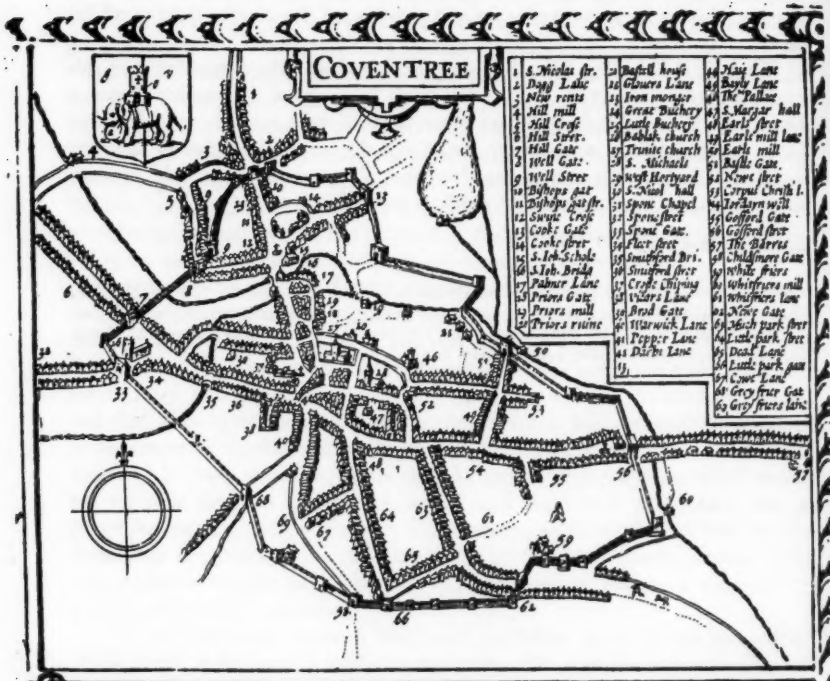
Toward the first three fairies, Bottom has expressed the utmost friendliness; in each case he has expressed the desire to see the servant again. To Cobweb, he is somewhat apologetic for making bold with him in event of a cut finger. Of Mustardseed, he asks pardon for the gentlemen that he has devoured from that multitudinous house. However, an apology for steaming a creature alive would strain even Bottom's graciousness and wit; courtesy directs that an executioner may beg his victim's pardon for stepping on his toe, but not for cutting off his head.

Thus, if the abiding friendliness of this wood and the benevolence of this night are to be preserved, no mention must be made of the medicinal use of the moth. While the compromise is no doubt a wise one, the possibility of some delightful lines was forever lost. From the punning in *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii. 161), it is easy to imagine what play upon words would have resulted from the pronunciation of *moth* as *mote*.²⁸

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²⁷ *The Natural History of Pliny*, tr. with notes by John Bostock and H. T. Riley (London, 1845), V, 404. Similar directions for preparing and storing the moths are given in Pomet, II, 40.

²⁸ *A Midsummer Nights Dreame, A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, ed. Horace Howard Furness, (Philadelphia, 1923), p. 127, n. 168.



Coventry. From John Speed's *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine* (1614), the Folger Shakespeare Library copy. See p. 619.

Shakespeare's "Folly": *King Lear*

CAROLYN S. FRENCH



AMONG Shakespeare's acknowledged poetic masterpieces, *King Lear* has always been the most maligned as a play for the stage. Even in the present century, which has seen a number of bold and conscientious productions of *Lear* based upon Granville-Barker's commendable "Preface", there continues to exist a small but vocal group of critics who deny the theatrical merits of the tragedy. Margaret Webster speaks lucidly for this critical minority in *Shakespeare Without Tears*:

If the *Lear*, and not only the *Lear*, but the Edgar, the Edmund, the Kent, the Gloucester, all three of the women, and indeed, practically the whole cast, are superlative actors of superhuman power, they may catch us wholly into a realm of high poetic frenzy, in which we shall gladly abrogate the prerogative of intellectual judgement. Nevertheless, and with infinite respect to the serried ranks of opposed opinion, I cannot believe that *King Lear* ever was or ever will be a good play in the sense of "a theater piece."¹

One may, of course, dismiss her opinion as unimaginative, iconoclastic, and even reactionary. It seems all too reminiscent of the last century, when the majority of critics from Charles Lamb to A. C. Bradley regarded *Lear* as a sublime dramatic poem which inevitably lost its sublimity when subjected to representation on the stage. In opposition to Miss Webster, one might quote Kenneth Muir's optimistic remark in his introduction to the Arden *Lear*:

... few readers of Harley Granville-Barker's Preface would be prepared to deny the adequacy of Shakespeare's dramatic technique or the actability of the play.²

Nevertheless, to those of us who believe with Miss Webster that the faculty of "intellectual judgement" enters into our appreciation of verse as well as prose drama on the stage, *Lear* may well be less theatrically satisfying than *Hamlet*, *Othello*, or *Macbeth*—and for a particular reason, presently to be divulged. It is true that among the reasons given for *Lear's* relative unpopularity on the modern stage the vast majority have nothing to do with the play itself and a great deal to do with the interpretations of modern actors and directors who have been both inspired and misled by Barker. However, it seems to me that Miss Webster is right in this respect: there is something about the dramatic framework of the play itself which makes it rationally incomprehensible and even ridiculous to the modern playgoer, for *Lear* depends more than any of the tragedies upon the intellectual orientation of the Elizabethan audience to com-

¹ Margaret Webster, *Shakespeare Without Tears* (New York: Fawcett Publications, 1957), p. 162.

² William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, edited by Kenneth Muir (London: Methuen, 1952), p. xlvii.

plete the understanding of its action. Without this orientation we are likely to accept *Lear* as a rather bleak but moving domestic melodrama about an insane old man who is driven out into the storm by his ungrateful daughters, or to reject it as a meaningless composite of extravagant emotionalism and mordant humor, more enervating than moving in performance.

Miss Webster is right—but for the wrong reason. She does not perceive that there is a rationale behind the dramatic structure of *Lear*, a rationale which gives intellectual significance to actions incredible by our modern standards of probability. It is a rationale derived primarily from Christian theology which orders the action on an intellectual level in terms of spiritual as well as emotional truth. Though there may be some disagreement among modern scholars as to the relative importance of Christian doctrine in Shakespeare's plays, no one familiar with recent trends in Shakespearian criticism would deny the presence of Christian themes in the mature tragedies, even, in spite of its pagan setting, in *King Lear*.³ In this essay I propose to reveal an important aspect of Christian doctrine implicit in the action of *Lear*, and closely related to the familiar "reason in madness" paradox. This element may well account for what Miss Webster might call the "anti-intellectual" quality of the tragedy which reduces its effectiveness as a modern "theater piece". It may also account for the special appeal of *Lear* to the romantic critics, and for its failure to please the more realistic members of present day audiences.

Lear has been described as a play about Christian justice, and a play about Christian patience; it is also, as I shall presently demonstrate, a play about Christian folly, which is paradoxically to be interpreted as a kind of wisdom. By popular tradition, if not classical precedent, there had always been in English drama prior to Shakespeare a tendency to mix low comedy with serious action. One need only glance at the morality plays with their comic "Vices" and the popular tragedies such as *Horestes* or *Cambises*, to comprehend the Elizabethan taste for this unorthodox combination. But in *Lear* the intrusion of the comic element is something else again, for it is more intrinsic to the tragic action. In fact, it is through apparent foolery that an important aspect of the Christian theme is imparted to the audience.

According to St. Paul, whom Tillyard regards as the principal biblical source of Elizabethan and Jacobean theological doctrine, true wisdom comes only from God, and is virtually opposed to the worldly wisdom which man uses to justify his own fallen nature:

Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise . . . for hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? (I Corinthians, 3:18)

And again, more pertinent to the situation in *Lear*, St. Paul states:

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,

³ The reader may refer to the following articles which deal with Christian elements in *Lear*: John Danby, "King Lear and Christian Patience", *Cambridge Journal*, I (February, 1948), 305-320; Hardin Craig, "The Ethics of King Lear", *Philological Quarterly*, IV (1925), 97-109; O. J. Campbell, "The Salvation of Lear", *ELH*, XV (June, 1948), 93-109; James Rosier, "The *Lex Aeterna* and King Lear", *Journal of English and Germanic Philosophy*, LIII (October, 1954), 574-580; Alwin Thaler, "The gods and God in King Lear", *Renaissance Papers*, University of South Carolina, 1955, pp. 32-39.

and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty. (1 Corinthians, 1:20)

"Confounding" is precisely what the Fool does to Lear, and the latter's plea to Cordelia that he is "old and foolish" echoes the words of Ecclesiastes 4:13:

Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished.

In Shakespeare's time orthodox Christian doctrine held that there were two kinds of reason. First, there was the worldly, self-seeking reasoning of the "natural man" which Edmund employs so successfully up to a point, and which illuminates the initial speeches of Goneril and Regan. When Goneril halts Albany's admonitions with "No more: the text is foolish", he answers, "wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile"; as in 1 Corinthians (2:14):

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness unto him.

The second, higher reason, according to Shakespeare's contemporary, Richard Hooker, was that which enabled man to know himself and conduct himself according to the laws of nature. But Hooker and other Renaissance Christian humanists admitted that though Nature's way to salvation was in doing good works, Nature was fallen, and:

There resteth, therefore, either no way unto salvation or, if any, then surely a way which is supernatural—a way which could never have entered into the heart of man as much as once to conceive or imagine if God himself had not revealed it extraordinarily?⁴

Hooker agrees with Lactantius when the latter states:

His [man's] eyes at length God did open, and bestow upon him the knowledge of the truth by way of donative; to the end that man might both be clearly convicted of folly, and being through error out of the way, have the path that leadeth unto immortality laid plain before him. (P. 108)

Thus, the typical eclectic lay theologian of Elizabethan England stresses the curious fact that man must be "convicted of folly" in order to become aware of spiritual truth.

But how did one obtain this God-given wisdom? One suggestion is offered in the "Homily for Rogation Week":

I might with many words move some of this audience to search for this wisdom, to sequester their reason to follow God's Commandement, to cast from them the wits of their braines, to favour this wisdom, to renounce the wisdom and policy of this fond world . . .⁵

Ergo, the way to attain a truly rational outlook would be to cast out reason; the path to true wisdom would lie in becoming foolish.

The theological doctrine which held man's reason to be "foolish" without divine assistance is found explicitly stated in Tourneur's *The Atheist's Tragedy*,

⁴ Richard Hooker, *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (London: George Routledge, 1888), pp. 106-107.

⁵ *Certain Sermons or Homilies Written in the Time of Queen Elizabeth* (London, 1612), Part III, p. 231.

written approximately at the time when Shakespeare was working on *Lear*. In Act V, scene i, of Tourneur's play, D'Amville, the murdering atheist, is confronted by the ghost of his victim Montferrers, who utters the following warning:

D'Amville! With all thy wisdom th'art a fool.
Not like those fools that we term innocents,
But a most wretched miserable fool
Which instantly, to the confusion of
Thy projects, with despair thou shalt behold.

The ghost significantly distinguishes here between two kinds of foolishness, both of which are found in *Lear*. The accuracy of the ghostly prophecy is admitted by D'Amville in his dying speech:

There was the strength of natural understanding.
But Nature is a fool. There is a power
Above her that hath overthrown the pride
Of all my projects and posterity,
For whose surviving blood
I had erected a proud monument,
And struck 'em dead before me, for whose deaths
I called to thee for judgment. (V. ii)

The parallel to patterns of thought in *Lear* which is evident in these passages suggests a connection between the two tragedies that might be worth pursuing, though it is beyond the scope of the present discussion. The explicit statements in Tourneur do serve to illuminate the implicit thought which underlies the action of *Lear*.

Here, in the first place, is the key to an understanding of the symbolic function of the Fool in *Lear*. Like the Fools in *Twelfth Night* and *Timon*, he represents the mortification, not of the flesh, but of the mind. Through the Christian doctrine which demanded humility of the reason, we may interpret Feste's

Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. (I. v. 37-39)

and the ambiguous line of the Fool in *Lear*: "Marry, here's Grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool." These "wise" fools have a similar dramatic function, namely, to puncture the pride of their masters by telling them the bitter truth about their actions, and so bring them to the light of spiritual wisdom. Erasmus, in his *Praise of Folly*, which Shakespeare may have read in one of the two available English editions, describes the duties of the professional Fool thus:

This must be confessed, truth indeed is seldom palatable to the ears of kings; yet fools have so great a privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak bare truths, but the most bitter ones too; so as the same reproof, which had it come from the mouth of a wise man would have cost him his head, being blurted out by a fool, is not only pardoned, but well taken, and rewarded.⁶

⁶D. Erasmus, *The Praise of Folly* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1915), p. 64.

Thus, it happens that Lear refuses to hear the truth from his own daughter, but acknowledges it when he is prodded and chided by the Fool. Lear's Fool, unlike Feste, is never deliberately unkind, but is a true innocent—a "natural" Fool whose wisdom is obviously not of his own making. His bitter jests, like Edgar's trifling with Gloucester, proceed from love and loyalty, and serve to strengthen the pathos instead of weakening it.

It is significant, moreover, that as a "natural" Fool, Lear's jester may possess revealed rather than acquired wisdom. In the course of his discussion of the wisdom which proceeds from acknowledged folly, Erasmus not only refers to the above cited passages from St. Paul, but makes a somewhat ambiguous connection between salvation and foolery:

... our Saviour does Solemnly return his Father thanks for that he had hidden the mysteries of salvation from the wise, and revealed them to babes, i.e. to fools. (P. 190)

The Fool's innate ability to reveal hidden mysteries of the spirit is important because it foreshadows Lear's flashes of "reason in madness" during the Dover scene, when he becomes "the natural fool of Fortune"—an acknowledged performer on "this great stage of fools". Scholars have explained the Fool's disappearance at the end of Act III on the grounds that Cordelia takes his place as Lear's spiritual guide. However, this is not quite accurate. It is Lear himself who becomes his own Fool during the Dover scene—telling himself the moral truths he could not bear to hear when sane. Cordelia replaces the Fool only when Lear is ready to acknowledge with a sane mind those truths which he had already accepted in his madness.

Erasmus describes two kinds of madness which seem to be applicable to *Lear*. The first is brought by the furies, lashing one into a frenzy of evil-doing followed by the self torment of guilt. The second is almost an antidote to the first—a healing madness which fills the mind with comforting delusions when reality becomes too unbearable. Lear experiences both kinds of madness as part of his spiritual regeneration. His agony is over by the end of the farmhouse scene, and in the Dover scene he is a real lunatic, not far removed from Poor Tom in the quality of his madness. The interval between is marked by sleep, which the doctor later tells Cordelia is the only cure for the troubled mind. It is interesting to note that at least one modern actor successfully discriminated between the two forms of mental illness. William Winter describes James McCullough's performance as follows:

In the mad scenes of *King Lear* McCullough was unique. I believe him to have been the first actor of this part to discriminate between the agony of a man while going mad and the vacant, heedless, volatile, fantastic condition—afflicting to the beholder but no longer agonizing to the person diseased—of a man who has totally lapsed into madness.⁷

Notice how Winter's description of Lear's condition of total madness as interpreted by McCullough may be applied to the behavior of the Fool, whose wit, like Lear's belated wisdom, flashes in the midst of nonsensical jargon.

A colleague recently pointed out to me that not only Lear and Gloucester

⁷ William Winter, *Shakespeare on the Stage* (New York: Moffat Yard, 1915), IV, 459-460.

(in his mock-suicide), but all the other sympathetic characters must take their turn at playing the Fool, and, with the exception of Albany, Cordelia, and France, must descend to the physical humor of farcical comedy in order to complete their folly.⁸ Kent, who is explicitly called a fool by the Fool, is placed in the stocks to become the "laughing stock" of Oswald and the others. Edgar feigns the foolishness of the Bedlamite, always good for a laugh on the Elizabethan stage. Goneril almost succeeds in making Albany the fool she thinks he is, and indeed he is very slow to recognize her vicious nature. But his very ignorance is his excuse:

My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you. (I. iv. 282-283)

as it is in the case of the professional Fool, and his later actions show him to be a "moral fool" in a double sense: that is, one who lacks worldly wisdom but who can act with true moral wisdom once he is in possession of the facts. Cordelia and France do not need to play the fool, since they are inherently "wise fools" in the Christian sense. Cordelia is not afraid to tell her father the truth in spite of the consequences, and France freely speaks out in Cordelia's behalf (but more tactfully and prudently than Kent) in contrast to worldly wise Burgundy, whose actions are guided in terms of material gain.

But if the sympathetic characters are required to behave "foolishly", in accordance with the dramatic theme, what of the evil characters, whose overt actions, and ingenious rationalizing, betray their cleverness and worldly wisdom? How are we supposed to react to a tragedy in which the wise men are fools and the villains worldly wise—and the tragic hero the biggest fool of them all? Notice, for example, that much of the exposition must be placed in the mouths of these villains, since they are the ones who can be trusted to see the faults in others if not in themselves. Edmund very astutely sizes up his father as gullible and superstitious, and his brother as too noble to detect base motives in others; Goneril and Regan are more clever in judging their father than is Cordelia, for while she "rushes in where angels fear to tread", they recognize the danger in their father's choleric nature and the fact that he has "ever but slenderly known himself". That they are motivated by pride and greed does not (at first) hinder their powers of reasoning to their own ends; in fact, if anything, it increases them. However, their subsequent lust for Edmund, and his inhuman action in preying upon their weakness, reduce their faculties to the bestial level, to the "dog eat dog" kind of rationale which can only end in mutual destruction. Edmund is a cut above the sisters, in that his sexual appetite is under control, but his mind is, like D'Amville's, bound to fallen Nature:

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. (I. ii 1-2)

However, whereas the Elizabethans may have recognized Edmund as the "natural man" whose reason is unsupported by Grace, present day Edmunds are likely to excite admiration in audiences who are unaware that his clever schemes and humorous cynicism are in the Christian sense "irrational".


⁸ Richard Kraus, "Laughs in *Lear*," unpublished essay, Michigan, 1952. I am indebted to Mr. Kraus for the suggestions which provoked this study.

Lear appealed to the romantics because their concept of the imagination unfettered by reason or understanding had a natural affinity for the irrational elements which predominate in the tragedy. In the nineteenth-century theater, the play often appealed on an emotional level, for actors could then surmount the intellectual difficulties of the text by ignoring them. Today, however, more worldly playgoers may be disappointed in the fast-paced, uncut performances of *Lear*, because they fail to add up to an experience which is both moving and significant. On the contemporary stage Shakespeare's "folly" may well seem merely foolish instead of sublime.

Stanford

The Tempest as Pastoral Romance

CAROL GESNER

HE problem of the source of *The Tempest* has long intrigued scholars, because a single entirely satisfactory work has never been uncovered to account for its origin. Many significant contributions to the solution of the problem have, however, been offered. In 1817 Ludwig Tieck pointed to *Die schöne Sidea*, a play by Jacob Ayer, as a source or close analogue. Its plot parallels *The Tempest* in that it centers on a prince-magician, served by a spirit, father of a daughter whose hand is won when the son of an enemy carries logs. *Die schöne Sidea* was surely written before 1605, the date of Ayer's death, but since it went unpublished until 1618, seven years after the composition of *The Tempest*, a common ancestor is conjectured for the two.¹ The Italian *commedia dell' arte*, a form of entertainment very popular in Shakespeare's England, is also thought to have been a suggestive force for *The Tempest*. Several of the comedies dealt with the theme of men shipwrecked on an island ruled by a "Mago". Love intrigues between the crew and the natives formed the plot materials, and often the greed of the sailors provided the comic situation.² A possible source for the political intrigue which resulted in Prospero's banishment has been found in William Thomas' *History of Italy*.³ The plot has also been linked to the Spanish *Noches des Invierno* of Antonio Eslava, in which a dethroned king raises a magic castle in mid-ocean, where he lives with his daughter until, also by magic, he brings about a marriage between her and the son of an enemy.⁴ The *Aeneid* of Virgil is credited with inspiring both the storm and the meeting of the lovers.⁵ Many contemporary accounts of storms and shipwrecks have also been offered as sources for the storm of the first act, and in many there can be found a few similarities to the storm of the play.⁶

Even after careful study of all these suggested influences, different as each may be, none seems to rule out another, for the prime factor in Shakespeare's art is its marvelous composite quality. Indeed, a realization of its composite nature is the essential key to the understanding of his genius; thus, it is without questioning the value of these recognized sources or analogues that Longus' romance of *Daphnis and Chloe* is suggested as another important influence on the genesis of the play.

¹ See *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: The Tempest*, ed. H. H. Furness (Philadelphia, 1920), pp. 324-341, for a discussion of the coincidences and a reprint of Ayer's play.

² E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* (Oxford, 1930), I, 493f., reviews the theory.

³ J. M. Nosworthy, "The Narrative Sources of *The Tempest*", *RES*, XXIV (1948), 282.

⁴ Nosworthy, pp. 383f.

⁵ Nosworthy, pp. 287-293.

⁶ Reviewed in the *Variorum Tempest*, pp. 308-315, 320-324.

As early as 1916 Edwin Greenlaw showed clearly that *Daphnis and Chloe* was the ultimate parent of the chief elements in the plot of a type of pastoral which was used by Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare.⁷ From a study of these sources he singled out what he described as a composite pastoral plot, the essentials of which are as follows:

- (1) A child of unknown parentage, usually a girl, is brought up by shepherds. As a variant, the heroine may be living in seclusion among shepherds.
- (2) A lover is introduced. He may be a foundling or a man of high birth in guise of a shepherd or forester.
- (3) The love story is complicated by a rival shepherd, usually a rude, bumbling, or cowardly person. He functions as a foil to the hero and supplies the comic element.
- (4) Melodramatic incidents—the attack of a lion or a bear—give the hero opportunity to prove his prowess.
- (5) A captivity episode is usually introduced. The heroine is abducted; the hero comes to the rescue.
- (6) It finally develops that the heroine is of high birth and may marry the hero.
- (7) A malcontent or melancholy shepherd is introduced to the plot from Italian or Spanish sources.

The presence of some of these stock pastoral elements, Greenlaw clearly demonstrates in the plots of *As You Like It*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*, but always with the accurate implication that Shakespeare was depending on the established pastoral tradition, derived ultimately from Longus, rather than on Longus as an immediate source. That *The Tempest* is primarily a pastoral play, the plot of which fits easily into the stock framework, Greenlaw does not recognize, but this may be readily demonstrated:

- (1) Miranda, unaware that she is the daughter of the rightful Duke of Milan, is reared in pastoral seclusion on a desert island.
- (2) Ferdinand appears in the role of her lover and undertakes pastoral labors to win her. (Carries logs.)
- (3) Caliban replaces the blundering shepherd. Before the play opens he has made an attempt against Miranda's honor:
 [Prospero to Caliban] . . . I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child. (I. ii. 345-348)⁸

The comedy scenes between Caliban and the crew members, Trinculo and Stephano, provide humor and reveal Caliban as a bumbling coward. He is, however, the foil to Ariel rather than to the hero.

- (4) The traditional melodramatic elements supplied by an attack of a lion or a bear are omitted, unless the storm be designated melodrama.
- (5) The captivity episode is represented by the plot of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano to kidnap Miranda. The plot is not successful, but the captivity motif is present.

⁷ "Shakespeare's Pastorals", *SP*, XIII (1916), 122-154.

⁸ *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. W. J. Craig (London, 1947). All further citations of Shakespeare are from this edition.

- (6) When the identity of Miranda and her father is revealed to the strangers, a reconciliation is effected and the lovers make plans for marriage.

The seventh element of the stock pastoral plot, the melancholic or philosophic shepherd—represented by Jaques in *As You Like It*, Philisides in Sidney's *Arcadia*—is not obviously present; for this Renaissance tradition of melancholy or discontent has been passed over and the thoughtful character, represented in *The Tempest* by Prospero, reverts to the earlier purely philosophic type as represented by the shepherd Philetas in *Daphnis and Chloe*. But significantly present in *The Tempest* is another important feature of the *Daphnis and Chloe* plot, supernatural direction, a feature which was not included in the stock pastoral as it developed during the Renaissance. In *Daphnis and Chloe*, Pan and the nymphs handle the problem of motivation and preside over the peripeties, while Eros personally conducts the love story. In *The Tempest* the supernatural control is in the hands of Prospero, but is executed by Ariel.

If it is agreed that *The Tempest* embodies elements of the Longus romance which were the typical pastoral material of the Renaissance, the problem now becomes one of determining just how direct the influence of Longus is on the play. The stock features as outlined could have been derived from almost any pastoral composition of the period. The omission of any melancholy or malcontent element in Prospero's characterization—the so-called Italian or Spanish feature of the stock plot—and the addition of the supernatural machinery point directly to Longus rather than to an intermediary source, except that omission can not be a conclusive argument, and supernatural direction abounds in classical literature. Other close parallels with Longus do, however, exist, and these, coupled with the Greek features of the plot, lead one to suggest that Shakespeare was familiar with *Daphnis and Chloe* before he wrote *The Tempest*, an idea bolstered by Samuel Lee Wolff's recognition of *Daphnis and Chloe* as a primary source of the pastoral sections of *The Winter's Tale*.⁹

But first, an examination of the bibliographic accessibility of *Daphnis and Chloe* to Shakespeare. In 1559 Jacques Amyot brought the romance into the Renaissance orbit by the publication of a French translation at Paris. This was reissued in 1594, 1596, and 1609. Rome in 1569 and again in 1581 saw the publication of the *Expositorum ex Longo libri IV* of Laurentius Gambara. A second French translation of the romance was published by "L. L. L." at Paris in 1578. In 1587 Angel Day published his English translation: *Daphnis and Chloe excellently describing the weight of affection, the simplicity of love, the purport of honest meaning, the resolution of men, and disposition of Fate, finished in Pastorall, etc.* A Greek and Latin text prepared by Raphaelis Columbanus was issued in 1598 at Florence. Another prepared by the scholarly Juda and Nicolae Bonnuitius was published in 1601 at Heidelberg, and in 1605 appeared at Hanover another such edition by Gothofredus Jungermannus.¹⁰ *The Tempest* is almost always dated 1611¹¹; thus any of these publications

⁹ S. L. Wolff, *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction* (New York, 1912), pp. 447-455.

¹⁰ The Renaissance bibliography of Longus is cited in detail in my *Greek Romance Materials in the Plays of Shakespeare* (University Microfilms, 1956), pp. 333f.

¹¹ See Robert Adger Law, "On the Dating of Shakspeare's Plays", *Shakespeare Association Bulletin*, XI (1935), 46-51. Law publishes a convenient tabulation of the conclusions of J. Q.

presumably were accessible to Shakespeare, although the French translation of Amyot and the English translation of Day would seem to be the sources which could be most readily utilized.

But to turn to an examination of the romance and the play: First, there is a general parallel in theme and setting. Both *Daphnis and Chloe* and *The Tempest* take as their central topic the idea of celebrating the innocence of youth. Miranda and Ferdinand, Daphnis and Chloe are blessed innocents as lovers. Further, both works are island stories: in each the locale of the action is a sea-surrounded paradise. Nature plays a significant part in the background and becomes a part of the intangible atmosphere in both novel and play. The characters refer frequently to nature and seem to be aware of it as a kind of presence.¹²

Second, there is a general correspondence in the characters. Daphnis and Ferdinand are both pretty youths who engage in pastoral labors, and, although Daphnis is country bred and Ferdinand court bred, both approach the heroines with innocent and reverent love. There is no more trivial sophistication in the love of Ferdinand for Miranda than in the pasture-bred love of Daphnis for Chloe. Further, Daphnis is led to Chloe by the supernatural agency of Eros:

So nowe haue I [Eros] . . . in . . . charge . . . Daphnis and Chloe, . . . this morning [I] brought them together vnto the downes.¹³

And Ferdinand is led to Miranda by the supernatural agency of Ariel:

Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following

Ariel literally sings Ferdinand to his bride!

Chloe and Miranda are both reared in pastoral seclusion, ignorant of their high births. Both are characterized as innocent of the world and of love—Miranda has seen no man but her father and the semi-man Caliban before she beholds Ferdinand. Chloe does not understand her emotions which are aroused by the sight of Daphnis in his bath. Chloe helps with Daphnis' herds; Miranda begs to carry logs for Ferdinand. Both have a high regard for their pastoral rearing. At the end of the novel, Chloe's city-born aristocratic background has been established; nevertheless, she and Daphnis return to the country for their wedding and settle there for a long life of pastoral delight. When Miranda hears of her former high estate, she says to her father:

What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did? (I.ii.60f.)

Phileas of the novel and Prospero of the play generally coincide. Phileas is a philosophic shepherd who supervises the love affair of Daphnis and Chloe and acts as judge when Daphnis is tried for trouble created by city gallants. He is generally respected and is a kind of presiding patriarch of his island

Adams, R. M. Alden, T. Brooke, O. J. Campbell, H. Craig, and T. M. Parrott as to the dating of Shakespeare's plays.

¹² For example, see Longus, "Daphnis and Chloe", *Three Greek Romances*, tr. Moses Hadas (New York, 1953), pp. 21, 30, 36, 58f; and *The Tempest*, ed. Craig, I. ii. 336ff; II. i. 49-52, 55f; II. ii. 173f; III. ii. 147-150. All quotations are from this edition.

¹³ Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe: The Elizabethan Version from Amyot's Translation by Angel Day, Reprinted from the Unique Original*, ed. Joseph Jacobs (London, 1890), p. 58. Quotations are from this edition.

home. Prospero is also a philosopher, although he combines the philosophy with magic. By magic he instigates the love affair of Miranda and Ferdinand. At the end of the play he serves in a judge-like capacity when all identities are revealed and the knots of the plot are untied. He, like Philetas, is the deeply respected patriarch of an island.

Eros is the supernatural instigator and director of the loves of Daphnis and Chloe; Philetas only supervises and instructs. Invisible to the lovers, Eros leads them together. He is associated with gardens, sunlight, laughter:

... there is no nightingale, thrush, or other kinde of bird whatsoeuer, that haunteth either woods or hedge-rows, that euer gaue foorth the like, or carried in hir tunes, so delightfull a melodie. (P. 57)

In the novel Eros is a semi-allegorical character. His presence is felt; his work is recognized; but he is invisible to all except Philetas. Matching him in *The Tempest* is Ariel, the supernatural sprite who leads Miranda and Ferdinand together. Prospero instigates the plans for this love, but Ariel executes them. Thus, the roles are reversed. Like Eros, Ariel is associated with the pleasant and sunny aspects of nature. His coming seems to create music. He is at will invisible to all but Prospero, but others feel his presence and seem to be aware of his influence. The actual derivation of his name is from the Hebrew Cabala, where he is the Prince of the Angels,¹⁴ yet the verbal correspondence between *Ariel* and *Eros* is suggestive.

An incidental correspondence between *Daphnis and Chloe* and *The Tempest* may rest in Prospero's command to Ariel: "Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea" (I. ii. 301). The reason for the command has been questioned, since there is no obvious advantage presented in the play by the proposed transformation.¹⁵ But nymphs figure in *Daphnis and Chloe* as the guardians of the heroine, and they play an important role in the supernatural machinery of the novel. On the supposition that Shakespeare was familiar with the pastoral traditions established by Longus, it is here suggested that Ariel in the role of a nymph simply suggested itself, since he was to be the supernatural agent to accomplish in *The Tempest* much of what the nymphs accomplish in *Daphnis and Chloe*.

Dorco functions in the novel as the rude, bumbling shepherd, the rival of Daphnis, who supplies the comedy in his uncouth efforts to win Chloe. As part of his suit he supplies her with abundance of country gifts (p. 23). When these fail to win her, he disguises himself in a wolf skin and attempts rape. Caliban corresponds closely with Dorco, except that his "wolf skin" is a part of his nature. He is a kind of half-man, half-beast, frequently represented on the stage dressed in an animal skin. In the play he is referred to variously as a cat, puppy-head, fish, or tortoise. Thus, he can be interpreted as any animal-like man-monster, or as a very uncouth man. Before the play opens he has tried to rape Miranda; he functions in the comic scenes with Trinculo and Stephano, and to win their friendship offers them a profusion of country gifts.¹⁶

¹⁴ See Nelson Sherman Bushnell, "Natural Supernaturalism in *The Tempest*", *PMLA*, XLVII (1932), 690, and W. S. Johnson, "The Genesis of Ariel", *SQ*, II, 205-210.

¹⁵ *The Tempest*, ed. Furness, p. 64, reviews the question. See also Irwin Smith, "Ariel as Ceres", *SQ*, IV, 430-432.

¹⁶ See II. ii. 173f, 180-185.

There are a few incidental correspondences between novel and play which suggest that the pastoral influence on *The Tempest* might have had its source in Longus. An incursion of foreigners occurs in both, and in both instances is associated with a great storm at sea. In *Daphnis and Chloe*, gallants of Mytilene come to the island to hunt. They make trouble, are punished, and in revenge kidnap Chloe. At this, Pan deliberately creates a fearful storm and commotion at sea. Angel Day translates the storm passage thus:

... it seemed at night in the midst of their banqueting, that all the land about them was on fire, and a sodaine noise arose in their hearing as of a great flete, and armed nauie for the seas, approching towards them. The sound whereof and dreadfull sight, made some of the to crie *Arme Arme*, and others to gather together their companies & weapons. One thought his fellowe next him was hurt, an other feared the shot that he heard ratling in his eares, this man thought his companion slaine hard by his side, an other seemed to stumble on dead carcasses. In briefe, the hurrie and tumult was so wonderfull and straunge, as they almost were at their wittes endes. . . . A dreadful noise was heard from the rocks, not as the sound of any naturall trumpets, but far more shrill and hideous, . . . about the midst of the day, . . . Pan himself in a vision stode right before him, and beeing as he was in the shape vnder the Pine before described, [orders him to return Chloe] . . . The Captaine . . . caused present serch to be made for Chloe . . . and shee being found with a chapelet of the Pine tree leaues vpon her head, hee declared vnto them the expresse commaundement and direction of the god: . . . Chloe was no sooner parted out of the vessel where shee was, but they heard from the hie rockes a sound againe, but nothing dreadfull as the other, but rather much sweete, melodious, and pleasing, such as the most cunning shepheards vse before their flockes and heards,¹⁷

In *The Tempest*, Neapolitan and Milanese noblemen and their retainers come ashore on the island as the result of a great storm created by the supernatural direction of Prospero and executed by the supernatural agency of Ariel. The storm is described as follows:

[Miranda] The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. (I. ii. 3ff)

[Ariel] I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly
Then meet, and join: *Jove's lightnings*, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake. . .

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

¹⁷ Day, pp. 74-77. My italics except "*Arme Arme*."

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then *all a-fire* with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd, cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.' (I. ii. 196-206, 208-215)

Fer. [dinand] Where should *this music* be? i' th' air,
or th' earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,—(I. ii. 385-391)

[Prospero] —*I have bedimm'd*
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd *promontory*
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: *graves at my command*
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. (V. i. 41-50)¹⁸

Thus do the situations parallel: an incursion of foreigners to a sea island is associated with a supernaturally created storm. The storms are accompanied by darkness during daylight hours, illusions of fire, supernatural visions of dead men, and desperate behavior on the part of those trapped in the fray. Both tumults are compared to war, and both end on a strain of sweet music. Ultimately it is found that no harm has occurred to the unfortunates involved in them. The parallels in the descriptions of the storm are indicated by italics, but to assert that the Day version of Longus contributed to Shakespeare's thinking is unsound, for Amyot's French translation is equally suggestive:

... soudainement advis que toute la terre devint en feu, & entendirent de loing tel que seroit le flot d'une grosse armée de mer, qui fust venuë contre eux: l'un cryoit à l'arme, l'autre appelloit ses compagnons, l'un pensoit estre jà blessé, l'autre cuydoit veoir un homme mort gisant devant luy; ... & entendoit-on le son d'une trompe du dessus d'une roche haulte & droicte, estant à la crime de l'escueil, [*promontory* or *cliff*] au pied duquel ilz estoient à l'abryt; mais ce son n'estoit point plaisant à oïr, comme seroit le son d'une trompette ordinaire, ains effroyoit ceux qui l'entendoyent, ne plus ne moins que le son d'une trompette de guerre la nuit: ... que l'on entendit derechef le son de la trompe dedans le rocher, mais non plus effroyable ne maniere de l'alarme, ains tel que les bergers ont accoustumé de sonner quand ilz menent leurs bestes aux champs.¹⁹

If one accept these passages as evidence that Shakespeare knew Longus, it

¹⁸ My italics except "Fer."

¹⁹ Longus, *Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé*, tr. Jacques Amyot. (n.p., 1731), pp. 61-64.

would be impossible to decide whether from Day or Amyot. Certainly the French version was the more accessible of the two, for although Day's would be the easier to read, Amyot's had gone through four editions between 1559 and 1609, while the English version appeared but once in 1587. The 1578 French translation of "L. L. L." was also buried in one edition.²⁰ There is, however, evidence in the marriage festivities that if Shakespeare was influenced by *Daphnis and Chloe* when writing *The Tempest*, he probably had read a version other than Day's, or had read Day's as well as another.

Whatever may have been the contemporary reason for interrupting the action of *The Tempest* with the marriage masque of Act IV, its appropriateness to the play cannot be denied, for the masque was a major attraction at many wedding festivities involving people of royal or noble rank during the Elizabethan period, and it serves in the play to elucidate the pastoral nature of the love of Miranda and Ferdinand, and to give a kind of pastoral blessing to their projected union. First Ceres, "most bounteous lady . . . Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas (IV. i. 60f.)" is called in by Iris, "Who with . . . saffron wings . . . Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers (IV. i. 78f)" to Ceres' "bosky acres (IV. i. 81)". Then Juno enters and with Ceres sings a wedding song to Miranda and Ferdinand.²¹ Next the nymphs "of the wandring brooks" (IV. i. 128) are called. They enter, followed by "sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary" (IV. i. 134). The nymphs and reapers join together in a dance just before the masque vanishes.

Nothing else in the play proclaims its essential pastoral nature so positively as does the masque. The structure of the stock pastoral plot is nearly perfect, but it is hidden from the unobservant behind the conventional romance of the situation and the elements of magic in Prospero's characterization. The same air of magic tends to conceal the pastoral quality of the island setting. It is as though Shakespeare saw this and would loudly and clearly proclaim the play pastoral by the device of the masque.

The pastoral blessing on the marriage of Miranda and Ferdinand may have been suggested by the country wedding of Daphnis and Chloe:

. . . Her father gave Chloe away in the presence of the Nymphs, . . . and regaled [the villagers] . . . luxuriously. . . the entertainment was all of a rustic and pastoral kind. One sang the song the reapers sing, another cracked the jokes the vintagers crack. (P. 97)

Day, perhaps tired when he reached the final page, omits the wedding from his translation, but Amyot (p. 156 f.) follows his source more closely.

Thus it can be seen that if the nymphs and reapers dancing in Shakespeare's bucolic marriage masque were suggested by the nymphs and reapers of Daphnis and Chloe's wedding, they probably derive from Amyot. Of course the Greek editions would not have been beyond Shakespeare's reach, but they certainly are less obvious considerations.

The conclusion that Longus is an ultimate influence on *The Tempest* is based on the presence of the elements of the stock pastoral plot, from which it deviates in only one instance. The conclusion that Longus is a direct, a

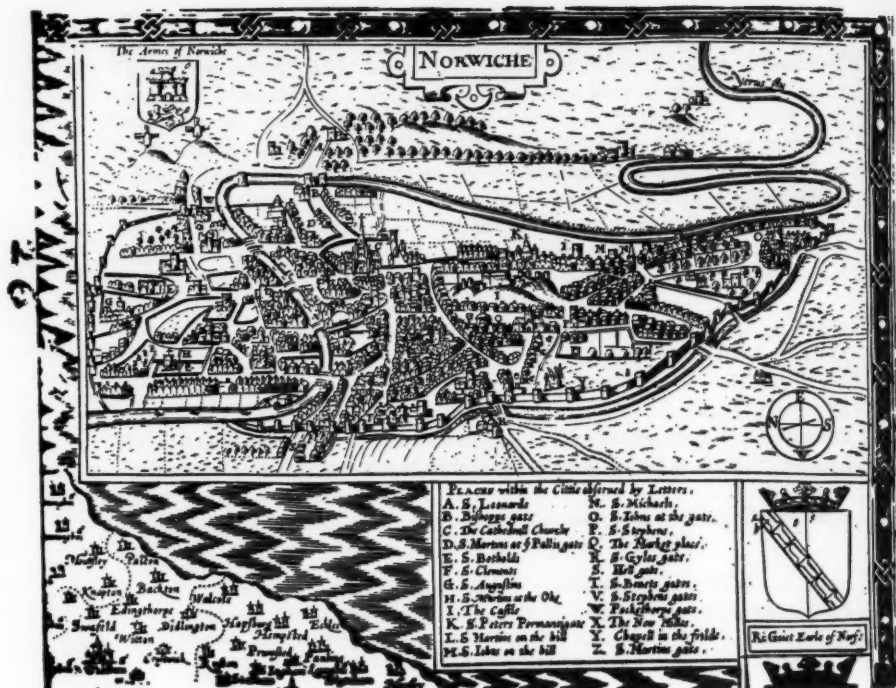
²⁰ I have been unable to obtain this edition for examination.

²¹ See IV. i. 110-117.

primary influence, is not so surely established, but the coincidences of the chief characters, the striking coincidences in the storms, and the similarities in the wedding festivities certainly suggest that Shakespeare was familiar with Longus at first hand. In connection with this it is well to recall Wolff's conclusion that Longus is a primary source of *The Winter's Tale*, a play written probably no more than a year before the composition of *The Tempest*.²²

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²² Law dates *The Winter's Tale* between 1610 and 1611.



Norwich. From John Speed's *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine* (1614), the Folger Shakespeare Library copy.

The Copy for the Folio *Richard III*

FREDSON BOWERS



IN *SQ*, X (1959), 91-96, I had occasion to review in some detail J. K. Walton's monograph, *The Copy for the Folio Text of Richard III* (1955), which argued that Q₃ (1602), and not Q₆ (1622) as usually believed, was the exclusive copy for the Folio throughout. This review was not undertaken lightly; and I did not feel competent to write it until I had made what I thought was considerable progress in approaching the problem by a different method, which appeared to provide evidence to confirm Mr. Walton's views. Further experience, however, has tempered the positiveness with which, in this review, I approved Mr. Walton's upsetting of the traditional textual position of Q₆. It is very probable that the new research necessary to approach this problem with any real authority will take a long time, since compositorial evidence must be sought far afield from *Richard III* alone. In these circumstances I am concerned that in what now seems to be a premature manner I presumed to write on the subject, and that, having done so, I may mislead other critics if I do not indicate that I can no longer feel the certainty, as stated in the review, that the problem has been solved.

Indeed, further consideration leads me to believe that the case for Q₆ cannot be dismissed so readily as I thought at first. The matter is too complex for me to attempt just now to give more than one or two reasons, but some account, I feel, is due.

In determining the genetic relationship of texts, criticism has relied exclusively on the study of variant readings according to the principle that identity of reading implies identity of origin. Under most conditions found in a series of reprints, the normal progress of corruption in successive typesettings offers quite enough evidence from which to determine the derivation and order of editions, even in moderately complex cases of mixed copy. On the contrary, when some correcting agent interferes with the text—like a collator charged with bringing a print into conformity with a manuscript of different textual tradition—substantive readings may prove to be either almost non-existent or else untrustworthy evidence. The normal reprint transmission of variants is disrupted at its source by the correction of error and by the alteration or revision of satisfactory readings.

This smoothing-out of the evidence on which textual criticism normally operates is particularly acute in a case like *Richard III* when the choice of copy for the Folio can be narrowed to only two editions: one the last in the series of quarto reprints before F, but the other a non-touching earlier edition. It is inevitable that any terminal edition is likely to agree uniquely with its chronological predecessor more often than with an earlier edition, even though the earlier

edition is the copy-text and the immediate predecessor is not. Any reading that is not so obviously wrong or eccentric as to be independently corrected will normally be passed on from the edition in which it originates to all descendants in the same line. The Third Quarto of *Richard III* has about 42 substantive readings diverging from Q1-2 that are accepted by the Folio. However, 39 of these were passed on in normal course to Q6 as well. Thus the only verbal readings that can be used as evidence are Q3 variants from Q1 that in turn were varied further in Q6 but appear in the Folio in their Q3 form. These conditions are so stringent as to remove almost all possibility that agreement of readings alone could ever prove that Q3 served as copy for the Folio.

Correspondingly, evidence that is not necessarily significant, although it may seem so, will usually accumulate in the immediate predecessor of a terminal edition even though one does not derive from the other. In this case one reading that originated in Q4 and two in Q5 may be added to the twelve originating in Q6 to make a total of fifteen that are uniquely shared by Q6 and F against Q3.

Mr. Walton takes it as significant that some 22 (actually about 42) readings which in Q3 differed from Q1 were accepted by the Folio, versus only 12 (actually 15) from Q6. But by this line of argument Q2 would qualify for serious consideration, since of its 74 divergences from Q1 the Folio corrector passed 28 while rejecting 46. That the annotator—if Q6 had been the copy—would have rejected 110 of the Q6 original variants while accepting only 15 seems disproportionate, particularly in view of the small number of divergences in Q4 and Q5 that proved acceptable. Nevertheless, it would seem that in this text the big push to “correctness”, or normality, was made in Q2 and in Q3, and after this stage the variants, especially those in Q6, were more evidently corruptions of a nature to call themselves especially to the annotator’s attention.

Whatever line of inquiry we take, we are forced back to the original position that the traditional evidence of readings has not solved, and cannot solve, the special problems involved in the positive identification, in detail, of this disputed copy-text with enough force to receive general acceptance. And if this is so, the verbal readings are even more useless to settle questions that have been raised whether pages from one or from more than one edition were brought together to serve as printer’s copy. Instead, the inquiry must start from the transmission of the “accidental” readings, that is the details of spelling, word-division, and so on, in which the substantives are clothed. Many, if not the majority, of the divergences in the control texts that we have isolated appear to have been untouched, and it is from these accidentals that the hoped-for evidence must derive, since they alone can be inferred to have escaped in large part the corrective process applied to the print that served as copy.

In this matter we run into a difficulty that had not fully called itself to my attention at the stage of the inquiry marked by my review and the evidence I had then accumulated for Q3. Spelling tests are now well established as a method for identifying compositors by the positive evidence of their habitual or characteristic trend towards imposing their own spellings on the copy being set. That is, the evidence consists exclusively of emphasizing the compositors’ *divergences* from copy. On the contrary, the technique of establishing the nature of the copy from which the compositor set rests on cases of a compositor’s *agreement* with his copy; that is, on the evidence of the instances in which the

copy influenced the compositor either (a) to forsake his habitual characteristics or else (b) to choose the copy form in a remarkable number of cases when his own practice was largely indifferent.

When Mr. Walton had ended his consideration of the substantive readings, he moved into the area of (a) above, but his results were not, I think, so striking, even cumulatively, as to act as independent witnesses to the authority of Q3. Indeed, some of his evidence was not evidence at all, as further testing I have done has shown. For example, his whole treatment of whether compositors A and B were following copy in italicizing or not italicizing names is almost worthless for two reasons. In the first, he depended in some large part on what these compositors did in *Troilus and Cressida*, but *Troilus and Cressida* is not an English-history play, and faced here with less familiar material the two compositors acted in a way that cannot be generalized for use in other plays. Secondly, without independent examination of the facts, Mr. Walton unhesitatingly accepted some of Dr. Walker's statements about the use of italic or roman in the treatment of names in the general work of A and of B. Since such history plays as the three parts of *Henry VI* indicate that this information is not entirely accurate, much of Mr. Walton's conclusions from false evidence is of no value.

In *Henry VI* Compositor A does *not* italicize place names, and so the list of the roman names in *Richard III* (Walton, p. 65) has no significance. Nor does A, as stated, put territorial names in italic when the rank followed by "of" is provided, and so the list of such roman names in *Richard III* is without value. There is much more of this sort of thing about the treatment of names and places by both compositors in Walton that is really quite worthless since it stems from no attempt on his part to see just what these compositors actually did in English-history plays. At the time of my review I had not checked this matter, but now I have, and see that it has no evidential value as presented.

However, what first gave me pause was the recognition that at least one substantive reading shared in Q6 and F as against Q3 could not, it seems, be written off as independent and therefore fortuitous alteration, as had at first seemed likely. That is, one of Daniel's strongest points for Q6 was the passage at IV. iv. 533-536 that reads in Q3:

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

In Q6 line 536 was corrupted to

Is colder newes, yet they must be told

whereas the Folio reading is

Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

It seemed to Daniel self-evident that F was a modification of Q6's error and therefore that Q6 must have been the copy. Mr. Walton has a complicated argument that suggests that perhaps "newes" was right all along and "tydings" in Q1 was a corruption. This carried no conviction to me, but it did seem

possible that *newes* in line 534 had contaminated *tydings* in line 536 in F, independently, just as it obviously had in Q6.

But now I notice what I should have observed before. The Folio sig. s6 recto, a Compositor A page, ends with line 534, and sig. s6 verso, a Compositor B page, begins with line 535. Thus since Compositor B who set F "Is colder *Newes*" in line 536 cannot be shown to have read the copy for line 534 set by A, it is very difficult indeed to believe that he could have independently fallen into the same error as the Q6 compositor and allowed his memory of *newes* in line 534 (which he did not set) to contaminate his memory of the line 536 *tydings* if Q3 had indeed been his copy.¹ We are then forced either into accepting what I can regard only as the extravagances of Mr. Walton's explanation, or else the fact that here, at any rate, Q6 was indeed the Folio copy. If here, then we must re-examine with more care the rest of the 15 shared unique readings, and I for one am now willing to give more weight than before to III. v. 66 in which Q1-5 *cause* is misprinted in Q6 as *ease*, and in F (and also Q7) as *case*, since the Folio compositor, like the Q7 workman, would be sure to know that a common foul-case error is the mixture of *c* and of *e* sorts.

On the other hand, at least one of the three uniquely shared Q3 and F readings is so strong as to make one cautious of adopting whole hog the Q6 hypothesis. It is clear that the whole case needs re-examination, utilizing the evidence of Folio and Quarto concurrences in the accidental readings that fall under area (b) above: a remarkably large number of instances of systematic sharing of spellings when the respective practices of Compositor A and B were relatively indifferent.

At once we find that we have entered a new doorway, for whereas we know a half dozen or so differences between A and B in words where they had strongly marked preferential spellings, we know practically nothing about their preferential spellings when the two coincided in practice, and nothing about the order of their indifference (and therefore the possibilities for the influence of copy) on the thousands of other words that they set. I do not think the case for *Richard III*, in all its complexity, can be solved in any demonstrable manner until this work is done. But clearly it is a task for more than a summer's day, even if an electronic computer were available. My own view now is that the evidence for Q6 cannot be explained away entirely, as in the first flush of finding evidence for Q3 I was led to believe. But some evidence for Q3 does exist that cannot be ignored either, both in readings and in accidentals. Pending the resolution of this impasse, which must involve incontrovertible physical evidence as well as a reasonable explanation for the anomaly, my personal opinion now is that Mr. Walton's case is far from decisive and that we must admit to ignorance as to the whole facts for the present.

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¹ One could argue, of course, that when he came to set line 534 at the top of sig. s6^r Compositor B ignored the mark in his copy that indicated where A had ended and read back a line or so in order to get the hang of what he was about to set. But there is no evidence (outside of the crux in question) that he did, or that such a reading of material that he did not have to memorize would be powerful enough in its influence to corrupt *tydings*, especially in a manner that called for compositorial sophistication of the metre.

The Shakespeare Season
at
The Old Vic, 1958-59
and
Stratford-upon-Avon, 1959*

M. ST. CLARE BYRNE

HAVING completed its "Folio-in-five-years" plan, the Old Vic took a holiday from Shakespeare, presenting only *Julius Caesar* and *Macbeth*. Among its eight productions, however, were three once-in-a-lifetime opportunities—the Dryden-Davenant adaptation of *The Tempest or the Enchanted Island*, Schiller's *Maria Stuart* in a new translation by Stephen Spender, and *The Cenci*, first staged in 1922, which has not been seen in the London theater since its 1926 revival with Sybil Thorndike as Beatrice.

In the context of *Shakespeare Quarterly* I need not apologize for prefacing these notes on the Shakespearian productions by commenting on Barbara Jefford's brilliant performance as Beatrice Cenci—noble and passionate in conception, most beautifully and sensitively spoken, with all the intensity of feeling and the warmth, animation and expressiveness of countenance and the vocal range of which one knew her to be possessed, but which her 1957 Shakespearian performances lacked, technically accomplished though these were. In Beatrice Cenci, however—which one might be forgiven for describing as an almost impossible part in a bad play—she informed the character with a richness and depth that was extraordinarily moving, and made even such a passage as the longish narrative description of the place where Cenci is to be ambushed so dramatically effective that it riveted the attention of the house. She was like a being possessed by the very spirit of Shelley, nor have I ever seen her look more radiantly lovely. *The Times* considered she brought off "the marvellous Shelleyan-Shakespearian ending to perfection", and Philip Hope Wallace in *Time and Tide* wrote that "one now hopes to see her sailing clear out into the top flight of classical players."

* EDITOR'S NOTE. Limitations of space have made it necessary to cut down Miss Byrne's complete review. It seemed best to omit the notices of the two Roman plays, as she found the Old Vic's *Julius Caesar* "not a memorable production" and considered that the particular performance of Stratford's *Coriolanus* which she saw was clearly not representative of its real level of attainment. Her notice of *King Lear* will be deferred until the next number to enable her to see a later performance as well as the first night.

The relevance of this tribute lies in Miss Jefford's own tentative explanation of this increase and release of power. She spoke with real feeling of the refreshment of spirit, the encouragement, the re-invigoration of confidence, so vital to the actor, that had come to her and her fellows from the reception given to the Old Vic tour of 1958 by their American audiences. To be accepted and liked quite simply for what one was and could give, as in a new play, had been a revivifying experience. Here, the shadow of former greatness and the consciousness that one's performance is always measured against those of the finest actresses of our stage from Ellen Terry onwards, by audiences who have seen almost every production of a play and like or approve always by comparison and with qualifications, overwhelm the performer with the feeling of her own inadequacy in our classic roles. It is easy to forget how daunting to young endeavor this accumulated wealth of experience can be.

Macbeth (17 December 1958: producer, Douglas Seale; décor and costumes, Desmond Heeley) bore little resemblance, when I saw it, to the play described in the first-night notices. Michael Hordern, I am told, is a nervous first-night performer. But neither Mr. Hordern nor Beatrix Lehmann, his Lady Macbeth, is young or inexperienced, and I felt that the tone of the notices had been determined in advance by a general idea, voiced in *The Telegraph* in so many words, that the parts lay "outside the range of their personalities". Mr. Hordern's brilliant comedy work in Shakespeare, and Miss Lehmann's tremendous performance in *The Waltz of the Toreadors* might help to account for such an attitude, especially in those who are too young to remember her unforgettable Lavinia in *Mourning becomes Electra*, which in 1937 made me wish I could one day see her as Lady Macbeth. But Miss Lehmann is "typed" as "modern", and she and Mr. Hordern, both expert in the dissection of pomposity, are regarded as mockers of pretension, from which it must follow, apparently, that the tragic and heroic classical parts are not for them. In the twenties it was impossible to get modern work once you had been typed "Shakespearian"; and in these angry young days, when dislike is the safe line for those who are not sure enough of their own judgment to risk enthusiasm, we are suffering, in notices, from a great deal of this half-baked nonsense.

In the present instance the honorable exceptions were J. C. Trewin and the critic of *The Stage*; and Angus Wilson paid tribute to Miss Lehmann's "superb performance", though he thought it was buried in a sorry whole, ragged, noisy and incoherent. *The Star* provided the useful hint that Mr. Hordern started badly, lost the house at the opening, but by the end had got his man and given a memorable performance. Together with Mr. Trewin's comments upon the "fitful" nature of his inspiration, which when fine was indeed very fine, and his description of the passion of his "cornered wolf" ending, everything pointed, as I am always reiterating, to the mistake of first-night notices for these Shakespearian productions. There was considerable insistence upon the melodramatic, lurid, bloodthirsty and murderous impression given by the production, largely due to the note of the opening where the witches crouched beneath a corpse-hung gibbet, and the extreme realism of the bloody wounds of the sergeant, and later of the murders of Banquo and Lady Macduff and her children. An enormous, sinister-looking portcullis, stretching right across the front of the stage, which was lifted for the opening of the play, and was cranked up by the

Porter to admit Macduff and Lennox after the murder of Duncan, also seems to have irritated some of the critics, though personally I thought it helped to create the necessary atmosphere of war, evil and treachery, which is too often left to look after itself as best it can.

The popular press certainly did nothing by its notices to encourage people to go to *Macbeth*. Nevertheless, they went. For the first time since the War the house was sold out every night for a week, and it proved one of the most successful plays of the season. What these normal audiences saw, therefore, must have been very much what I saw, though I am told that by the end of the run Mr. Hordern was giving such a magnificent performance that upon one occasion at least he affected his fellow actors in the banquet scene almost in the way Kean did in his mad scene as Sir Giles Overreach—with this difference, that whereas early nineteenth-century sensibility fainted or wept, the twentieth century very nearly dried-up, struck dumb by the reality of Macbeth's madness at the sight of Banquo's ghost! And it may be noted that Mr. Hesketh Pearson, biographer of Shaw, Tree and Gilbert, known to several generations as an inveterate theater lover, and himself an actor for twenty years, in a letter of protest to *The Observer* claimed that, having seen all our notable Macbeths from Beerbohm Tree to Godfrey Tearle, he had found Mr. Hordern's "the most intelligent and imaginative portrayal" he had seen and the only fully satisfying interpretation, as none, previously, had bridged the gap between the poet and the warrior. With which judgment I am in substantial agreement, save for the proviso that John Gielgud's first Macbeth at the Old Vic in 1930 will always, for me, remain in a class apart, largely because it too bridged that gap. This allowed, Mr. Hordern and Miss Lehmann gave the best *paired* performance I have seen—imaginative, tremendously vital, swift in action, clear-cut and revealing, and above all faithful to the text, keeping the balance between the two parts that the author intended.

One critic complained that they brought nothing "new" to the parts. Is there anything new to bring—the novelty or producer's gimmick excepted—unless, indeed, we allow that the fullness of their textual orthodoxy, this straight, balanced interpretation is so rare as to seem new? One thing which should have drawn appreciative comment may not have been apparent on the first night; but in their later performances Lady Macbeth's power to influence her husband in the scenes leading up to the murder was manifestly due not simply to the ascendancy of her realistic, unimaginative and forceful mind but also to her desirability and attraction for him as a woman. This reciprocal intensity of passion gave unusual effectiveness to her taunts and goading, and fired these scenes with an extra excitement and tension.

Their handling of the turn of the play, after the frenzied horror of the banquet scene and the dismissal of the guests, also calls for special praise, and the line of the production here was as true and unfaltering as the characterization. The desolation, the emptiness, the lowest ebb of purpose in this crucial scene at the death-hour of night when the vitality of the world seems to go out with the tide, was superbly conveyed. The pause in the middle of the line

The secret'st man of blood.// What is the night?

and the flat weariness of her reply,

Almost at odds with morning, which is which, //
together with the break in the thought and the pause before Macbeth's

How sayest thou that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

were all absolutely right. Her echo, here, of the despairing, "Naught's had, all's spent", prepared us completely for the pity and terror of the broken mind and spirit of the sleep-walking scene. And just as the flattened rhythm of her lines was used by the actress to show how the very quality of life had been drained out of her, so the fierce resurgence of vigor in Macbeth's last two speeches was used by the actor to make us conscious that the floodtide of evil has begun to flow again, but for him alone. There is nothing that producers and actors cannot do to this vital scene, from cutting it in its entirety, to eviscerating it of everything save the Macduff pointer, or even terminating it with a hand-in-hand regal exit up center. This time we really were shown what the author meant. The gorgeous poetry and the sheer pace and excitement which have sustained us are over, and we meet the full horror of his crimes in their naked, repulsive truth as Macbeth the murderer drives his knife savagely into the table where it sticks, quivering, as the scene ends.

In Michael MacOwan's 1946 Jacobean *Macbeth* at Stratford, Douglas Seale as the Doctor must have recognized the sinister effectiveness of the thread of "malice domestic", the "daggers in men's smiles" and the atmosphere of treason and treachery summed up in Macbeth's boast, "There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd", which the director had firmly woven into the very texture of his production, and upon which Mr. Seale laid similar stress. It was brought, so it seemed, to a quite unexpected and brilliantly theatrical climax in the murder of Lady Macduff and her children, which was set not in the usual nondescript small room but in a large upper apartment of what was obviously a castle, with numbers of armed men standing around in casual attitudes in the arched door and window embrasures upstage. The anxiety and the furtive aside of the Messenger's warning added to the tension after Ross's departure; and then the murderers appeared, coming slowly up the steps from the blackness of the orchestra pit, darkly silhouetted against the brightness of the room, Seyton first, slightly in advance of the other two. He paused, took in the scene, signalled with a sharp click of his fingers, and in a moment all the men at arms had silently melted away, leaving Lady Macduff alone with the children. It was a perfect stage realization of treachery within and the house betrayed by the workings of the "servant fee'd"—quite brilliant and quite horrible. Or so I thought, until I saw one critic describing the place as "seething with Macbeth's soldiers", and so, by enquiry, discovered that they were indeed meant to be Macbeth's men who had already seized the castle—"the Castle of Macduff I will surprise". I am still slightly staggered by my complete misapprehension, the more so as my companion, who had also seen the 1946 production, was equally misled. I saw nothing in the behaviour of Ross or the Macduff family to suggest that the latter were already prisoners, nor did I "see" that the Messenger had become a jailor bringing them food. It still seems to me to make nonsense of the scene as written. If Lady Macduff was already the prisoner of these armed men, how could she fly? But the presence of her husband's

men, and then their behavior, lent grim meaning to the idea of the "servant fee'd", as well as the logic of false security to her failure to act on the warning.

The implication of such a misunderstanding is disturbing. Had I been equally misled as to the line I thought I had discerned, which did, in fact, take us from the "servant fee'd" and Seyton back to Seyton as third Murderer and Seyton as Macbeth's servant in II. i—a performance in which Edward Hardwicke gave an excellent rendering of the quiet, deadly efficiency of the passionless and ruthless instrument of tyranny and distatorship? It made me question more closely some of the effects which had been disliked. Was that gibbet really necessary, seeing that the essential effect required by the text was met by the vanishing of the witches, who simply merged into their rocky background? Was the realism of the wounded sergeant overdone, remembering that the first real and appalling shock of the sight of blood should come when Lady Macbeth and the audience see Macbeth's "hangman's hands" after the murder of Duncan—the line which leads straight through to the sleep-walking scene? Perhaps there was more excuse than I realized for some of the first-night complaints about the melodramatic tone of the production and its incoherence, if the two leading players, and, above all, Macbeth, had not yet seized the play, as they had certainly done when I saw them carrying it triumphantly so that the production was consequently calling less attention to itself.

The Enchanted Island (9 June 1959: producer, Douglas Seale; costumes and scenery, Finlay James; choreography, Peter Wright), presented in association with The Arts Council of Great Britain, was a contribution to the Tercentenary celebrations in honor of the birth of Henry Purcell. The text was edited by George Rylands, and the program led us to believe that the music, arranged and conducted by John Lambert, would be the complete score, including also some of the instrumental music written by Matthew Lock for the 1674 Shadwell production to fill up Purcell's gaps in the earlier parts of the play. Unfortunately, seeing Purcell was the real hero of the occasion, and that the musical as well as the dramatic critics turned up in force, the original intention of giving the complete score was abandoned; and musical cuts were made, in some parts upon such a scale as to provoke from J. F. Waterhouse of *The Birmingham Post* the accusation that the score had been "butchered". The program drew attention to the "great masque of Neptune at the end of the play" as one of its "two big musical moments", and commented particularly upon "the dramatic contrast between the three Neptune arias", so that it was surely ill-advised—to take only this one example—to cut out what amounted to one and a half of these same arias.

With this reservation, however, much credit is due to what was a very ambitious undertaking for the Old Vic, involving some 70 performers, including an orchestra of 16 with a chorus accommodated in the same pit, 16 singers and 12 dancers. Not the least of the difficulties was the general shortage of singers, occasioned by the combined Handel-Purcell celebrations then in full swing everywhere; nor is it easy to collect singers who are also adequate as actors, and with a solitary exception the "vocal strength", as the nineteenth century liked to call it, had to be imported. The Old Vic was fortunate, therefore, in having in Charles West, one of its own actors of several years' standing, a trained singer with stage experience and a fine stage presence, whose Neptune won from

John Amis, *The Scotsman's* music critic, the tribute that this was "the only performance to carry conviction and make the music sound more than pleasantly tuneful", having "enough projection to put over Purcell's music in the proper manner". There was a clever bit of visual deception, whereby Ariel was prettily acted by Jeanette Sterke and the songs very sweetly sung by Mary Thomas, who had a theatrical double to her credit as a majestic Amphitrite in the final masque. Juliet Cooke—not a professional singer—gave Dorinda's exquisite lament for the supposedly-dead Hippolito with great simplicity and charm.

I was much taken by the announcement "First time at the Old Vic for 115 years". The playbill for 13 May 1844 was reproduced in the program. I collected a Nahum Tate *King Lear* some time ago, but this revival was my first experience of a Restoration "musical"; and though it would appear that the production was a trifle ragged on the first night, by the time I saw a performance it had come together as a spirited and pleasing entertainment of more than merely antiquarian interest. It is not easy, on a modern stage, to rival the spectacular effects achieved with the machinery of the Restoration theater, nor would it have been judicious or practicable to attempt a similar quantitative display of elaborate and beautiful scenery. But if we missed the actual sinking of the ship, to accompanying "showers of fire", we had a charming drop of the Rowe frontispiece shipwreck; and the opening, with the tossing of the vessel well-mimed by the performers to the wind and thunder and Lock's remarkable storm "Programme Music", started the whole thing off in the right theatrical key with sufficient style and surprise. A concluding "all vanish" effect was followed by the contrasting calm of the quiet, cheerfully-dawning day, bringing up blues and bronzy-greens and revealing a curving sky and a view of the sea. We were back in the dear lost world of wings, ground rows and borders—gnarled-tree wings, jagged, weedhung rocks, outsize conches flourishing their baroque whorls right, left and center, cloud-borders opulently curvacious. The gentlemen of the shipwrecked party were good Restoration, in reds, blacks and plum-colors: the bronze-red Devils had the right Restoration-Indian theatrical touch; there was a delicious cloud-rack transparency; and all in all, with the dances of the Two Spirits and the Four Winds and the Tritons and the Nereids and the Devils, by the time we came to the final grand masque with Neptune and Amphitrite elegantly elevated in a very correct shell-equipage, properly garnished with clouds, I felt we had had a good glimpse of Restoration "theatre" in action. I also felt that the somewhat condescending tone of certain criticisms of this ingeniously mounted and very handsomely costumed display reflected an academic acquaintance with surviving stage-designs, in all their engraved perfection, rather than a genuinely theatrical appreciation of what they must have looked like when translated into stage actuality.

The Memorial Theatre, as an institution, is now 80 years old, but this is Stratford's hundredth season, as from 1910 to 1932 there were two each year. The centenary is being celebrated by a star-led company—Dame Edith Evans, Sir Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, Paul Robeson and Sam Wanamaker, supported by a strong contingent of leading actors including Harry Andrews, Angela Baddeley, Cyril Luckham, Anthony Nicholls, and among younger players of note Robert Hardy, Albert Finney, Ian Holm, and a bright particular

star, new risen upon the theatrical horizon, the young Australian actress, Zoe Caldwell, who attracted the attention of those with an eye for talent last year.

The production honors of the season go to the reverend seniors—not to youth—to those past-masters in the art, Tyrone Guthrie and Glen Byam Shaw, who are responsible for two of the most difficult plays in the canon, *All's Well* and *King Lear*. I do not think I have ever been more impressed by the authority, the authenticity and the assurance of their work as Shakespearian directors. Each is completely individual in his approach, but they have in common the essentials that one would like to see more widely and quickly recognized by all young aspirants. The first of these is the application of more fundamental brain-work to the study of the text, which is so evident throughout both productions. The second is the genuine exercise of the imagination—as distinct from mere inventiveness; and the third is, the underlying conviction, acknowledged by them both—in spite of what academic and professional criticism has frequently refused to recognize in Guthrie—that the author knew what he, as a playwright, was doing and knew, in his own time, how to do it, so that if a scene, a passage, or even a joke fails to get across to the modern audience, it is their business to try to find out how to translate into comprehensible terms its intention and significance. Intellectual comprehension of overall dramatic statement, plus intuitive, inspirational and theatrically imaginative interpretation, makes the foundation upon which they build; and the resultant assurance of the production, derives from this awareness of the shape and movement of the play, its line and sweep. They create a coherent world in which the characters, situations and values convincingly exist, and into which, as a first condition of convincing its audience, the actors can be caught up, to belong and live.

Othello (17 April: producer, Tony Richardson, designer Loudon Sainthill) had a mixed reception, the first-night audience being clearly enthusiastic, the critics captious. What I saw in the fifteenth week was probably a better performance—as good, perhaps, as the production will elicit. Harold Hobson (*Sunday Times*) considered that Paul Robeson and Mary Ure, in the leading parts, were “obliterated by the director’s fantasies”. W. A. Darlington (*Daily Telegraph*) praised its “speed and liveliness”, but, like most people, disliked the lighting and asked, “Why does Mr. Richardson condemn Cyprus to perpetual night?” *The Times* condemned its “tricks”, and considered that, just as in 1930 at the Savoy Paul Robeson was handicapped by “a freakish production and a grotesquely maimed text”, so now “he is sadly handicapped by an over-clever production”.

Othello had some fine and memorable things in it, but it was not a good production. It had far too many gimmicks, and the case against gimmicks is that they too often represent lost opportunities and also induce flippancy. When large dogs were led on for Brabantio’s pursuit of Othello in the opening scene I was reminded of our local P.C. taking the Station Alsatian for the evening walk; and, remembering what a draw canine and equine and even leonine performers were in the earlier part of last century, leapt to the conclusion that we must be going to have real dogs for the *Dream*, which had been hired for the season, so that it would be a good thing to get as much use out of them as possible! Mr. Richardson is too young to have heard that “Nobody Ordered Wolves”, but producers ignore the birdwitted reactions of audiences at their

peril. The complaint, like the dogs, may be frivolous; but inventions which detract from actors' opportunities are another matter. Unlike the wolves, lighting, that to me in the fourth row of the stalls was inadequate and therefore theatrically unimaginative, had definitely been ordered, as it was still inadequate in the fifteenth week. Darkness, specified by a dramatist who could not command it, is legitimately used by modern producers and becomes tremendously dramatic and effective when pierced by cunningly calculated shafts and pools of light which catch faces and vital movement; but when an audience that does not know a play by heart cannot *see*, a high percentage cannot *hear*; and the actor is blamed. "That's villainous". (The classic example was the fog scene in Cochran's 1923 *Anna Christie* production.) But though Cyprus was still wrapped in swirling clouds of what looked like smoke but was presumably storm for Desdemona's arrival, I can vouch for it that another "effect" which irritated the first-night critics had been eliminated. The Duke was still paralyzed from the waist down and had to be picked up and carried off the stage at the end of the scene in the Signory; but he had been cured of his asthma, so that Ian Holm could speak his lines with the dignity and power which they and the scene demand. If there was anything beyond gimmickry in this exit I missed the point. It distracted the attention from Othello, which again was villainous; nor could I understand why Othello was not better placed for his great speech to the senators—unless, of course, it is now "ham" to use stage-center for significant and magnificent passages of Shakespearian verse.

There are times when I almost wish that modern producers had never heard of the Elizabethan upper stage. The last act of *Othello* was one of these times. There is always a case for balconies and windows which re-create the facilities provided by the permanent structure of the tiring-house façade: the appearance of Brabantio and his household at upper windows when woken by Roderigo's alarm was a good example of the wise use of this upper level. But the bedroom for the murder of Desdemona, set aloft on high arches and angled across two-thirds of the right side of the stage, with which it was connected by a half-concealed turret stairway, far from being called for by the text made nonsense of parts of it, necessitated cuts, and was altogether an unhappy piece of designer's ingenuity, apparently deriving from the angled upstairs bedroom of Rodney Ackland's *Dead Secret* (1957) and the similarly placed and angled study in *Five Finger Exercise* (1958-59), both of which are called for by the texts. The large bed appears to the audience to come perilously near to the unguarded edge of this open platform, so that we are in constant anxiety lest someone should fall off it; and behind the bed there is only what one critic described as "a narrow shelf", upon which much of the most important action of this part of the play takes place. It leaves no room whatever for easy or vigorous movement, and it makes absolute nonsense of Lodovico's line, "Look on the tragic loading of this bed", addressed to those assembled on the stage level below, who, even if they were able to see, would be looking at the scene through "the fourth wall" which must suddenly cease to exist, although when Othello murders his wife it has been one of the walls of a locked room.

Mr. Robeson's Othello had a dignity, an ease and an authority that was not present in the Savoy production, together with the touching simplicity that originally made the reunion with Desdemona at Cyprus so moving. This scene

could have been equally moving at Stratford, but for the distractions of fog and effects, and the lack of a reciprocal performance from Desdemona. This lack of positive spark in their scenes together took something of the edge off Othello's power in the scenes of his abandonment to the primitive, overwhelming, savage passion to which the first onset of his jealousy goads him. Good, indeed very good, one felt, wishing one could be more moved, and realizing this was impossible without a better Desdemona. Miscasting on this scale is disastrous, and Mary Ure has neither the general nor the specific acting experience nor the vocal range and beauty of speech for this difficult Shakespearian role. The chance has come to her about five years too soon. At present she cannot speak the verse, and there is none of that frank, fearless and unselfconscious, simple, aristocratic dignity, nothing of the quality that so finely matches Othello's and so helps to doom them both, which is essential for the positive, ardent, vital creature who can defy public opinion and her father's wrath by secretly wedding the Moor. One hoped great things from her enchanting debut in Anouilh's *Time Remembered* in 1954, but at present her voice is flat and toneless and her acting seems almost entirely devoid of feeling.

One of the most striking passages in the whole production was the opening of the second half of the play when Iago began the poisoning of Othello's mind. I do not think I have ever known this scene more quietly, naturally and credibly presented. The concerted playing of Mr. Robeson and of Sam Wanamaker as Iago was perfect in its timing; and the speed of the attack and the conviction carried by the first temptation undermined in me completely a personal resistance which, with some performances, can build up into fundamental disbelief in the whole story, and I have never found it so extraordinarily gripping. The candid mind, the serenity of spirit, the confidence in life, in his fellows, and in his Desdemona and himself have never impressed me more than in those first few moments as played by Mr. Robeson—those moments of "content so absolute" that his simplicity of heart has never known before.

I thought highly of Mr. Wanamaker's conception of Iago's character. He was the *honest* Iago upon which the text insists. Without such another devil to insinuate doubt of him, Othello could no more have doubted this Iago's faith and integrity than he would have doubted Desdemona's without Iago's prompting. What I found less good was the monotony of his delivery. In passage after passage each word was bitten off and spat out with a detached and equal emphasis that became extraordinarily irritating when every preposition was ranked with nouns and verbs for value. I wondered whether this unhappy trick had grown upon the actor unawares as a result of its undoubted rightness in his "Put money in thy purse" speech, where it was extremely effective.

Angela Baddeley's Emilia gave lift and vitality to the performance whenever she appeared, and in the last scene her four times reiterated "My husband?" mounted finely from incredulity to real tragic horror. Zoe Caldwell (Bianca) made every word of a small part tell. Like the three principals and Emilia, Albert Finney (Cassio) and Peter Woodthorpe (Roderigo) could have made more of the parts the author intended them to have. Apart from transpositions of the text in the last act, caused by that villainous upper scene, the cutting throughout was shocking, and very confusing to anyone reasonably well acquainted with the play. Except in America, with our Margaret Webster, Mr.

Robeson has had bad luck with his producers. *Othello* is no play for the Shakespearean novice, and from what I hear from those who saw the American production his *Othello* now is like the ghost of that former greatness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (2 June: producer, Peter Hall; scenery and costumes, Lila de Nobili). Various theories have been advanced to account for the style of this production, which suggests that it is not one of those happy inspirations "whose truth convinc'd at sight we find". One critic saw it as "a complete break with modern tradition and an attempt to get back to something like the Elizabethan original", as if performed in honor of a wedding at a great country house. Another opined that it was presented "as it might have been played by well-meaning amateurs" at such a wedding. There is nothing new, no break with tradition, in the idea that the occasion is a noble wedding in a great house, and it has frequently been played in this manner at Stratford. Possibly Mr. Hall wanted to show us what the lovers were like when the girls were played by boys, and so encouraged his actors to galumph, not unattractively but absurdly and coltishly, through their woodland confusions, and through the verse. If so, he ought to see more of what boys today really accomplish in these and the other female parts written for them, and think again. The 1952 Harrow School production had a delicious, fluttering creature who remains almost my favorite Helena, though I have been immensely taken, in recent years, with Diana Wynyard (1949) and Coral Browne (1958), to mention only two of our leading ladies who have presented her in the spirit of true comedy. Whatever Mr. Hall's intentions, the lovers and their part in the play were the most disappointing I have seen for a long time. Young and very silly they may be, but they have some lovely "early Shakespeare" to speak, and we should not be deprived of this pleasure by another production gimmick. These hobbledheys and hoydens are out of place in the concluding court scene; and the clumsiness and clowning in their behavior takes away from the discreet and well controlled fun of the mechanicals, which is played down rather more than it need be, especially with such a seasoned team, led by Charles Laughton (Bottom), Cyril Luckham (Quince) and Donald Eccles (Starveling), supported most obscenely and courageously by Peter Woodthorpe (Flute), Michael Blakemore (Snout) and Julian Glover (Snug). One of their best moments occurs when Thisbe's cloak, required by Lion for the ritual mauling, remains obstinately attached to her person. Messrs. Woodthorpe and Glover, playing it with all the conviction of a genuine stage mishap, occurring for the first time that night, make it extraordinarily funny. We could have done with a little more both of the play and the Bergomask. As for the lovers, through that enchanted woodland the music of their fanciful protestations and everlasting vows, no sooner made than broke, with their bickerings and rivalries and the squaring of the males and the jealousies and dismays of the maidens, should echo as conceitedly and delicately as the melody of youth itself—the stuff that will not endure, and yet . . . and yet . . . "forever wilt thou love and she be fair." They are neither real nor unreal, but simply ideal; so why rob audiences, in which many may be hearing it for the first time, of this idyllic verbal music?

Bottom, of course, is growing Lear's beard. It would not be impossible (at its present stage!) to justify the speech in which he relishes the idea of the disguise-beards for playing Pyramus by adding a super-theatrical specimen to his own

"on the night". But it makes nonsense of his surprise at finding himself "marvellous hairy about the face" when the ass-head is only represented by a pair of excellent ass's ears—an excellent innovation, as it enables Mr. Laughton to use his own humorous and engagingly expressive countenance to real advantage in the fairy scenes, which he plays with very great charm. For once, surely, the cutting of a famous line would be in order? What I did not care for was his treatment of the awakening from his dream. It had a touch of the slyly suggestive which evokes a laugh but not the laugh asked for by the text—a little snicker and a hunch of the shoulders that spoke volumes, but the wrong ones. The words and his behavior make him an unresponsive ass to the ethereal wooing of the Queen of Elfland: there is an ineffably obtuse innocence about Bottom, his dream and his expounding thereof—a round-eyed wonder which Mr. Laughton's artistry could have caught to perfection, and therein lies its real humor.

As the photograph shows, the permanent set consists of a small balcony from which a stairway leads down on either side. Underneath, a curtained-off recess, reminiscent of the Elizabethan theater's inner stage, serves well for Titania's bower. I failed to follow the intention and scenic logic of the structure. The handsomely balustraded upper halves, which might have graced a nobleman's hall, are finished off at the turn by theatrical rostrums and four steps, which even at the Bankside theaters would certainly have been masked-in for anything save a rehearsal. Similarly, the rushes might betoken "the presence strewed" or the stage of the Globe. When the wood near Athens is required, walls melt away, and in and through transparencies shadowy trees glow and glimmer, and bushes in pots and branches are brought on by the actors themselves to add a little more boskage. As a set it is simple and workable, but it diminishes the amount of useful depth and space which the Stratford stage can provide, which in this play can be so helpful for the suggestion of woodland paths and vistas and groves in which fairies can lurk. It is a tolerable wood, as woods go, but there is no enchantment about it, and the acting area is too small.

The fairies, however, were enchanting to look at, being given not, indeed, the full Inigo Jones treatment but something sufficiently similar and Jacobethan to fit in with the general style of the mortals' costuming, turning Oberon into a creditable Knight Masquer and Titania and the First Fairy and the dear little elderly fairy (Mavis Edwards) into ladies in court masquing attire. But why, oh why, the basic incongruity—or, bluntly, another inexplicable lapse of taste—which condemns these delicate creatures, wearing the most beautifully formal and elaborate costumes in the production, to appear bare-legged and bare-footed? Puck, the urchin, if you like, and Peaseblossom and Company, but not the fairy aristocracy, with their ruffs and jewels and wheel farthingales, who deserve their buskins and roses for their shoes.

Some of the fairy "business" was delightful. After putting the girdle round the earth in forty minutes Puck pops up through the down-stage trap, slightly puffed and dishevelled but triumphant; and I was as delighted by the neat inventiveness of the kidnapping of Titania's little sentinel as were those members of the audience whom James Agate once described as "rapt, englamoured tots". With a miniature morion perched on his head and armed with a spear he did Palace guard-duty in front of the Fairy Queen's bower. From above,

unseen, Oberon and Puck, with two full-size attendants, looked down. At a signal from Oberon the kidnappers dropped lightly and in perfect unison to the ground, seized him, turned him upside down, presented him feet first to Oberon and Puck who hauled him up to the balcony in one quick movement, and carried him off into the forest. When he eventually returned to the scene, looking slightly the worse for wear, he too emerged from the trap.

The honors for really beautiful speaking went to Anthony Nicholls as Theseus—the first Theseus I have heard for some years who gave “the lunatic, the lover and the poet” magnificently, instead of throwing it away; to Robert Hardy as Oberon, Ian Holm as Puck and Zoe Caldwell as the First Fairy. The loutish lovers did as they were told, and their lovely lines mostly went for nothing even if they were not deliberately mocked, though Albert Finney (Lysander) and Edward de Souza (Demetrius) were able to make it clear in other productions that they were both capable of good and pleasing delivery. Mary Ure was a delicately lovely Titania. This part was her happiest casting this season and in it her speaking of the verse was at its most satisfactory. The lack of feeling which was fatal to her Desdemona was a positive fairy asset. But there were too many cuts in a play which, allowing for the “business” of Pyramus and Thisbe but not for any dances, etc., or an interval, can be acted in the two hours’ traffic of the stage.

All's Well that Ends Well (21 April: producer, Tyrone Guthrie; scenery and costumes, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). It is ironical to reflect that this so-called “bitter comedy”, one of the least liked and least known of the plays, has now been introduced to a mass-audience, who have possibly never heard of it and almost certainly never read it, as a play written to delight and entertain in a theater. Many thousands of these lucky people now start off with the right idea, like Bankside audiences who recognized that a play was a play and did not confuse it with the sermon at Paul’s. They are not a coterie audience for plays unpleasant, any more than Shakespeare’s audience was; they are unlikely to go looking for trouble among such bedevilmments as collaborators, revisers, transcribers and textual layers; and would be at a loss to understand why we should be told that its “problems” still await solution. Some of them may even agree with Bernard Shaw, who spoke of it as one of the plays “rooted in my deeper affections”; and would be genuinely puzzled to be told that the substituted-bedfellow trick is “disgusting” and “degrading” and that not to be “nauseated” by it is tantamount to a confession that one is dead to all finer feeling. Having got the idea of dramatic stock devices—mistaken identity, the dead restored to life and similar tricks—they do not confuse the substituted bedfellow business with Elizabethan or modern morals, but recognize at sight the myth or fairy-tale solution-by-stratagem of the accomplishment of the impossible task. And the whirligig of time brings in its final revenge when we realize that the producer’s standard of textual fidelity is considerably higher than Quiller-Couch’s, who criticized “the inept business of Parolles” as “about the inane of all Shakespeare’s inventions”, and considered it could be “cut out of the story, like a wen, without the smallest detriment to the remaining tissue”, while “out with Parolles might well go Lafeu”.

Today’s audiences are less prickly and self-conscious about husband-hunting than their grandparents, who were born into the Ibsenite era of the “new



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon: *All's Well That Ends Well*; the opening scene. Lafeu (Anthony Nicholls), Rinaldo (Donald Eccles), Bertram (Edward de Souza), Countess of Rousillon (Edith Evans), Helena (Zoe Caldwell). (Photo by Angus McBean)



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon: *All's Well*; Helena (Zoe Caldwell) dances with the King of France (Robert Hardy). (Photo by Angus McBean)



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon: *All's Well*. L. to R., Dumain (Michael Blakemore), Bertram (Edward de Souza), Longaville (Paul Hardwick), Parolles (Cyril Luckham), Soldier (Peter Woodthorpe—with beer bottle). (Photo by Angus McBean)



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon: *All's Well*; final scene. (Photo by Angus McBean)



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
The play scene, with Charles Laughton as Bottom. (Photo by Angus McBean)



The Old Vic: *Macbeth*, with Michael Hordern as Macbeth and Beatrix Lehmann as Lady
Macbeth. (Photo by Angus McBean)



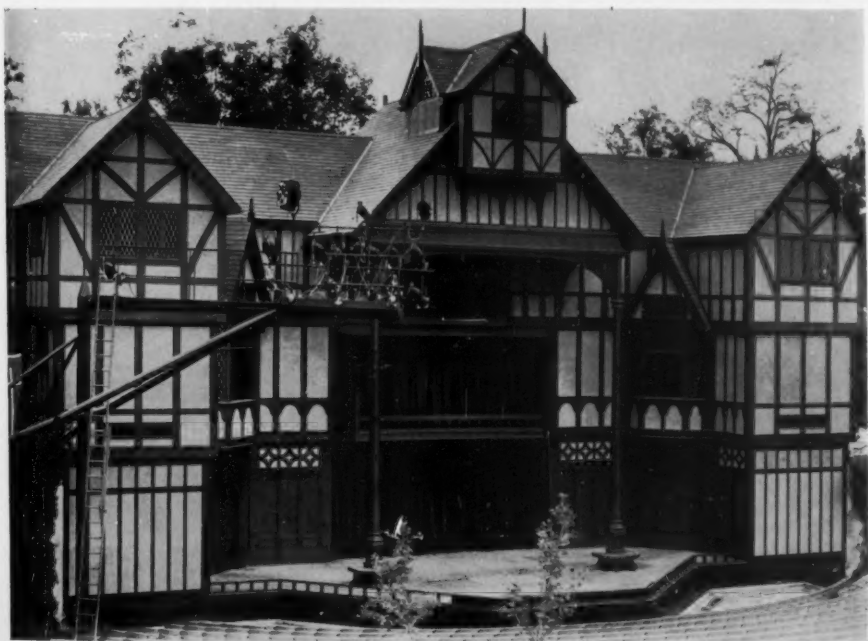
Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, New York (opened at Cambridge (Mass.) Drama Festival): *Much Ado About Nothing*, with John Gielgud as Benedick and Margaret Leighton as Beatrice.



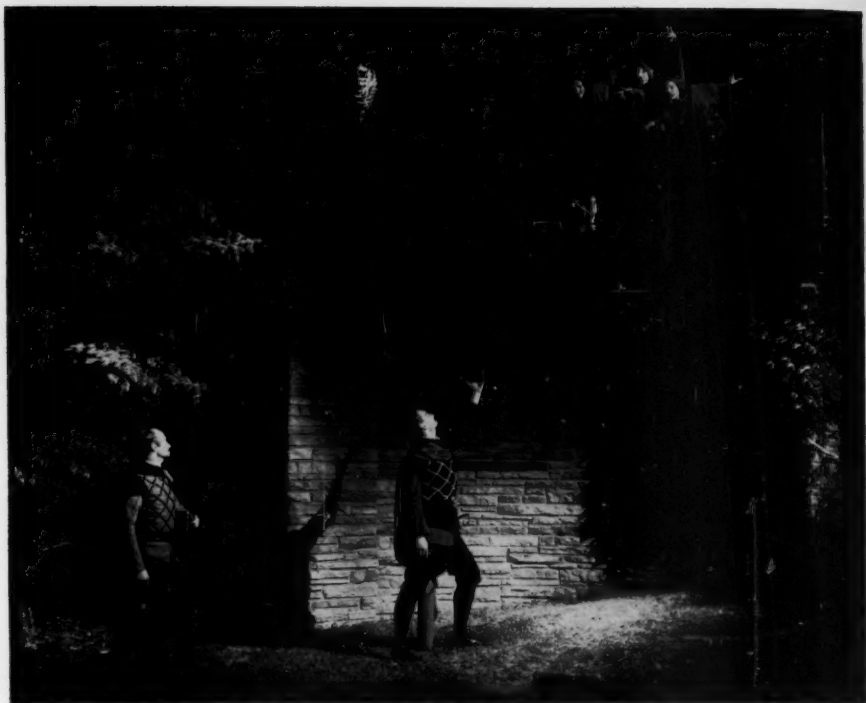
American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Connecticut: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mistress Quickly (Sada Thompson) and Falstaff (Larry Gates). (Photo by Friedman-Abeles)



American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Connecticut: *Romeo and Juliet*; the ball scene. Romeo (Richard Easton); Juliet (Inga Swenson).



Oregon Shakespearean Festival, Ashland, Oregon. The New Theatre. (Photo by Dwaine Smith)



Colorado Shakespeare Festival, University of Colorado, Boulder: *Macbeth*. Banquo (George Wall) and Macbeth (Robert Benson). Witches above, left to right, Lynn Brown, Eleanor Harper, Marianne Fearn. J. H. Crouch, director; costumes by Inge Schmidt.



Colorado Shakespeare Festival, University of Colorado, Boulder: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Howard M. Banks, director; costumes by Inge Schmidt. The play scene.



Cambridge Drama Festival, Cambridge, Massachusetts: *Macbeth*. Macbeth (Jason Robards, Jr.) and Lady Macbeth (Siobhan McKenna). (Photo by Daniel Williams)



Phoenix Shakespeare Festival, Phoenix, Arizona: *King Lear*, presented by the University of Arizona. (Photo by Bob Davy)



Phoenix Shakespeare Festival, Phoenix, Arizona: *As You Like It*, presented by Arizona State University. (Photo by Bob Davy)



The Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, London. The open curtainless stage, with Sean Kenny's set for *Lock Up Your Daughters*. (Photo by Fox)



Puddle Wharf in 1616 from Visscher's View of London. The tall waterside building to the extreme right has been identified by Dr. Hotson as the brew house of Elias James. The Wharf is beside it to the left.



Bernard Miles and the new theater at Puddle Dock from Blackfriars bridge. Below the dome of St. Paul's is the Faraday (telephone) Building, and to the left the tower of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe. (Photo by Michael Boys)

woman" and met the first shock of Shaw's views on the womanly woman and the huntress-woman of *Man and Superman*. For the sixteenth-century categorical imperative that a woman *must* marry they may substitute the belief that she needs and wants a husband, but there is no divergence between what both ages accept as normal, and so nothing to offend the nicest morality of either when Helena, the orphan, with only her wits to help her and the approval and support of his mother, sets out to win the man she loves. Not only can they regard the play as a play: they can take its Elizabethan angle. A heroine who *acts* to get herself a husband is no more inherently unsympathetic to them than she was to an Elizabethan audience. They may not rate Helena as highly as Coleridge did, who regarded her as Shakespeare's "loveliest creation", attracted, so Dowden conjectured, by "the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will*", and by "her prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed*"; but having met her for the first time in the theater they do not dismiss her with the fatuous complaint that she is too "efficient" to be loveable. What they probably realize, aided by the clever casting of Diana, is that she is not obviously Bertram's physical type and that what he wants, when we meet him, is "a man's life", not matrimony. Wardship and the unpleasant Elizabethan reality of that iniquitous institution, the Court of Wards, may be concepts outside the scope of the average playgoer, but what the neo-Elizabethans see as clearly as the Elizabethans, which enables them to take Helena as a genuinely acceptable personality and to have at least an understanding of Bertram, is the fact that this is a play about a heroine of unusually strong character and intelligence, with that capacity for loving (in the adult sense) that Shakespeare admires in women, who is in love not with a hero but with a handsome, aristocratic, spirited, young woodenhead—a very young and very ordinary young man. And this is an ordinary twentieth-century situation.

The truth is, literary criticism has been singularly unresponsive to the dramatic values of *All's Well* and to the function of some of the episodes and the theatrical effectiveness of such things as the last scene, which has been condemned as "bad playwright's work" and is, in fact, demonstrably and brilliantly successful on the stage. Many lines and passages, understandably enough, have been damned in the study as among the worst Shakespeare ever wrote, with the qualification "if, indeed, he wrote them". It is a play peculiarly dependent upon vocal and visual interpretation, and this production was not only brilliant and exciting: it was also profoundly illuminating. Tyrone Guthrie translated the play's individual rhythm into terms of action, atmosphere and décor, catching the overtones of a basically poetic conception, so that one grasped the intention of feeling as well as the structural subtleties. I had realized, for example, the functional or mechanical value of the Florentine scenes: but I had certainly not before caught their integrated and full dramatic intention in the emotional pattern of the whole. Time and again "impossible" lines were put over, not by tricks of expression or delivery but by understanding and simplicity, or, as in at least one notable instance, by focussing attention not on the speaker and his words but upon the person spoken to and the emotion expressed, when at the end of the play Bertram has a concluding couplet which is perhaps the worst that any actor could be asked to speak. I did not hear him speak it. I did not knowingly shut my ears. Actress and producer simply persuaded me

at the critical moment to be all eyes and feeling. I saw nothing but Helena and what she did, heard nothing but what she had said, accepted the gesture of contrition and perhaps of the beginnings of love with which he knelt and clung to her. It was her moment: her words and the stage picture had said all there was to say. And from Dame Edith down, every single member of the cast *acted* that moment: you did not watch them, you felt them feeling its impact. There was no need for Bertram to speak, and if his words had been adequate they would have been out of character. (Actually, of course, the "impossible" couplet was spoken simply and firmly. The literary eye is often deceived until the ears gain enough theatrical experience.)

Dr. Guthrie was, of course, singularly blessed in his excellent cast, and in Tanya Moiseiwitsch he has a designer who, whenever I see the results of their collaboration, seems to me a veritable *alter ego*. He has in Zoe Caldwell a young actress of unusual powers, emotional, vocal and intellectual, with a capacity for stillness on the stage and for the quiet projection of strength of character that makes her Helena an achievement one would hardly have thought possible at her years. Above all, he has Dame Edith Evans as the Countess to speak the opening lines, set the tone of the scene and dominate it, and give shape and direction to everything that follows—to pitch a note, here and in her next scene with Helena, that exorcises any pre-conceived, ill-conceived notions of "bitter" comedy and gives us a touchstone of quality for whatever is to come, a grave and gracious reassurance that in the end all will indeed be well.

His sensitive linking of action and décor gives unity to the emotional pattern of the play's successive moods and movements, and underlines the inherent shapeliness and balance generally denied to it by literary criticism. Quiller-Couch's judgment is typical: "we hold this play to be one of Shakespeare's worst"; and the theatre itself has done little, in the past, to help us to revise such opinions.¹ Though I have seen several productions I have never seen the atmosphere of the opening and of its first movement so subtly yet firmly established before. "Desolation is a delicate thing". An elegiac sadness broods over the neglected garden of Rousillon. Brown, withered leaves and broken branches droop mournfully in a classic urn in a niche of the deserted summerhouse: there is the melancholy of autumn in the clear pale light. It is a moment of departure. Rousillon is dead; his widowed Countess, in delivering her son to the King's wardship, "buries a second husband": the King himself is dying: Helena's father, the physician who might have wrought his cure, is dead. Life is ebbing away from the great house, leaving the women behind. It is prologue to the desolation of Helena's unattainable love, and to the shadow of mortality which hangs over the King's Court. It is also the perfect dramatic contrast for setting off the upsurge of her ardent will and the vitality which nerves her to find remedy in action, carrying us to the first climax when the scene opens out into the great ballroom as the Court assembles for the triumphant entry of the King to fulfill his promise to his preserver. The working up from the quiet gravity of loss and regret to this re-assertion of life and hope, with all the bustle of preparation, the entry of musicians, footmen bringing in lights, the gay chatter of expectation

¹ There was a 1916 Benson production at Stratford, in 1922 it was the birthday play, and was not seen again until 1955. Phelps put it on in 1852. The Old Vic staged a simple and sincere production in 1921 and a travesty of it in 1953.

and excitement, is a most brilliant realization, in terms of theater, of dramatic intention.

The opening motif of loss and desolation is taken up, again at Rousillon, in the anti-climax movement of Helena's return and her rejection, followed again in her third soliloquy, as in her second, by the "leap-up of the will" to the "efficient deed"—the practical assertion of her love in her flight from Rousillon, so that Bertram who is the life of the great house may return. With this announcement of the counterpointing of the theme, which is the matter of the second half of the play, the scene moves to Florence. We shall return, but not to the deserted garden: instead, life will flow back to the great house, as the heir comes home and the King comes to Rousillon. Again there is the bustle of excitement and preparation. The great state room, shut up since Rousillon became a house of mourning, is made ready under our eyes—a moment earlier and we should have seen the dust-covers and druggets being whisked away. Chairs are set for the King and the Countess, the candles are lighted, expectation is in the air, and pleasure that the great room will be used once more and Rousillon know again its former glories. Emotion, action and scene fuse into one as the King enters, leading the Countess resplendent with tiara and orders and jewels and followed by his entourage. This visual balance, setting the last scene of the second half of the play against the Court scene of the climax of the first half, like the balancing of Helena's return to Rousillon against the opening scenes, gave the artistic satisfaction that comes from realizing the wholeness of the dramatic pattern; and how anyone can describe as bitter a comedy that ends on this note of life and affirmation in the reconciling of the young husband and wife will certainly surprise those who make acquaintance with it for the first time in this production.

The costuming of the play has been described generally by the press as Edwardian. Modern in tone, it is, in fact, a free Ruritanian treatment, which in the hands of a designer with Tanya Moiseiwitsch's impeccable taste and wide knowledge, her eye for line and her sure theatrical instinct, is one of the best possible devices for injecting style into the stage deportment of young players. It is one of the chief recommendations of Ruritania, with its stately *salons* and its nostalgic landscapes, that it has developed a traditional costume which, true to its theatrical origins, is no stickler for rigid time schemes but considers that the first requirement for a good stage costume is that it should be completely in character and suit its wearer. Which is very much what Mrs. Siddons was after when she declared, apropos of accurate historical costuming which she disliked, that "it was sufficient for the costumes to be conventional"—that dress should observe conventions indicating the status and quality of the wearer, and for the rest should be simply an idealized version of more or less current modes.

This is theatrical good sense and goes back to our own Elizabethan beginnings. Miss Moiseiwitsch ranges from a magnificent *grande dame* day-toilette for Dame Edith Evans, of roughly an idealized 1895, to ladies' evening dresses which might be worn today. The active service uniforms are pure Western Desert, but at Court mess jackets and dress pantaloons are infinitely flattering to youthful figures and "faultless evening dress" lends equal distinction to and also sharply distinguishes the King, Bertram and Lafeu. Parolles in uniform at Court provides legitimate fun in a showy scarlet with too much gold braid—

the translation, presumably, of his "scarves" and of Lafeu's description of him as "this red-tail'd humble bee". Helena's first dress is pure inspiration: except for the neck and sleeves, which favor the eighteen-sixties, it might have been worn by Emily Brontë or the young Rachel; and its unrelieved black and absolute simplicity of line set off its wearer's delicate oval features and graceful carriage of the head to perfection. Having established her in this strikingly individualized way, the designer can then revert to tradition: theatrically, it is "white for heroines", so she has a white ball dress (with a touch of glamorous Edwardian tulle) that would grace any modern function and finally a billowy creation in pale daffodil yellow that any fashion house would be proud to claim had it had the wit to seek inspiration in the early 1800's and then improve, very much improve, upon them. It is all of it enchanting to look at, without being distracting; and it has the advantage, as a convention, of being familiar to the mass audience that kept the Drury Lane musicals running throughout the thirties. It is as helpful, in its own way, to understanding, as is the knowledge of the Elizabethan stock devices. The point of modern dress as the dominant impression is that it makes us recognize without effort, atmosphere, intention, overtones and above all the logic of feeling.

Shaw has described the Countess of Rousillon as "the most beautiful old woman's part ever written"; and there could be no more fitting way of celebrating Stratford's hundredth season than by the coincidence of the first appearance of Dame Edith Evans in this part with her first season at the Memorial Theatre. Needless to say, her Countess entirely justifies Shaw's opinion and takes rank at once with her finest and most lovable Shakespearian creations. The Countess is not, of course, "old": she is Bertram's mother, and he is still under age. Dame Edith gives her the serene, ageless wisdom of tolerant, compassionate maturity. Never, surely, can "emotion recollected in tranquillity" have dropped a lovelier benediction upon the ardor and passion of youth than in the strangely beautiful rhymed octet in which the Countess, waiting to tax Helena with her secret, recalls that "Even so it was with me, when I was young". It is the perfect autumnal: "nor Spring nor Summer beauty hath such grace".

Every gesture and nuance of expression touches in with classic precision and selectivity the warmth of heart, the forthright, womanly common sense, the dignity, and the graciousness and generosity of spirit that compose the portrait of a very great lady. It is a flawless performance, conceived throughout in the spirit of pure poetry and spoken with that sureness of tone and inflection which seems as effortless and natural to her as breathing. The affectionate insistence, the mingled charm, kindness and authority with which she gently teases Helena into the avowal of her love for Bertram is sheer perfection. Such was the contrasting harmony of the two voices—the serenity and reassurance, the delicate balance of tenderness and brisk good sense of the mature woman speaking straight from the heart of a richly fulfilled life, set against the passionate intensity of feeling that glows through Helena's direct, restrained yet unashamed avowal—that in their concerted playing we saw the youth of the Countess live again as she claims the girl as the child of her spirit. The cycle of experience completes itself under our eyes. As far as I was concerned, this exquisite duologue was the acting high-light of the whole year.

Rumor has it that Tyrone Guthrie saw Zoe Caldwell last year as the King

of Antioch's daughter in *Pericles* and Margaret in *Much Ado*, and said, "That's my Helena!" *The New Statesman*, praising the "superlative acting" of the whole play, concluded the notice with her "major triumph", on which showing "she has the emotional range and intelligence to make her the finest Shakespearian actress of her generation". To which tribute one might well add Shaw's to the Helena of his imagination: "Few living actresses could throw themselves into the sustained transport of exquisite tenderness and impulsive courage which makes poetry the natural speech of Helena"; because besides the emotional power Miss Caldwell has the range and beauty of voice and a clear delicacy of enunciation that would have made even this exacting critic of stage speech say with Guthrie, "That's my Helena!" Possessed of great natural vitality and warmth that should make her an ideal exponent of the comedy heroines, what distinguishes her beyond her contemporaries is that instead of relying merely upon this natural vigor and the projecting of her own personality she uses her imagination to become absorbed into the character she is playing. She has the roots of the matter in her for genuine classic acting, and experience of leading roles in her own country has already given her technical discipline and control. She encompasses the almost instantaneous transition from the love-lorn intensity of Helena's first soliloquy to the comic perception and shrewd wit of the ensuing *débat* with Parolles with astonishing ease and naturalness and captures and conveys with great sensitivity throughout the wide range of mood that lends variety to the central strength and constancy of the characterization. The rapturous acceptance of the depth and strength of her love for Bertram in the opening scenes was more that matched by the passion of distress in which she threw herself at the Countess' feet with the shock of rejection: "Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone!" What was so moving was the sudden overthrowing of the confidence and self-reliance that had seemed so mature until this unexpected blow of her "dreadful sentence" reveals her for an instant as touchingly young and vulnerable. Again the transitions of thought and feeling were masterly: the immediate restraint, in response to the Countess' noble affection: then, compassion and understanding as the comfort of the strength of love wells up from the heart and makes the thing endurable which else would break it: finally, the quick decision on action to rescue Bertram from the dangers of war to which she has exposed him. Miss Caldwell already knows how to trust the Shakespearian words. They will carry her far: on this showing, very far indeed.

The acting throughout gave fine support to these two outstanding performances. Robert Hardy's portrait of the King was a notably polished study of middle age by a young man—that most difficult of assignments. He combined the quiet, assured dignity of age and office with the individual, perhaps slightly hypochondriacal, irritability which is necessary for his initial resistance to Helena, his harshness to Bertram, and his sudden loss of patience with Diana at the end of the play. This king is one of Shakespeare's most modern royal portraits. He is almost too shrewd for his own time in that final summing-up of his own petty importance when faced by the imminence of death: "I fill a place, I know't." Nothing could have been more acutely appreciative of the quality of the man and the monarch than the quiet, semi-ironic, realistic delivery with which Mr. Hardy gave this line. In his account of his friendship with Bertram's father and in his rebuking of Bertram's crude and perverted idea of

honor and his vindication of the worth of Helena he has not only some of the most interesting passages in the play but also some of its most mature verse, which Mr. Hardy spoke admirably. It is the most humanly effective and intelligent characterization of the King that I have ever seen.

Parolles is an actor's chance for an outside comic creation if direction treats the plot structure as superficial. I have seen him, by sheer virtuosity of performance, become the play's most sympathetic character. Here he is kept within the picture: the part is not greater than the whole, but his proper functional value is firmly established. Cyril Luckham plays him with commendable discretion as the social sponger, an Edwardian bounder with touches of the post-1945 "temporary gentleman", recognizably a modern equivalent for the parasite-braggart soldier. The Edwardian lady distrusted him at sight: with his taste for loud checks he belonged in a male *demi-monde* of club smoking rooms. In our time he has again become a propper-up of bar counters. He pushes in with his betters, is tolerated by his own sex for stooge-value rather than rich roguery, but remains an outsider. He must sing for his supper whatever tune they call, unless he has a Bertram in tow. He will always manage to eat at somebody's expense, but he does not get his glass of sherry at the officers' farewell party. "Simply the thing I am shall make me live" is the simple truth about society and the essential parasite. By making no bid for sympathy but submitting with complete artistic integrity to the author's ruthless onion-peeling, this outstandingly sympathetic actor wins our admiration for his truthful anatomy of the parasite's progress.

Bertram is Edward de Souza's best Stratford performance, to date. His appearance and manner are exactly right—the right kind of male good looks, very, very young, stiff with undergraduate-level masculine and aristocratic self-conceit, cut exactly to the conventional pattern, as gullible and selfish as they come, the type that is always taken in by the knowingness, the flattery and the man-of-the-world swagger of a Parolles, and mentally about twenty years younger than Helena. He has a case—the case of the young, coerced male. It is possible that the young William Shakespeare knew something of this resentment, by experience as well as by observation. Mr. de Souza and his producer make such case as there is. He is too normal to be basically unlikeable: one simply has to wait for him to grow up. We see the beginning of this chastening process—no more: and "what that girl can see in him . . . I!", as we say of our Bertrams, we must take on trust from William Shakespeare's Helena; and if we still don't understand, try if the modern idiom will help, and listen to Christopher Fry's *Hilda* on the subject of "Roderic-phenomenon".² Mr. de Souza's faithful, unpretentious delineation of the ordinary deserves more commendation than it has received.

Reference to those outstanding players, Angela Baddeley and Anthony Nicholls, will be made further on. They gave much more individual and interesting readings of the Widow and Lafeu than I have previously seen, which in my view integrated them firmly in their respective worlds and thereby added solidity and background depth to the production as a whole. Among the smaller parts Donald Eccles gave a delightfully sensitive sketch of Rinaldo. An unselfish and sympathetic player he is always an admirable listener, and this time he excelled himself by adding a slight touch of deafness. Peter Wood-

² *Venus Observed*, p. 92.

thorpe, the soldier who functions as the interpreter in the baiting of Parolles, carried it to the life. Paul Hardwick, dark, neat, short and stocky, and Michael Blakemore, long, thin and fair, with a monocle and a slightly inane but amiable grin, made a lively subaltern pair as the Captains Longaville and Dumain—and even so showed up the extreme youth of Bertram. Mavis Edwards gave a most amusing, racy, sharply-defined lightning sketch of the Widow's neighbor, Mariana, and by the vivacity of her dancing and her attention to what was once known as "the business of the scene" stood out among the ladies at Court. Priscilla Morgan, as Diana, had a plump, pleasing, robust quality, better calculated than usual to attract the Bertram who is not attracted by Helena. One critic labelled her whore. I do not believe that was the intention, but I am prepared to reserve judgment as to whether she was an earthier, comfortable, unintelligent Vivie Warren. The neighbor, who is *not* Boccaccio's "goodwife of the house", has always made me a little suspicious.

The production had the Guthrie hall-mark—the zest, the quality of life, and the integration that exhilarates; and, as always, those rich moments of pure theater insight for which one thanks heaven, not fasting but with libations. There were so many of these that two must serve for illustration. In all good rehearsing there are moments when the struggling conception within attracts the inspiration that seems to descend from above; and the god Dionysus blesses with illumination. In some such manner, one may imagine, when they had wrestled with those curious couplets in which Helena tells the King how long she will take to heal him and pledges her own life as the forfeit of failure, it was revealed to Dr. Guthrie and his Helena just how she was to put across to an audience what editors have scornfully described as "mere bombast"—Shakespeare "at his most immature and inept", letting us down at this crucial point with "fustian". Miss Caldwell makes a quick and unexpected move, stands behind the King's chair, and places her hands on his brow. He makes an impatient gesture as if to brush aside her insolent presumption—their timing throughout this passage was perfection—stops at her invocation of "the great'st grace", relaxes, closes his eyes and listens, while with a subtle, barely perceptible rise in tone into what is practically recitative, she speaks the couplets, with their fanciful, stilted phrasing, as an incantation, a charm; and carried beyond herself, rises to the crucial answer upon which her life and fortune depend, and wrings from the so-called fustian rhymes a moment of pure theater magic and spell-binding. It is quite breathtaking, and completely right, startling and convincing us simultaneously.

This, presumably, is one of those felicities at which actress and producer arrived together, by inspiration. The other example is producer's insight and intellectual grasp of the author's structural and tonal intentions when dealing with the "wen" that editorial judgment would "cut out of the story", "the inept business of Parolles". Rumor has it that the soldiers for the Florentine wars had expected to wear Boer War breeches and puttees and were surprised to find themselves in the shorts, shirts and berets of the Desert Rats, parading for an address of welcome from a Duke of Florence (Donald Layne-Smith) in complete, modern, top-brass get-up, while a lot of Guthrie fun was had with a mike and yards of trailing flex, which, as one realized afterwards, set the tone which gave the so-called "wen" its proper value and a function in the play. "A delight-

ful burlesque of drill-suited colonial troops enduring inspection by a fussy old fool of a general", said *The Times*: "more or less contemporary military farce, very funny in its way, but somewhat incongruous" (*Daily Telegraph*). It was, indeed, uproariously funny, but not incongruous, and *The New Statesman* came out boldly: "The officers drink their light ale and are bored; the other ranks slouch around, scratch themselves and get at their superiors. At first the producer seems deliberately to be overdoing it, yet by some miracle Elizabethan braggadocio becomes common or garden bull, and the jokes, for perhaps the first time since Shakespeare's day, are jokes".

Time was—and not so long ago—when this gorgeous gallery of Guthrie inventions would have been frowned-on as "guying" Shakespeare. The note of respect is creeping in, perhaps with the suspicion—not voiced—that in this instance, Guthrie being Guthrie and so patently grasping the author's intentions throughout, there may even be more to this gallant invention than meets the eye, and that the jokes, clowning and horseplay were not only funny in their own time but also functional.

I had previously envisaged the purpose of the Wars and the Widow as purely functional—to contrive a natural opportunity for Helena to achieve the impossible, to show Bertram that he had been taken in by a specious imposter and to use the episode as a stamping-ground for Parolles as a great comic creation and provide comic relief. To see thus far is better than to see only a "wen", but what this production made clear to me for the first time was that the general intention of the Florentine episode, including Bertram's first essay in "love", is to provide the male counterpoint to the female world which is Rousillon and the Countess and Helena—to set men's fancies

more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are,

over against the practical energy and commonsense, the steadfast virtues, the loving care, the ancient, instinctive, matriarchal wisdom of women (and their leading-strings) from which Bertram, quite naturally, wishes to escape. No sooner is he free from parental control, released into the world of men to taste the delights of young male freedom—which Helena herself pictures for us so vividly in the first scene—than the wisdom of loving women catches up on him and authority marries him off, in normal Tudor fashion, to a young woman to whom he is not sexually attracted and who is not even his equal in rank. The sheer, comic dismay and boyish frustration of his "O my Parolles, they have married me!" was Edward de Souza's best line in the play. No wonder he runs away to the wars to which his fellows have already departed so gaily.

That the tone of "the wars" is meant to be mock-heroic and deflationary of military honor and glory—if not a complete debunking thereof—is clear enough. The climax, the center-piece of the whole episode, is the unmasking of Parolles, in scenes which are admirably theatrical. For the rest, Bertram's wars consist of nothing save a ceremonial march, which links him and Parolles to the Widow-plot, the address of welcome in which he is nominated "general of our horse", and some descriptive talk in which we hear praise of his valor.

What we *see*—the substantial, theatrical realization—is entirely frivolous, a parody of military action, but a brilliantly androgynous, ironic, dispassionate dramatization of the author's comment on what is one basic aspect of soldiering and perhaps its main attraction for the male—the jovial camaraderie, the masculine togetherness of licensed, releasing foolery and horse-play and practical joking with which man escapes from his responsibilities to exist in a world blissfully free, not, indeed, of females, but of his own womenkind, with their standards, their claims, their unclubbable natures, and their lack of understanding of his simple, elementary idea of fun. The episode accomplishes its functional purpose of making Bertram realize that he has been taken in by a liar and braggart, and the producer's translation of it into terms of a gorgeous stag-party conveys to us the author's contrapuntal intention. As I had not seen the point before, though I have seen the baiting of Parolles most effectively staged for Parolles' benefit, I doubt if I should have grasped this further intention had it not been presented to me as Shakespeare saw it—in modern dress.

Having been made to realize that the whole Florentine movement was not simply plot-mechanics but was structurally organic in the wider, artistic sense, I also saw what I ought to have seen long ago but had certainly not grasped consciously, and that is the ironically pretty balance the author has contrived within the larger pattern by setting off the substituted bed-fellow device against the opening scene in which Helena's romantic unattainable love is immediately succeeded by the realistic and very Elizabethan-witty debate upon virginity which has so offended critics that Quiller-Couch thought Shakespeare "degraded" Helena by permitting her to remain in the same room with Parolles, who attacks virginity as "against the rule of nature" and urges her to "keep it not". As go-between for Bertram and Diana, Parolles, in his ignorance, becomes the go-between for the wife and husband whom he has helped to separate, and the way for virgins to "undermine" men is discovered when the realism of consummating his own marriage, unawares, undermines Bertram's would-be romantic seduction of Diana. It is this pervading sensitive recognition of the balance of parts, the symmetry, the music of the whole composition, this awareness of the integrated quality of what has too often been described as a haphazard theatrical hotch-potch, that makes the production such an impressive achievement and is fundamental to our delight in it.

The staging of the scene in which the King, restored to health, fulfils his promise to Helena is yet a further instance of the way in which the producer's fundamental brainwork, allied to the imaginative use of theatrical resources, conveys the author's dramatic intention where it has been misunderstood by various commentators. Lafeu's remark as the King enters with Helena—"why, he's able to lead her a coranto"—makes a legitimate cue for a lively dance in which he introduces his preserver (transformed, in a magnificent white satin gown, into the most radiant figure in the whole assembly) to the admiring and rejoicing Court. He then issues the command, "Go, call before me all the lords in court" (which for the sake of clarity has been altered to "all *my wards* in court") and explains that he is both sovereign and father to these "noble bachelors", from whom she can choose freely. They have no power to refuse her. She begins by addressing them collectively, but falters when she comes to the point: then, reassured by the King, approaches four of them in turn, and in

couplets of formal and witty compliment wishes each fair fortune in his marriage, indicating that he is not her choice, though each in his reply indicates that he would ask no better fate.

Technically the difficulty of staging this gay little comedy passage, in which the supposed wooer herself phrases each apparent approach as a courteous rejection and gains courage from the young men's evident admiration and disappointment, is that it has to appear to Lafeu as if they reject her, and his angry asides have been taken literally by several editors:³ "Do they all deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped. . . . These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her". Lafeu must see but not hear these four individual passages; so, taking his cue from the formal set-to-partners effect of these couplet interchanges, the producer treats each as a *pas-de-deux* in a cotillion which removes them from earshot to the further side of the stage for the brief encounter. The change in the manner of the dance when she comes to Bertram is most interesting—from a gay, waltzing turn to a more formal, angular almost tango-ish step, which breaks the mood and prepares for the harshness of his rejection of her. The total effect is brilliant, and one would need to observe it several times to grasp all its subtleties, but its immediate dramatic and theatrical impact is unquestionable.

To pass from interpretation and translation to alteration—Lavache, the Clown, has gone, and there have of course been a few mutterings, though it is a clean and simple cut and worse things happen in *Hamlet*, without any protest. My only grudge is that his omission means that we lose with him lines that would have been spoken by Dame Edith, which seems like flying in the face of providence. He is not, I fancy, entirely untranslatable. Belonging to the household as established by her late husband rather than to the Countess,⁴ one could envisage him in terms of a privileged, outspoken, John Brown-ish old retainer; but his functional or plot-value, in comparison with Parolles, is negligible. The Widow and Diana have come down in the social scale; but again, worse things happen in *Twelfth Night*, in nearly every production, with much less excuse. I found ample compensation in the dignity and charm with which Lafeu now provides aristocratic support and moves convincingly within the same orbit as the King and the Countess, instead of being condemned to editorial dismissal as a mere "usher" or to type-casting as a testy old party.⁵ Anthony Nicholls, both at Court and at Rousillon, establishes the background most handsomely and attractively. His distinguished appearance and his Savile Row elegance scores a pretty point, visual and verbal, when after baiting Parolles in his gaudy uniform he asks Bertram, "Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?" If there is room for differences of opinion about the function and status of Lafeu the same is true of the Widow and Diana; and though they come down steadfastly on the side of virtue one cannot help noticing that Miss Angela Baddeley has taken her bead curtain with her from Periclean Mitylene to give a finishing touch to the plushery and *bric-a-brac* of her Florentine apartment, and that it is not altogether unreasonable to allow Bertram some little benefit of doubt in the final scene, to keep him in the young ass rather than the compleat-gentleman-cad category, when he tries to wriggle out of Diana's accusation with the counter-

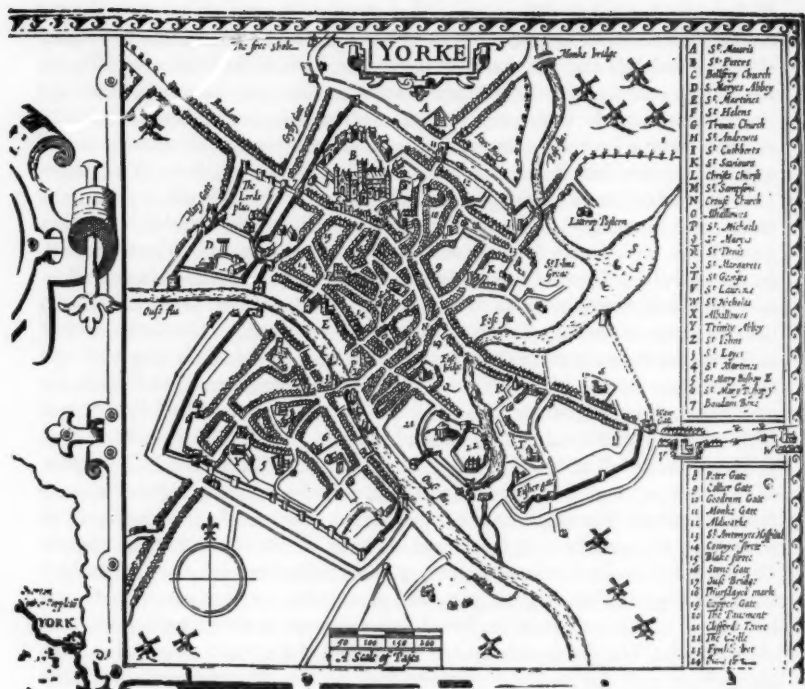
³ Though not by the New Cambridge editors, who remark that "Helena thoroughly enjoys this interview . . . and to overlook her gaiety is to miss half the charm of the episode".

⁴ As the text suggests, IV. v. 64.

⁵ It is, of course, in Rowe's list of characters that he becomes "an old Lord".

thrust, "She's impudent, my lord, And was a common gamester to the camp". If the ambiguity can leave her exonerated as a virtuous maid, while reserving judgment about her mother, it brings the characters and the episode within the coherent and credible stag-party set-up and places Bertram's behavior within a recognizable social code, as far as his own world, if not ours, is concerned. Perhaps Dr. Guthrie, like myself, had his suspicions roused by that Neighbor and the Widow's own protestation at III. vii. 4-7 (all texts) and so was prepared to commit himself to her gorgeous, absent-minded, automatic "Enter with a glass of milk" at the end of Diana's interview with Bertram. Boccaccio and Shakespeare have their differences, and to question too curiously is to make too much of a matter of opinion. If the nobility of the ancient house of Capilet shines too brightly through the reduced circumstances of the Widow and Diana, the King's reactions to them in the final scene become less credible. In the shabby-genteel mode they seemed to come alive in their own right as individuals, and this more robust characterization made an unexpected contribution to the quick changes of mood required for the ending. When the King finally loses patience with Diana's riddling mystifications and orders her off to prison she resists, and there is an undignified scuffle into which Miss Baddeley launches herself like an infuriated Yorkshire terrier. Diana calls out, "Good mother, fetch my bail!", the Court is embarrassed, the audience half-embarrassed in sympathy, half-entertained, laughing a little. And then the old Guthrie audacity, which can move anybody anywhere, any time, on any stage, throws the switch and prepares the most exquisitely touching moment in the whole play with one of the biggest laughs of the evening. The Widow disengages herself from the scrimmage, draws herself up to her full five-foot-nothing of ruffled dignity, and with set face and pursed lips, the embodiment of pained affront, hobbles doggedly across the full width of the stage to fetch Helena. Call it a Guthrie grimace or "a minor triumph", like it or disapprove, the comic incongruity achieves its theatrical object. The response is overwhelming. The mood of the audience as a whole is adjusted by that laugh and the tone of the scene changes with it. The tension is broken and we are swung over by the intrusion of the ridiculous from the edge of ill-humor to gaiety and pleasurable anticipation. We are one step ahead of Diana's stage audience as on a note of rising excitement and triumph Miss Morgan builds up her revelation of the truth to coincide with Helena's entry. Freed by that laugh from the highly ingenious, theatrical pattern of last-act comedy complications and piled denouements, the kind, contented, little smile of the Widow, as she watches the reconciliation of Helena and Bertram, gives us our cue. We should not take Helena's last lovely moment with the same deep seriousness as the restoration of Hermione. (There are only fifteen lines before we are switched back to the conventional comedy conclusion.) Like the Widow, therefore, let us take it with little more than tenderness and simple delight in a happy ending, or, like Lafeu, we "shall weep anon". Miss Caldwell moves the heart quite deeply enough as it is, and the reminder that *All's Well* is indeed a comedy is not unnecessary. The whole concept has style, its elegance relating directly to the producer's subtle perception of the play's highly artificial Elizabethan structure; but at the roots of its style is the warm, individual humanity of the characters, who except for Helena, the King and the Countess are dismissed by Q. as "stage puppets".

London



York. From John Speed's *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine* (1614), the Folger Shakespeare Library copy. See p. 619.

The Shakespeare Season in New York

1958-1959

ALICE GRIFFIN



THE 1958-1959 Shakespeare season in New York was indebted to visitors from abroad for its quantity and most of its quality. England's Old Vic presented good productions of three plays, Sir John Gielgud gave a brilliant anthology of Shakespearian characters, scenes and passages in *Ages of Man* and a superb production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Russia's Galina Ulanova contributed an unforgettable heroine in the Bolshoi Ballet version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Of the home-grown offerings, the New York Shakespeare Festival's *Julius Caesar* was a special triumph not only as a first-rate production but as a victory over city officials who attempted to block these free-admission outdoor presentations of Shakespeare.

The Old Vic opened its New York season December 9 at the Broadway Theatre with a production of *Twelfth Night* especially well suited to a caste that lacked star names but had an understanding of style, voices for verse, and a sense of the ensemble in their playing. Desmond Heeley's Cavalier period setting for the play—an elegant arch standing at mid-stage, decaying among roses—reflected the strain of melancholy in this play, but director Michael Benthall chose to stress the comedy. Although Viola (Barbara Jefford) lacked the poignancy often brought out in the romantic scenes, her moments of comedy were sheer delight. Malvolio's (Richard Wordsworth) letter-reading scene (II. v) should be and was a high spot. So was the "cakes and ale" scene (II. iii), each actor creating an individual and richly comic character, yet all acting together in the same style in perfect harmony. John Neville was Aguecheek, Joss Ackland Sir Toby, Dudley Jones Feste and Judy Dench Maria.

Hamlet, which opened December 16, offered a Prince of Denmark in the romantic tradition and a virtually uncut (three and one-half hours) performance which as a production was one of the best this reporter has seen of the play. Director Michael Benthall set the action on a flat stage (none of the usual ramps or stairs) against black strip-drapes, creating stunning scenic effects by the grouping of characters in Audrey Cruddas' rich costumes and by the imaginative use of lighting. John Neville's thin, blond, pale, handsome and sensitive Hamlet was in the Gielgud tradition (except that he lacks Gielgud's genius) rather than a virile Stoll-Olivier hero. In a way this intelligent if not inspired Hamlet put the play in perspective; one was aware of the tragedy played out against a background that included the corrupt court, the voluptuous rulers, the decent Polonius family. One general complaint about the last two North American Hamlets (Christopher Plummer and Fritz Weaver) was that they lacked music. Vocally, Mr. Neville gave us a full score.

Among the many fresh and imaginative touches in the production which clarified and underlined the action but never interfered with it, was the reading of the "Oh, what a rogue" (II. ii) soliloquy. Hamlet is surrounded by the trunks and properties of the departed players, and taking the paste crown in his hand, he speaks of "the conscience of the king" as if this crown has prompted him to think of the play. In III. iii, when Hamlet sees the King at prayer, he lifts the King's own sword from the floor as if to kill him with it; he is carrying the same sword when he enters his mother's chamber, and uses it to kill Polonius. The King, finding it there, silently realizes the implications.

In her mad scenes, Barbara Jefford as Ophelia seemed somewhat studied in her effects. Margaret Courtenay was Gertrude and Oliver Neville was Claudius.

Henry V, opening December 25, was the least successful of the three Old Vic productions because Laurence Harvey never succeeded in humanizing the difficult title-role. In his hands Henry seemed a muscular, smug, cardboard hero, and with such a figure at the center, the production never really caught fire.

The greatest virtue of Michael Benthall's staging was its clarity and color, and again the ensemble playing was excellent. As one of Mr. Benthall's best touches, might be mentioned the moving scene after the battle when the English soldiers do not know whether or not they have won (IV. vii, combined with viii). Then Montjoy tells Henry "The day is yours", and one soldier after another repeats "the days is ours", until it swells into a chant, and the scene ends with Henry standing in the center as the entire procession circles around him singing the "Te Deum".

If the Old Vic was good Shakespeare, Sir John Gielgud in the *Ages of Man* was great Shakespeare. Opening at the 46th Street Theatre on December 28 as part of his nation-wide tour to fifty cities, Sir John played in the huge musical Broadway house to capacity audiences, as he had throughout his tour. Taking as his source George Rylands' *Shakespeare Anthology*, Sir John presented a program in three acts and fifteen scenes, the first passages dealing with "Youth", and including such lines as Lorenzo's "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank" in *The Merchant of Venice* (V. i) and Benedick's boast of his imperviousness to women in *Much Ado About Nothing* (II. iii). The second act was devoted to "Manhood: war, kingship, etc." and the third to "Old Age: sickness, death and time".

To all of these, Sir John, wearing evening dress, standing on a bare stage, using an occasional gesture and a few books, gave beauty and memorable meaning. One of the greatest problems in acting Shakespeare is to combine both the music and the meaning of the lines—Gielgud accomplished this brilliantly.

His infinite variety of interpretations was amazing, as he went from character to character—the lovesick Romeo, the broken, dying Lear, the rage-choked Hotspur, the cynical Benedick. For those who have seen Gielgud in Shakespeare plays and have observed how carefully every detail is built up into forming a character, it was breathtaking to watch him again and again, without any previous build-up, enact character after character, each at the climax in his stage life: Angelo as he realizes his lust for Isabella, or Lear at the death of Cordelia. The fuller-length *Richard II* was perhaps the peak of the evening if one had to be chosen. There were two passages leading up to the abdication and then the abdication scene itself (IV. i).

Gielgud in *Ages of Man* was a rare theater experience for those who partook of it, and for those who did not, or who did and want to recall it, Columbia has issued a record album of the performance. Those who saw the theater presentation may be somewhat disappointed in that the disc does not seem to capture all the rich tones of the vocal music, and one misses the facial expression that contributed so much to interpretations like Lear and Richard II. In short, what is lost is the sense of immediacy and the magnetism one felt in the theater. What is left is still a superior album of Shakespeare readings, invaluable for clarity of interpretation and music of delivery, making it a pleasure to listen to and a helpful aid in teaching.

On September 17, Sir John brought to Broadway's Lunt-Fontanne Theatre his production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which was first seen at Stratford-upon-Avon's Memorial Theatre in 1949 and subsequently revived there, in London, and on the continent. He directed and played Benedick; Margaret Leighton was Beatrice; and George Rose, Dogberry in the American presentation, which had a pre-Broadway run at the Cambridge Drama Festival in Boston.

The production was instilled with a sense of high comedy rarely seen in Shakespeare comedies here, and entirely lacking in the 1957 labored effort at *Much Ado* at Stratford, Connecticut, when the play was set in the old Southwest. The Gielgud production was entertaining, elegant, clear, and beautifully spoken. Even the subplot seemed suspenseful. We knew that Beatrice and Benedick were in love from Benedick's first entry, when his eyes sought her out; then, the mask resumed, he quickly became the jester-like, bragging Benedick. This, however, prepares the way for the transition to the more human Benedick who admits his love, after overhearing his friends talk of Beatrice. Always keeping a perfect balance between the comic and the serious, Gielgud created much more than a superficial braggart who undergoes a change of heart; his Benedick was human throughout.

The verbal duels between him and Miss Leighton scintillated with clarity and wit. Blonde Margaret Leighton in costumes of peach and rose was a Beatrice surprised by her own cleverness. Although generally the two were well matched, she was sometimes too sharp for Gielgud's more relaxed playing.

George Rose repeated his Stratford role as a Dogberry literally puffed out with self-importance, red-nosed and wheezing, earthy and human, in one of the funniest interpretations of a Shakespeare clown on the stage today.

No survey of the past Shakespeare season in New York would be complete without mentioning an event which, while not a performance of a Shakespeare play, was at the same time an unforgettable interpretation of a Shakespeare role—Galina Ulanova as Juliet in the Bolshoi Ballet production of *Romeo and Juliet*, with music by Sergei Prokofieff, which opened that company's visit to this country at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 16. Here was a characterization stunning in the depth of its realization and growth from the young and playful girl we first meet, teasing and romping with the Nurse; to the first experience of love (symbolized in a duet climaxed by a breathtaking "lift", followed by a sweeping "drop"); to her final, tragic maturity. The film of this work, incidentally, does little credit to the interpretation, which being one of movement must be seen spatially in three dimensions. Elaborately set and costumed, the production followed Shakespeare's story, and it was amazing to see

over and over again the genius of Shakespeare translated with such artistry into music and movement.

Of the three home-grown productions of Shakespeare, the earliest was an off-Broadway *King Lear* on January 2 by the Players Theatre, formerly the Shakespearewrights, who have done good work in the past. Their *Lear*, with Sydney Walker in the title role and staging by Philip Lawrence, was not among their better efforts, although it shared a vigor which has marked all their efforts. *Lear*, however, demands more than vitality and movement; the subtleties and depths were missing. As *Lear*, Mr. Walker was a great shouter when it came to the storm scene (and in all fairness to him, the sound effects were much too loud), but his later scenes lacked the pity and terror we should feel at the spectacle of this broken giant. Joyce Ebert was Cordelia; Paul Sparer, Gloucester; and Robert Mandan, Edmund.

Another off-Broadway entry was a winter production of *Antony and Cleopatra* as a reading at the Heckscher Theatre by the New York Shakespeare Festival, with George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in the title roles. The Festival, which charges no admission, won a notable victory during the summer when the court ruled in its favor after it had been denied permission to use Central Park for its outdoor festival. Fortunately for all those who sympathized with and encouraged producer Joseph Papp in his battle, the fight was well worth it, for the *Julius Caesar* that opened on August 3 for a three-week run, was rousing, theatrical and clear-cut, as directed by Stuart Vaughan. As has been noted in this report in previous years, the audience for these productions of the Festival is probably as close to the audience for the original plays as you will find today, for it includes all segments of society, all of them there for no other reason than to enjoy the play. And they did.

Eldon Elder designed a beautifully apt set for the production—four free-standing classical columns rising simply against the sky—a roofed, pillared structure at either side and in front a wide apron stage with stairs at center stage. On this, the funeral oration was vividly staged. The crowd, with their backs to the audience, surrounded the curved stage on all three sides at its edge, so that they were the vanguard of a larger crowd that was the audience. Antony faced the crowd (and the audience) at close quarters, and so could much more effectively spread the contagion of his speech (the long flight of stairs in the film was ineffectual because it made Antony so remote). The assassination of Caesar was almost ritualistic, as Caesar spun silently from one conspirator to the other, the only sound his grunts as they stabbed him. Then came the uproar after he faced Brutus. Mr. Vaughan likewise contrasted movement and stillness. The first entry of Caesar was so effective that the audience caught the excitement and cheered along with the stage crowd when he appeared.

What the production lacked were the subtleties in the characterization and in the reading. John Harkins' Brutus had neither sensitivity nor poetry, but the Cassius of Ernest Graves made quite clear and even sympathetic this envious man of limited talents, while Staats Cotsworth was a notable Caesar, with just the right combination of vanity and failing power. It is hoped that with its city battles out of the way, the New York Shakespeare Festival will next year be able to offer its full summer schedule of three productions.

Hunter College

Stratford, Connecticut, Shakespeare Festival, 1959

CLAIRE McGLINCHEE



SIGNIFICANT innovation of this season's Shakespeare Festival on the Housatonic was the several weeks of pre-season performances for student audiences, with all tickets at the nominal fee of \$2.00. Starting May 19, and continuing up to June 5, 40,000 students from ten states filled the theater to see the revival of last year's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and rehearsal performances of *Romeo and Juliet*. It was good to see the large playhouse filled with attractive, eager, and intelligent young people. Overheard were such comments as: "This is gorgeous!", or, "I got tickets for all the plays because I figured there might be something on the Regents." The last speaker evidently agrees with Hamlet that "Readiness is all!" At *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most spontaneous and prolonged applause came, amazingly enough in this age of the "beat generation", after Hermia's "Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,/ Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.", in reply to his "One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;/ One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.", and after Puck's "Lord, what fools these mortals be." In *Romeo and Juliet*, the fall of a pin or a rose petal would have reverberated through the house during the Balcony Scene, and Morris Carnovsky got a tremendous hand as he left the stage angrily, having harshly denounced Juliet for not agreeing to marry Paris.

Almost every time some part of the by-now familiar "scaffolding" sets moved sideways, backwards, or forwards, the youngsters clapped. Some of these students had never before been at a legitimate stage performance. It is small wonder, then, that they found the smoothly working mechanism of this stage pleasingly "neat". But if they looked for Verona, a Renaissance orchard, or an Italian balcony, they looked in vain.

The main change in the cast of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* this season was the substitution of Nancy Wickwire for June Havoc as Titania. The change was an improvement, though Miss Wickwire is both too tall and too heavy-voiced to satisfy fully as a queen of fairies. Otherwise this revival provided once more the excellent fairy king of Richard Waring, the captivating mischievous Puck of Richard Easton, and the rollicking good humor of the tradesmen players led by Morris Carnovsky as Peter Quince and Hiram Sherman as Bottom the Weaver.

Higher honors in the season's *Romeo and Juliet* go to Aline MacMahon, who played the best Nurse seen in many a year. She was loving and lovable, possessive, and plainspoken enough, yet without unnecessary coarse touches that

some interpreters of this part add. Here was a seasoned actress, completely at home in a great play.

Romeo's drab first appearance seemed to foretoken a dull performance. Richard Easton played an uneven Romeo, movingly smitten at the Capulet's ball, ardent in the Balcony Scene, but losing the mood elsewhere and betraying the loss in harshness of tone or contrived action, as in the scene of his death.

Inga Swenson was very pleasing as Juliet. As someone remarked, "She had a fragrance." She had, too, the consistent ardor that her Romeo lacked. She was youthful and pretty, and she met the test of the Potion Scene for the most part effectively. Why, though, was this great passage cut? Dorothy Jeakins created beautiful and graceful costumes for Miss Swenson.

Hiram Sherman's Friar Lawrence had all the qualities of sympathy and understanding that are in Shakespeare's lines. Incidentally, did ever friar live in a cell with so many entrances and exits? The exclusion of the Friar from the final scene was ill-advised. He is the only character in the play who could explain the tragic deaths of the young lovers. Morris Carnovsky and Nancy Wickwire as Capulet and his lady, Larry Gates and Eulalie Noble as Montague and his lady, John Ragin as Paris, Dino Narizzano as Benvolio acquitted themselves well of their rather pedestrian roles. One wished for less violence in the scene wherein Capulet berates his daughter. Severn Darden's Peter was particularly good for a minor part. Jack Bittner was a fiery but not a princely Tybalt, William Smithers a generally good Mercutio, though he failed to give to the Queen Mab speech the delicate magic which is in the lines. His best work was in the duel scene with Tybalt.

A predominance of red and white in the costumes at the Capulet's ball helped to obviate the dullness of the setting. Tharon Musser's lighting was effective if not distinctive in this production. The music, by David Amram, was pleasing to hear and always eloquent of the mood.

Working together, John Houseman and Jack Landau produced an excellent and highly entertaining *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The moment one entered the theater, the attractive, decorative scenic curtain, designed by Will Steven Armstrong, augured well for the play. What a relief from the by-now tiresome if skillfully manipulated slats and scaffolding. The latter had indeed not vanished, but were in competition with something attractive to the eye. There was warm applause in the final scene in Windsor Park when Herne's oak took shape before our very eyes through the transparent drops. Much of this effect was, of course, due to Tharon Musser's skillful lighting. Irwin Bazelon's music was good—after an opening bit so twentieth-century jazzy in mood that it suggested nothing that could ever have been heard by Elizabethan ears at Windsor or in any other part of the Queen's fair realm.

Farical by nature, the *Merry Wives* offers little in the way of challenging parts. The reader's impression is of a play hastily written on order. Surely the Falstaff of this play is but a shadow of the mighty and mightily comic figure of the Henry IV chronicles. The brilliant wit of the earlier Falstaff is gone; there is little or no opportunity for him to extricate himself from embarrassing difficulties by having the ever ready reply that leaves his adversaries, not himself, nonplussed. It was all the more amazing, then, that Larry Gates made such a

stellar part out of what he had to work with. It would be good to see him in the Henry IV plays. The scene of Falstaff sitting with his feet in a mustard bath after having been dumped into the Thames at Datchet Mead was monstrously funny.

Sada Thompson's Mistress Quickly was a special joy in this entertaining evening. The Merry Wives (Nancy Wickwire as Mistress Ford and Nancy Marchand as Mistress Page) caught the gay and tricky moods of their parts. Barbara Barrie made a dainty and vivacious Anne Page. She should watch a tendency towards angularity of gesture.

As the embarrassed and awkward Slender, Frederick Warriner was both amusing and delightful. Lowell Harris was appropriately handsome and manly as the lucky one of Anne's three suitors. The dialect roles were well cast, with Richard Waring as the Welsh clergyman and Morris Carnovsky as Dr. Caius. Mr. Waring did not sustain his role this time as well as usual, and Mr. Carnovsky obscured some of his lines by failing to articulate them clearly. The duel scene was good. Why did the directors omit Sir Hugh's singing in his Welsh dialect of Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love"? As Pistol, Richard Easton proved again that he is better in "character" parts than as a romantic lover. He had the swagger and self-importance that are the stamp of Pistol. Occasionally he lapsed into the mincing gestures of his superb Puck. Jack Bittner's Host lost some of its merit by being overly-violent. Patrick Hines's Page and Hiram Sherman's Ford were delightfully antithetical. Mr. Hines possesses the rare gift of a truly mirthful laugh. Mr. Sherman is one of the most valuable members of this troupe. He knows how to differentiate his characters. His Ford was a genuinely suffering jealous husband, hugely amusing to cast and audience.

Without being invidious, it must be said that this Stratford group—producers, designers, and cast—do their best work in farce, comedy, or fantasy. Perhaps they found *The Merry Wives* relatively easy because of the fact that it is written largely in prose. But the company should keep working at the great poetic tragedies. A distinguished player of both comedy and tragedy once said that no one can play great tragedy who cannot play comedy. *Allora, andiamo, sempre diritto!*

One of Shakespeare's "problem comedies", a satiric drama designed for a sophisticated audience at the Inns of Court, *All's Well That Ends Well*, after long absence from the stage, was on the list of Stratford-on-Avon as well as that of Stratford-on-the-Housatonic this season.

John Houseman's production at the latter festival was one of his finest achievements. He kept the play within the frame of its period and directed skillfully, so that a story with slight appeal to modern taste came off well. Little scenery was used by Will Steven Armstrong, but that little was so artistically designed that it suggested the true atmosphere of time, place, and action. Dorothy Jeakins, who designed the costumes for *Romeo and Juliet*, again showed taste, and a good sense of color, keeping in general to subdued tones. Jean Rosenthal's lighting skill showed to best advantage in the scenes at the court of Rousillon. Herman Chessid's music, after an unpleasantly discordant and perhaps intentionally portentous opening, was interesting and pleasing to

the ear. The appropriate and stirring martial music of the scenes in the Florentine Camp and the enchanting waltz that announced and provided background for those at the house of the Widow linger in the memory.

There seemed to be a general feeling that the first part of the performance moved slowly. This was due to timing only, for the actors one and all acquitted themselves with distinction.

How fortunate this company has been to have Aline MacMahon in two of the four plays! Her Countess of Rousillon was satisfying in every particular. Voice, gesture, mood—all were as they should be. She was the titled lady in every inch of her bearing, in full command of her great household, yet sympathetic, understanding, warm-hearted.

Nancy Wickwire was faced with a problem in undertaking this much-argued-about heroine. She made Helena open to our sympathy without losing any of the stubborn determination of the young lady to achieve her Bertram. Bertram, acted, appears to be even more of a cad than he does on the printed page. Indeed, as he embraced Helena at the play's conclusion, one wondered what the future held for this couple. John Ragin masked his hatred for Helena poorly and left the playgoer puzzled as to what could have made him so attractive to the foolish heroine.

As Shakespeare's superb "coward villain", Richard Waring was in top form. This was one of his best performances in his three seasons at Stratford. His record to date is one of a series of successes. Jack Bittner, too, has proved himself a versatile player in three seasons here. A tendency to overact at times was not in evidence as he played the Clown. His interpretation had subtlety, grace, and humor. This clown is one of the few in Shakespeare's plays who is not "on the side of the angels", but Mr. Bittner made him likeable notwithstanding.

Barbara Barrie, as Diana, gave her most pleasing interpretation to date. Here was fluidity of motion, with scarcely any of the angularity that has previously detracted from the effectiveness of her work.

Larry Gates made the most of the role of the King of France. Always royal in his bearing, understanding and kindly with Helena, justly firm and scornful with the petulant and disobedient Bertram, he made convincing an episode in the plot that, this side of legend, is scarcely plausible.

Commendation is due all four of the French Lords—Dino Narizzano, Richard Easton, Frederick Warriner, and Severn Darden; also Sada Thompson as the Widow of Florence, and Patrick Hines as the Duke of Florence. Will Geer as Lafeu and Hiram Sherman as a sargeant merit special mention. The former as lord to the Countess gave an excellent characterization, devoted, keen, kindly. Mr. Sherman stood out in the highly comic scene in the Florentine Camp in which Parolles, bound and blindfolded, is terrified into complete betrayal of his forces through the meaningless jargon of the French Lords.

Totalling the score of this last play to enter the season's repertoire, it can be said as we present an accolade to Mr. Houseman—"All's Well That Ends Well." The resignation of Mr. Houseman at the very end of the season will cause widespread regret, for the productions in which he has had a hand have benefited by his taste and excellent judgment.

Hunter College

The Laurels of Stratford, Ontario, Need Pruning

ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH



VER the past six years the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, has built itself an international reputation as well as one of the most sumptuous and practical Elizabethan theaters now in existence. It has come by both its reputation and its facilities honestly, in that it decided right from the start that only the best was good enough, no matter what the cost.

The designer of the stage, and of most of the productions since 1953, when the festival opened in a circus tent, has been Tanya Moiseiwitsch; six of the sixteen productions have been directed by Tyrone Guthrie and six by Michael Langham, previously of London's Old Vic and now the resident artistic director. The major roles have been acted by a galaxy of imported talent including Alec Guinness, James Mason, the late Frederick Valk, Eileen Herlie, Irene Worth, and Siobhan McKenna. Yet up to this season only one major tragedy had been played (*Hamlet* in 1957) and only three of the major comedies (*The Merchant of Venice* in 1955; *Twelfth Night* in 1957; and *Much Ado About Nothing* last year).

Even admitting that this Stratford is a commercial proposition which has always aimed at filling its theater first and fulfilling Shakespeare's purpose second, this thinness of the repertory has sometimes occasioned harsh comment. This year looked good, therefore, when the plays announced were *Othello* and *As You Like It*. For *Othello* is one of the most intense and poetic of the tragedies—a major work if ever there was one—and *As You Like It* is the "standard" Shakespeare comedy just as *Henry V* is the "standard" history and *Julius Caesar* the "standard" Roman play.

In the event, the season was not nearly so exciting as we had expected. *Othello* was dull in July and worse in August; *As You Like It* was marred at the start of the season by lots of extraneous stage business which was only partly eliminated as the production matured.

Everyone admits that some business must be invented by a modern director to keep a comedy going at those points where the wit has become dulled by the linguistic erosions of time. Everyone must agree, after reading *Hamlet*, that Shakespeare himself must have suffered his share of scene stealers and vaudeville actors who would sacrifice any line to get a good belly laugh from the audience. Further, Shakespeare's own affluence at the time of his death reminds us that he was an entertainer more than philosopher (Bradley and Tillyard notwithstanding).

Yet there must be reason in all things. And to my mind that reason was not always present in *As You Like It* as it was done at Stratford this year.

In the first scene Oliver was brought on in a sedan chair and there was great byplay with a pair of gloves with bells on when we wanted to listen to what was going on. (Shakespeare is, after all, getting a good deal of exposition over in this scene.) The wrestling later in the act was, however, perversely perfunctory. Yet where is there greater scope for the ham? Again, Adam's courageous and moving decision to go into exile with Orlando was marred by his bringing his provisions for the journey with him on a wheelbarrow (in July the things fell off it as it was pushed; in August at least they stayed on).

But the chief offender in this regard was Douglas Campbell, a stalwart who has been with the company ever since its inception. As Touchstone he teetered on the brink of imaginary streams, caught a pretend fish after rolling most of the way round the stage, exaggerated its size to the audience after it had flipped back into the water, stood on a stile which flew up into his face, and forced Audrey into doing the most immodest things with her body in order to make her bearing more unseemly than his. (Which, you remember, the lines call for.)

Even though this was good fun and, except in the latter instance, where Shakespeare intended otherwise, good clean fun, yet the fish *was* caught in the middle of Corin's speech "Sir, I am a true labourer"; and surely it is obtuse, to say the least, for a director to interrupt one of the key speeches of the play for a piece of facile fooling.

Perhaps it was that Peter Wood, the director in question, brought from England that very London opinion that anyone can produce Shakespeare well, but only a genius can produce it differently. And who would not like to be thought a genius? But there is not room for two geniuses in the same play and for me, as for Keats, Shakespeare is enough.

There were other things, too, which Mr. Wood did and which grated. Monsieur Le Beau for no reason at all was played by a small boy. Not only did this do violence to the character but the boy did unbelievable things to the verse. For choirboys in Ontario, like choirboys almost everywhere else on this continent, speak blank verse as if they were reading the instructions on the side of a packet of breakfast food. Amiens too was played by a choirboy and so, later on, was Hymen. The youthful Amiens succeeded in putting Jacques so far off his stroke that it took him most of the seven ages of man speech to regain his rightful place in the scheme of things. Hymen, as might be imagined, made the climax of the play sound like a scene from the last Home and School meeting before Christmas.

Not even Mr. Wood *and* his choirboys, however, could wrest the play quite from its foundations. Shakespeare, in *As You Like It*, builds on them too well. For there is no play in the canon which fuses its artistic and moral purpose so completely. At its simplest (and therefore, presumably, as you like it) the wicked are punished, and the good are rewarded. But more subtly, having travelled out of themselves for most of the play, all the major characters come back home the better for their journey. Their travels have broadened their minds and their capacity for love has been enlarged. They thus travel back from the abnormality of exile or of disguise or of adopted sex to the normality of marriage, just inheritance and royal prerogative. The love which sends them

back is love in its full Christian range of charity, affection, forgiveness, and humility—all of which qualities have been wittily or mordantly portrayed in the masquerade wooings of Orlando and Ganymede, in the *amour courtois* of Silvius, in the rough coupling of Touchstone and Audrey, and in the various changes of heart at the end by those who had been full of motiveless malignancy at the beginning.

The chief creator of love is, of course, Rosalind, and as Rosalind Irene Worth was a delight to the eye and the ear. She moved so gracefully, spoke so clearly (giving every pun its due and every jibe its proper nuance) and built her character so intelligently that she dominated the whole production. And her apparent ease, actually coming from intense concentration, was matched by an equally relaxed and well projected Orlando, created by William Sylvester, an American actor trained in England who was this season's find at Stratford. Kate Reid's Celia was not in the same class but at least she let Shakespeare speak for her and Tony van Bridge, as Corin, achieved rustic nobility by the same means.

On opening night therefore, *As You Like It* was, to paraphrase G. B. Shaw, not as *I* liked it, but by the latter half of the season the intelligent readings by these last four actors had salvaged a good deal from the wreckage left by Mr. Wood.

Othello, on the other hand, was a completely home grown production and thus the theme for a number of laudatory trumpetings by some of the more nationalistic newspaper critics. *Othello* was played by Douglas Campbell, who has made his home in Stratford ever since he made a success of his first season there in 1953 as Parolles in *All's Well* and as Hastings in *Richard III*. In the intervening years he has done a superb Oedipus, two good Falstaffs (in *Henry IV, Part 1*, and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*), a chilling Claudius in *Hamlet* and a first rate Sir Toby Belch.

Desdemona was Frances Hyland, another festival regular who, although Canadian, first came to prominence in London as Perdita in John Gielgud's 1951 production of *The Winter's Tale*.

The settings were designed by Robert Prevost of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the direction was, as a result of that curious bilingual compromise which outsiders can never quite understand, in the hands of Jean Gascon of the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal and George McCowan of the Crest Theatre in Toronto. Their direction of this play was straightforward. There were no tricks, no imported cleverness, no attempt to do anything but mount *Othello* as Shakespeare wrote it. It would be nice to say that as a result it was a tremendous success and pointed out the lessons of *As You Like It*. Despite what the local critics said, this was not, unfortunately, the case. The pace was slow, the speaking of the verse poor, and the concern with the mechanics of the plot oppressive (that damnable handkerchief almost ruined the play).

Yet the pacing of *Othello* should not be too difficult. It starts with a bang as Brabantio is aroused from his bed and, after a noble speech from Othello in the Sagittary, quietens down into a somewhat balefully smooth ending of the first act. This calm is disrupted by the storm off Cyprus followed by the brawl at night which again quietens ominously as Iago's plan begins to take shape. (This is a good time for an intermission but Stratford plunged straight on for another half an hour.) Then comes the baiting of the trap and the dropping of the

handkerchief leading to Othello's fateful speech: "Now art thou my lieutenant", and Iago's pregnant reply: "I am your own for ever". There are the strongest overtones here of the beginning of the play, when Iago had said, "It is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets he has done my office"—for now Iago has the office he covets and possesses Othello in a way in which he never could possess Desdemona.

From here the play builds with a relentless and horrifying force to the final murder. But if the pace is not maintained, the bedroom-brothel scene, with Emilia keeping the door, asserts itself too much, so that the slapping of Desdemona's face becomes a climax from which it is difficult to start again. At Stratford this is exactly what happened and the strangling was not nearly so shattering as that first vicious blow.

But it was not just the pace of this play, it was the speaking of its poetry which let it down. Douglas Campbell has tricks of elocution which can become irritating to a degree. He clips his "r's", sharpens his long vowels so that he groans about his "waif" instead of his "wife" and so deliberately enunciates each syllable that even the sweeping rhythms of "Her father loved me, oft invited me" broke into brittle chunks of lapidary sound.

Douglas Rain, experimenting with a reading of Iago which made him more a modern delinquent getting his kicks than an Elizabethan malcontent purging his bile, went to the other extreme. Having perhaps found at the beginning of the season that his performance, which was interesting enough in its way, seemed a little thin, he tried to thicken it by shouting. But volume can never replace tone and neither can create significant poetic character—only rhythm can do that. In the end, Mr. Rain became at times completely unintelligible.

Between these two men, the one shouting clearly and the other confusedly, Desdemona had to raise her voice. As a result she wailed when she should have implored, keened when she should have cried, and shrilled when she should have been merely firm. This was the pity of it, since Miss Hyland's voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman, particularly if she happens to be playing Desdemona.

There were, of course, some who spoke well (William Hutt, as usual, was one) and there were some scenes which were dramatically successful. These were mainly those played by William Sylvester (transformed for this play from Orlando to Cassio) and by John Horton, who made a brilliant little character out of Roderigo (yes, Roderigo).

In the main, though, this *Othello* was tiresome. It showed, more than anything else has ever done, that Stratford would be unwise to rest on its laurels or to depend on its present company of actors. Only one or two of them have made any technical progress in the past seven years, and in the speaking of verse all seem to have deteriorated.

There is need for some one like Gielgud or Olivier to come to Stratford soon to remind this festival of the standards to which it should aspire (and once did) and to teach it how the poetry of Shakespeare's plays contains within itself the reason why it is written so and not otherwise. For no Shakespeare festival can ignore the verse of the plays—if it does, it ignores Shakespeare. And without Shakespeare, Stratford would look very silly.

Toronto

Oregon Shakespeare Festival: The New Theatre

ROBERT D. HORN



FOR a muse of fire!" No other invocation seems adequate to the splendid new structure, risen Phoenix-like to replace the old building to house the nineteenth season of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. No one even faintly interested in Shakespeare could have sat at the opening night without feelings of awe and admiration. The ever-to-be-admired founder, Professor Angus Bowmer, staged *Twelfth Night* as the initial performance. When the lights faded on Feste's tuneful promise, "And we'll strive to please you every day", director Bowmer let his imposing gift to the world stand in silent, eloquent majesty, glowing softly in the starlight, the banner bearing Shakespeare's crest fluttering gently on the mast atop the hut, and the multiple stages mutely but confidently affirming that the gentle town of Ashland, Oregon, will continue to provide delight for many years to come.

The four plays of the season were preceded by a sumptuous Feast of the Bard, dancing, song, and a tactfully phrased dedicatory speech by Oregon's youthful Governor Mark Hatfield. Then the new lighting, swung on cantilevered arms so as to leave vision entirely clear, came up on a spirited *Masque of the New World*. In this work, written by Carl Ritchie, Publicity Director, Elizabeth I herself presided over a contest for her favors. Played by Margaret Vafiadis, she listened to the promises of rich discoveries and conquests by Raleigh, Drake, and Frobisher. Dancers, miming white-plumed waves and feathered Indians, yielded to the magic of a Soothsayer, and the great prize appeared, the mountains and forests of Oregon. 1959 being the Centennial Year of the state, this tribute did not seem inept. The audience could remind themselves that gold prospectors had built the nearby village of Jacksonville, also celebrating its centennial year and boasting the first church built west of the Rockies. Many of the spectators could also feel pleased that the drive to raise the needed \$275,000 gave them the satisfaction of being sharers in the fine enterprise. These included many donors, but among those to be introduced were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. V. Carpenter, whose generosity to the Ashland theater has been in the great tradition, and the film luminary, Miss Ginger Rogers, who attended all opening performances.

As with its predecessor, construction has followed all available specifications of the Fortune Theater. Mr. Richard L. Hay, designer, has achieved an imaginative and authentic reconstruction which is possibly more of a triumph than a detailed replica might be, were all details available. He has adhered strictly

to the architectural idiom of the Shakespearian stage; but, as certainly was the case with all the ten theaters which housed the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, he has varied and expanded facilities in compliance with the needs and experience of directors and performances since the first Oregon production in 1935. The railed forestage again follows the dimensions of the Fortune, and is tapered in the manner advocated by J. C. Adams. Since the Peter Streete-Henslowe contract calls for other specifications to conform to those of the Globe, spectators may well be assured that they are viewing a staging of the plays quite as much in the manner of that theater as of the Fortune. As the galleries are not carried around, the overall façade is widened by the extent of their depth, thus giving a rather wide-screen effect. The design rejects C. W. Hodges' conception of a gallery entrance at either side of the forestage, thus permitting an extension of the playing area which is frequently serviceable.

In strict conformity with the Fortune measurements, the lower and upper inner stages and the musicians' gallery are 12, 11, and 9 feet high respectively. Above all is the hut, supported by the two tapering, hexagonal posts. Its employment for lowering the "Heavenly Throne" was restricted to the Masque; but it is intended that in the 1960 season Ariel will be "flown" in *The Tempest*. The musicians' gallery was very pleasingly used for instrumentalists playing varying ensembles of harpsichord, recorders, lute, and drums. Mr. Hay's innovation, the so-called "pavilion", continues to be highly serviceable (see *SO*, VIII (1957), 530). This supplementary railed balcony, projecting from the span of the lower Inner Stage is even more effective in the new theater. Its flanking columns and arched doorways, also pillared, soften the relatively gaunt, inn-yard appearance of the façade. The result is elegantly suggestive of Renaissance classicising, both in housing and in décor, and it affords a greatly enriched texture for scenic background. Bringing the balcony forward provides a sense of intimacy and emotive power which is the peculiar effect of the forestage below.

Over the years one of the most constructive results at Ashland has arisen from experiment with the physical resources of Elizabethan staging. The gain in fluidity and in the relief to the eye from the shifting of focus has revealed that the multiple playing areas are of much more than archaic interest. The staging of Antony's death scene, however, imposed upon Director James Sandoe difficulties which were far more than academic. It is one thing to read the stage direction, "They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra", or even to imagine the heroic pathos of this movement. It is another to elevate the 185 pounds, more or less, of Mr. Marcuse to a twelve-foot height, and over a rather frail balcony railing with only two distraught ladies-in-waiting to take over the burden of the final heave. The problem was met by moving the action from center stage to the end of the pavilion balcony; but only after the amused response of the opening night audience carried Dr. Johnson's reminder that "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." The episode is worth noticing as showing that the only way to grasp Shakespeare's problems as a practising playwright is to stage the plays in the manner and with the facilities and limitations which he knew.

All three directors, Mr. Bowmer for *Twelfth Night*, Mr. Richard D. Risso for *King John*, and Mr. Sandoe for *Measure for Measure* and *Antony and*

Cleopatra, must be commended for their sensitive and sensible interpretations. The stage pictures were constantly varied and expressive, and the acting was vital, intelligent, and constantly plastic in the sense that all the performers served the ends of the scene and play. Among newcomers Theodore Marcuse was most impressive for versatility and skill, but also for a very evident love of playing. His Sir Toby had bulk and heartiness, if not quite enough belch. His Cardinal Pandulph in *King John* was spirited but restrained, and his Antony had strength and considerable heroic force. Thanks to a Ford Foundation grant, Mr. Bowmer was able to bolster his company with several other semi-professional performers. Barbara Waide, as Viola and Cleopatra, was spirited if somewhat short on romantic verve; but as the acidulous Queen Elinor, mother of King John, she was at her best. Diminutive Robert Towers, who should play Moth to a Marcuse Don Armado, Edward Grover, a solid, conscientious performer, and the redoubtable William Oyler, who is always a master of sinister roles, but who was seen principally as Faulconbridge this year; these and many others deserve notice. Among many none was more memorable than Mr. Bowmer himself, in his two brief appearances in *Antony and Cleopatra* as Lepidus and as the Old Man bearing the basket of figs and fatality. Both were gems of performance. Lepidus was a "slight, unmeritable man", richly dressed, patently a small man in a position too big for him. The bearer of the Asp was a toothless, grinning old gaffer who brought death with a bright eye, and a sardonic, grisly humor that provided one of the most genuinely Elizabethan moments in the season.

Particular pleasure to audiences who have known her was brought by Mary Jo Randall. Her beauty, personal warmth of voice, and ardent playing, as well as her intelligence, were again apparent in her roles as Olivia and Lady Constance, as well as in the contrasting bits as the Nun and Mistress Overdone in *Measure for Measure*. In this play David O'Brien, as Duke of Vienna, contributed an interpretation that was both more plausible and more agreeable than is often the case. A quick, knowing smile revealed his awareness of Angelo's dubious character and also his own benevolent purpose. As usual, he suggested a creamy gentility which made him seem a worthy reward for Isabella's invincible virtue. Paul Nagle Jackson, another veteran at Ashland, provided a deftness and facility in his Feste which was also lyrical. If as Caesar he was not altogether imperial, he may have been hampered by the long purple robes and forward-pointing crown which strongly suggested the picture of Napoleon on the occasion of crowning himself. Mr. Jackson's Lucio was more within his excellent range.

Special notice should be given to Mr. Philip Hanson, long established at Ashland as both director and player. As Malvolio, King John, and Angelo he showed a remarkable ability at strong delineation of individual character while at the same time suggesting the universal humanity which is the hallmark of Shakespeare. Malvolio's buttery, fatuous officiousness oozed in voice and in updrawn brow and downdrawn mouth, his face the very map of self-conceit and singularity. King John's weak and willful effort to assert the power of crown and scepter was reinforced by a forward thrust of spindly legs that bespoke authority without power. In him it became apparent that monarchy is greater than kings, and that human society is more important than either. One

could feel in anticipation Shakespeare's long roll of weak, reckless, and brutal misusers of royal power; yet also that "Naught shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true." This sentiment, quoted in the program, appropriately initiated the beginning of the next ten-year cycle of History plays at Ashland. The transplanting of the plays over 350 years of time and 6,000 miles of space, to the Rogue River valley, is not a matter of mere entertainment. Something in our own national life is being sustained and nourished by them. Dr. Johnson's lines, spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747, conclude on this note.

Bid scenic Virtue form the rising Age,
And Truth diffuse her Radiance from the Stage.

The truth which emerges this season, as always at Ashland, is Shakespeare's most essential affirmation, that of his sagacious humanity, the recognition that we should live, work, laugh, love, and also die as part of the community of human beings. Mr. Hanson's portrayals graphically defined the perils in the souring of the spirit through self-immolating vices, vanity, suspiciousness, unchecked lust. Through falling into self-destructive passion Cleopatra found death. In the generous ardor of her spirit Viola reached toward life and showed the way toward breaking the barriers which isolate men and women from each other.

It is no detraction from the work of directors and actors to say that the new theater was the great event of the season. In the absence of the head costumer, the invaluable Mr. William Russell, productions suffered somewhat in the dressing. Occasional deficiencies in harmony and texture of colors and fabrics seemed to bemoan his absence. Trivial as it may seem, it was unfortunate that Cleopatra could offer nothing but a zipper in support of her classic costume line: "Cut my lace, Charmian." Malvolio's stockings were neither sufficiently yellow nor so egregiously cross-gartered as to serve as comic affront to Olivia. In overall effect, the *Masque* and *King John* were most successful; both provided brilliant effects, filling the stage with color and at the same time providing dramatic and choreographic point.

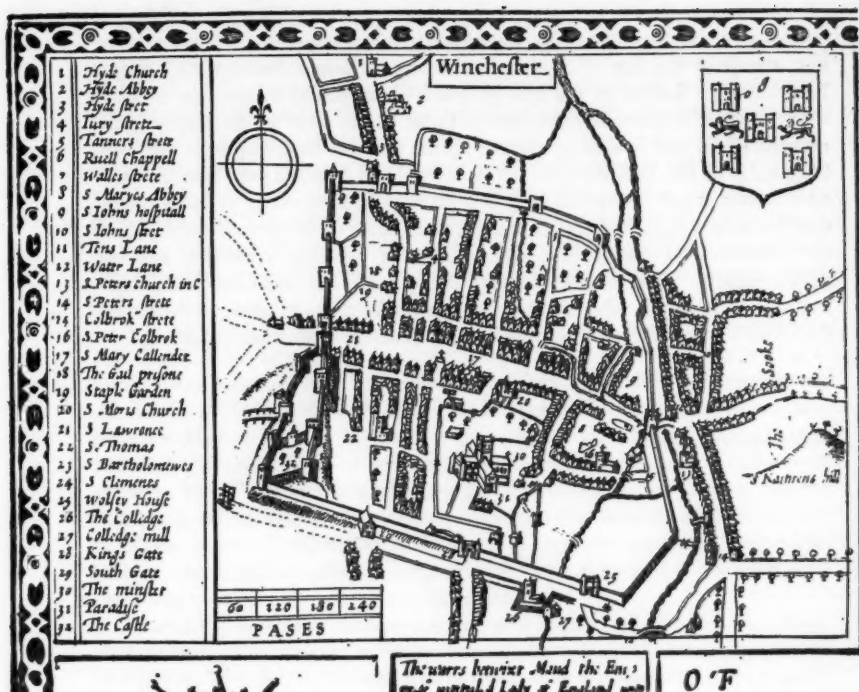
In addition to *mise en scène*, the acting and staging, it is the function of any Shakespearian company to maintain the qualities of the spoken line, stressed by Hamlet. This demand is well met in Oregon. It is impressive to see a group of players from all parts of the country achieving such essential unity, as well as avoiding the absurdities of mannered speech. The diction was natural, unselfconscious, and nicely subdued to both the character and to American tongues and ears. The presence of one English performer, Miss Auriol Smith as Maria in *Twelfth Night*, and as Octavia, brought some sense of crisp English precision and lilt. However, the effect was not incongruous, and it mainly served to remind the listener that, had he been sitting at a production at the original Globe, what he would hear might sound more like the gravelly growling of Mr. Brubaker as Barnardine than the unctuous mellifluousness of Sir John Gielgud or the labial blandness of Mr. Maurice Evans. The plays were well spoken, the projection was nicely adequate to the needs of the present theater. And, it should be added, acoustically the new structure, with its lofty, gabled façade, could teach lessons to many a modern theater. The sound comes

sharply, without either the sense of bounce or echo, and with a solid, unbroken firmness which permits ample variations in level and volume.

Allardyce Nicoll has pointed out that it is misleading to interpret dramatic history in terms of a single, idealized theater building, whether that of Dionysus at Athens or the Globe of London's Bankside. These structures must all be viewed as variants of a growing, never final design. The Elizabethan theater, he feels, is a direct descendant of the Roman development from Greek beginnings. Since this is so plainly true of Shakespeare's plays, so may it well be true that his theater is more indebted to the towering *proscenion* of the classical theater than it is to inn-yards and bear gardens. The new building at Ashland, for all the additions of modern lighting, comfortable seating, and the like, stands in the line of Shakespeare's theaters. James Burbage and Angus Bowmer alike looked to the best in previous construction, and the result is a fine sense of undisturbed continuity. To sit in the open air and enjoy swift, uninterrupted, and intense playing of all the plays of Shakespeare at Ashland, Oregon, is to feel that the interval of centuries has melted into thin air. The new theater is not just a building; it is an important event in genuine Shakespearean scholarship. In it are reflected years of effort on the part of the designer, the directors and players, the keen interest of growing audiences, and the strong sagacity of Professor Margery Bailey with her excellent Renaissance Institute. It is for all who are interested in Shakespeare to come and see, and the Duke's concluding lines in *Measure for Measure* seem appropriate.

So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

University of Oregon



Winchester. From John Speed's *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine* (1614), the Folger Shakespeare Library copy. See p. 619.

Shakespeare in the Rockies: The Second Season

ROBERT L. PERKIN



THE Colorado Shakespeare Festival, growing with prudence, enjoyed a prosperous and successful second season this summer. Three plays again were given handsome and skillful stagings, the critics were enthusiastic, and the steadily larger audiences seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The festival ran nightly from August 1 through 15 under the stars in the Mary Rippon Theater on the University of Colorado campus in Boulder. This represented a two-performance expansion over the 1958 festival, and attendance climbed to 10,669 from the 7000 of the first season. There were three over-capacity houses. All in all, admissions totaled 12,689 for the entire festival, which also included, this year, three concerts of Renaissance music, a demonstration of Elizabethan fencing, and five film programs, all in the afternoons. Intelligent planning and thoughtful development, with neither bombast nor klieg lights, are winning their rewards, and the success gives one reason to be hopeful on at least several counts. In the short space of two seasons the progress has been warmly satisfying, and the outlook is exciting.

Graphically, the 1959 festival might possibly be represented as two peaks with a low valley—or at most a plateau—lying between them. The peaks were *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and, especially, *Macbeth*. The valley was *Richard II*.

Both triumphs were achieved on the level of mood and illusion, the very plane upon which the theater, next after music among all the arts, wins its most notable victories in the wars with false reality. The *Richard*, it seemed to me, suffered from a bafflingly unsubtle interpretation of what the play is about. Had Shakespeare entertained so low an opinion of this king, unkingly as he is, I doubt we would have had any of the other histories in the Richard-Henry sequence. Richard could have been put away in his precious "little little grave" and good riddance. Few to grieve and none to remember. But more about the Boulder *Richard* presently. Let me begin at the beginning.

A Midsummer Night's Dream opened the festival. I salute the bright success of Colorado's *Dream* with some unwillingness and across the ruins of shattered prejudices. What else can I do? I was captured, and those around me on the pleasant summer evening seemed equally transported to that bedewed and teeming Warwickshire bosk which passes for a wood near Athens. And the transporting of cynical adult moderns to fairyland, I submit, is much more of a feat than worshipful teachers of English literature would like to have it. We

just don't believe in fairies very much any more. Our souls have grown tight across the shoulders, and it has been years since we were smote between the eyes by a moonbeam.

The commentaries speak as a choir of a play which is "best-loved" and "an eternal delight" and "most frequently performed", but *Dream*, alas, is no favorite of *mine*. I bear the scars of a few of those too-frequent performances. The very title calls up uncomfortable memories of gaggles of muscular modern dance majors in leotards and pastel-dyed cheesecloth flitting heavily across lawns in grim pursuit of the essences of faery grace. Or of shuffling, embarrassed Oberons, or Pucks who were cute—and knew it. The associations are difficult ones to shake off despite some more happy experiences, and I have wondered on occasion how many life-long enemies have been earned for Shakespeare by the earnest and well-meant efforts of maiden lady directors to share their misty-eyed ecstasies through the medium of this fragile and gossamer play. The number undoubtedly would be depressingly large. I fear that the critical comment on *Dream* of our egalitarian friend, the man-on-the-street—should anyone be so rash as to ask him for it—might parallel Dorothy Parker's famous vulgarism on Milne: "Constant Reader frowned up." In his fairy-forsaken world, he would have you know, all is seldom well, and let's hustle those whimsies right back into the nursery where they belong.

I now formally recant (again) my share in these shallow sophistications. In Boulder the mood *was* established. The summer's night was indeed and in fact touched with moonlight and magic, and, to echo Dr. Johnson, if fairies existed they would have to act and talk exactly as these did. There must have been persons in that audience, not much given to soaring in the past, who found as they got up to leave that their feet no longer quite reached to the ground. The elfin fancy, the rustic comedy, the airy romance—all were of a piece with the laughter, the music and the night. The result was, as it should be, blessed love and sweet peace. Moreover, young lovers took home with them the personal and entirely convincing assurance of King Oberon that all unborn babies, present or contemplated, would be unblemished and beautiful. What more could one ask of the theater?

The guest director of Colorado's *Dream*, Howard M. Banks of the University of Southern California, understands the apparently secret arts of compounding fancy, comedy and romance with laughter, music and night to yield a palpable mood of peace and love. It is an alchemy to be reckoned with nowadays. Three of the more obvious ingredients of Mr. Banks' magic included bright youth (*Dream* responds to and requires youth in its players as *Julius Caesar* rejects it, and the Colorado festival in its first two seasons has demonstrated the premise both ways), some most engaging original music composed and conducted off-stage by Michael Anderson, and inspired costuming by Inge Schmidt. Miss Schmidt used a glittering and dream-like melody of muted tones for her principals, and then employed color like a painter to dramatize the antimasque. She clothed her rude mechanicals in warm and earthy browns, reds, yellows and oranges. The effect was meet, if perhaps obvious, and soundly contributory to the overall achievement.

The entire cast, with only minor exceptions of actor and moment, joined merrily in making it a convincing *Dream*. There were standouts, of course.

Puck (Ralph Symonds) was a sprightly rogue, though hampered by a badly wrenched leg suffered in dress rehearsal. His hop-skip-jump efforts to move about rapidly on a lame and painful ankle drew appreciative applause and, perversely enough, added to the antic mood. Symonds is a properly small man for the part; so diminutive, in fact, that he made an amusing entrance by somersaulting gracefully between the legs of Oberon as the king stood in a regal pose befitting fairy royalty. Puck was squeaky-voiced mischievous, and if he perhaps gestured too sweepingly in that nineteenth-century style one might have thought out-moded, his closing lines

Gentles, do not reprehend. . . .

Give me your hands, if we be friends. . . .

capped the climax with a twinkle reminiscent of Bergner's memorable ending of *As You Like It*. The *Dream* epilogue seems to me to be crucial: it can punctuate pleasingly, or it can destroy all that has gone before. Symonds met the challenge completely, a right admirable elf. George Wall (whose Hamlet and Petruchio of the 1958 festival are unforgettable) used his splendid voice and flawless diction to make of Oberon a friendly, benign fairy monarch who genuinely wishes everyone well-bedded and blessed. Shirley S. Cox's Titania matched Wall's lead step for step. Theseus (Robert Benson) was a true gentleman of courtesy and jest. Lynn Brown—who also did the nicely restrained bit of formally paced choreography for Peaseblossom and company—seemed to falter at first in failing to grant sympathy to the lover's self-torture lines at the end of the opening scene, but her Helena grew in poise and strength as the play progressed and at the end Miss Brown was one of the jewels of the evening. Her talents as a comedienne should be further exploited. The juicy role of Bottom, a ham-bone to chew on if there ever was one, was served up with great relish by Lee Roy Hicks, who obviously was enjoying himself so much that every movement and word was comic. I have dwelt on the *Dream* at some length because I think it is a most difficult play to produce well—despite all the practice everyone seems to have in producing it. This *Dream* was well-dreamed.

The *Richard II* which followed was much less happily met. It was directed by the Puck of the previous evening, Mr. Symonds, a former assistant to the governor of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon. The interpretation Symonds placed upon the play still perplexes me after much reflection on it. He seemed wholly bent upon emphasizing Richard as merely weak and unroyal, and he succeeded so well the character emerged as something less than a man. Richard (William Monell) was played broadly and frankly as a mincing invert who out-caterpillared Bushy, Bagot and Green combined. The burlesqued effeminacy was so over-worked that it evoked laughs from lines where no laughter belongs. These things cannot be, or the later rage of Hotspur becomes absurd and Henry V is left with precious little to expiate. Surely Hotspur's lament for the "sweet lovely rose" is only hyperbole and not pre-Freudian euphemism. Richard is no major tragic hero. A weak man, of course, vain, an ineffectual poet-dreamer, an actor with himself as audience, but not a simpering fop. The character must be left some shred of dignity or there is no pathos and not much reason left to go on with the other histories in the cycle. This *Richard* was given a reading which put forward a

king who won no sympathy, and one was quite prepared to see him deposed, if not exterminated. It requires a soul of exceptional saintliness to mourn the destruction of a repugnancy; yet in Richard's passing there must be some measure of grief. Yeats, in fact, mounted a pretty good argument for Richard as one of Shakespeare's favorite characters. And the shifting of the audience's sympathies from and to the character, a technique Shakespeare would perfect later, still lies close to the essence of the play. There was no shifting in Boulder. In effect, Richard was killed with his opening scene, though he didn't get around to dying until some two hours later. The procrastination proved tedious despite the intervening noble language. I do not mean to be uncharitable, but I think the position taken by the Colorado *Richard* was untenable. There were, of course, moments of relief. Monell struggled gamely in a clear and ringing voice to breathe life into a Richard for whose premature death one cannot hold the actor accountable. The Bolingbroke (Max Dixon) was effectively played as a strong and masculine contrast. Shirley Cox brought full poignancy to the role of the Queen with her beautifully throaty voice, warm and liquid, and showed another facet of a versatile and competent talent. Possibly the best-realized character of the entire play was Lee Roy Hicks's Gardener, a brief but important appearance. Miss Schmidt's costuming, again, was a triumph: bold with color and mass, rich and wholly regal.

The *Macbeth* was a pinnacle at least equal to last season's *Hamlet*. The impact was overpowering, and the Colorado festival seemed to be following precisely the pattern Van Doren has suggested: the night which had been so airily pennine in *Midsummer Night's Dream* now was unspeakable.

Evil had taken possession. One heard, saw, breathed it, tasted it on the lips. The place reeked of it. Strange, noisome things whirled about in the viscous air, and the earth itself was unsound. I have never seen the black corners of the Rippon Theater so sinister and feverish. The blood of which the old man had so unthinkably much was everywhere. It ran down the woodbine on the walls, dripped from the evergreens on stage, pooled in the grass and spread out to stain the pink sandstone of the "pit". Even the shadows were incarnadine. When the time came for that final touch of insanity, no imagination at all was required to learn that horses were devouring each other just off-stage. Gone was the kind blessing of Oberon, and in its place was horror and everyman's just portion of the tragic enormity of Macbeth's sins. The mind retched and the heart wept.

This *Macbeth* was wholly excellent. I don't know when a play has moved me so powerfully. At the end I was emotionally wrung-out and sat in a kind of exaltation that the English language, well fashioned and well conveyed, should be capable of such dark and sanguine splendors. And I do not think I was alone. It was an experience of theater and literature which I count myself greatly fortunate not to have missed. Such moments come rarely and perhaps not soon again. This one was fashioned out of a masterpiece of lamentation for the evil men do to themselves and others by a company of talented and disciplined actors responding, as though by harmonic impulse, to direction that was sensitive, compassionate and bowstring taut. *Macbeth* was directed by J. H. Crouch, founder and executive director of the festival. Coming after his *Hamlet* of last year, this *Macbeth* indicates Dr. Crouch possesses a feeling for Shake-

spearian tragedy which is unerring. I look forward with impatience to his tragedy next summer, probably *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Robert Benson, one of eighteen scholarship members of the festival company (ten last year), played Macbeth as he should be played: a soldier-hero and a Scot, strong, virile, sorely troubled by his deeds, stricken by the tardy realization that blood begets blood and yet never in doubt about his own primal culpability. Benson's voice is a rough one with sharp edges, but clear and vibrant, and his ability to convey the heartsick but courageous soul was little short of amazing in one so young. Shirley Cox also was outstanding as Lady Macbeth, epitome of the whilom realist. And under severe difficulties. The community of Boulder was contributing its decibels to the celebration of the "Pike's Peak or Bust!" gold rush centennial and elected pyrotechnics as the agency of civic self-expression. The nightly fireworks display coincided with Mrs. Cox's sleep-walking scene, a trying part under ideal conditions, and she was forced to compete with sky-rockets and aerial bombs. It pleases me greatly to report that the fireworks lost. Mention also must be made of the Macduff (Max Dixon), electric in his rightful anger, the promising Malcolm (Frederic DeSantis), the Doctor (Lee Roy Hicks), the Porter (Ralph Symonds) and the Banquo (George Wall). The solution to the problem of Banquo's ghost was interesting and effective. A floor-length drapery masked the front of the banquet table and a platform below it. Banquo, blood-spattered and smiling horribly, arose from beneath the table to take his place, or slid smoothly out of sight when the ghostly presence was not required. It seemed to me the scene might have been played farther downstage for even greater effectiveness. My eye and ear detected only two minor discords. The Nurse (Ricky Weiser) rather startlingly produced a Burnsian Scot dialect after all her countrymen and women had avoided it, and the incantations of the weird sisters, soaring in crescendos of frenzy, became sometimes unintelligible, but perhaps it didn't matter. It was a *Macbeth* anyone would have been proud to have directed, appeared in or witnessed.

Tentative plans for next season call for *Henry IV, Part One*, *Twelfth Night* and, as has been mentioned, *Antony and Cleopatra*. Dates are not firmly fixed as this is written, but probably will again be in early August. It is hoped that three performances can be added to the 1960 festival, a modest touch of optimism which seems eminently justified.

Denver



Salisbury. From John Speed's *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine* (1614), the Folger Shakespeare Library copy. See p. 619.

Third Annual Phoenix Shakespeare Festival

ANSON B. CUTTS



HE third annual Shakespeare Festival of the Phoenix Little Theatre, like its predecessors, was a resounding success. It assumed a statewide character through the participation for the first time of the drama department of the University of Arizona, located in Tucson. This was made possible by the temporary withdrawal of the Phoenix College drama department, which had participated with distinction in the first two festivals.

The festival was launched with the now traditional fanfare—period dancing on the greensward by the PLT corps de ballet, and singing by the Bach and Madrigal Society, plus sweetmeats and beverages in the gaily decorated booths—all presided over by Good Queen Bess in the person of Scarlett Caywood. However, any Shakespeare Festival worth its salt must be judged not by side-shows but by the qualities of the productions on the main stage.

These were the University of Arizona's *King Lear*, directed by Peter R. Marroney, April 2 through 4; Arizona State University's *As You Like It*, directed by James Yeater, April 6 through 8; and Phoenix Little Theatre's *Henry IV, Part 1*, directed by Norman MacDonald, April 10 through 12.

For many years Marroney has been a guiding light of the legitimate stage in Tucson, where in addition to serving as head of the drama department at the University, he organized the city's most popular summer playhouse, The Arizona Corral Theatre (in-the-round).

Authorities have said of *Lear* that, among the tragedies of passion, it is the one in which the passions assume the largest proportions, act upon the widest theater, and assume their absolute extremes. These were the main factors that determined the scope of the University of Arizona production. The director's purpose was to encompass the rugged grandeur, the pagan and pessimistic philosophical implications of the play, with its universal appeal in the eternal, albeit unnatural, relationship of parents and children in both the main and sub-plots.

Although Shakespeare is vague regarding the background and historical incidents involving the legendary Lear, Marroney sought to treat the character as a British king of importance in history, and chose the Saxon period for the festival presentation, as being compatible with the mood of the play and its barbaric, wild phases. On the stage this period called for boldness in speech and action, by a cast possessing well-trained, rich, and resonant voices with variance of range. Be it said to the director's great credit, never in this reviewer's experience has a cast of student actors met these requirements so consistently and effectively as in this instance. The men, in particular, were successful in master-

ing the "standard stage diction", which audiences associate with professional performances of Shakespeare—no small achievement.

Dramatically and technically this *King Lear* was also impressive, though the fact that the title role was enacted by a graduate student in partial fulfillment of the requirements for his Master's Degree in Drama (demonstrating an actor's approach to *The Tragedy of King Lear*), resulted in a practically uncut text and a final curtain past midnight, which is too long for most present day theater goers' taste.

William Spies in the name part brought dignity, poignancy, and outrage to his portrayal, but the full magnitude of his vast agony was not always apparent until at the end. The real star of the performance was Peter Glenn in the role of the Fool, who alone stands by the wretched Lear in his hours of tribulation. Glenn's characterization had style, humor, compassion, and great distinction in attention to detail. It became a symbolic personification of Lear's conscience, adroitly conveyed to the audience, just as the rugged scenes on the heath were symbolic of his tormented mind.

Supplementary settings were simple, but massive, with the various locales suggested by large rocks or beams superimposed on the basic festival set, while the temper and time of the different scenes were enhanced by unusually fine lighting and sky and sound effects. Costumes were designed along the lines of those found in surviving manuscripts and chronicles of this primitive early period in history. The loose robes permitted freedom of movement in the violent scenes; materials simulated animal skins and authentic fabrics, with colors that were simple, sharp, and earthy.

Dr. Yeater took over the direction of the Drama Workshop at Arizona's second University this year, during the sabbatical of Professor Frank R. Byers. He came to ASU with a Master's Degree in Drama from the University of Washington, a Ph.D. from the University of Illinois, and wide experience as a director and actor. His aim in the production of *As You Like It* was to hold the performance to "two hours traffic on the stage." This necessitated the reduction of the length of the play by some 600 lines, but cuts were small and widely scattered, no scene being deleted altogether. The only change that altered slightly the structure of the text was the elimination of the small part of Jacques de Boys, who appears in the final scene to announce that Duke Frederick has become religious and has restored the usurped kingdom to Duke Senior. This was deemed an unnecessary slowing of the action, as it reached the climax.

Yeater's main objective was to establish a tone of light-hearted gaiety and romantic unreality, as he felt that the pastoral tradition is somewhat foreign to sophisticated modern audiences, and that the whole purpose and effect of the play would be lost, unless one could be made to believe for the nonce that somewhere there is a Never-Never-Land, a Forest of Arden, in which the pettiness of the world is shaken off, and the beauties of untouched nature relished and appreciated; where lovers will be re-united and villains become properly repentant.

This atmosphere of natural sympathy was invoked by an acting style at once sincere and gay; yet unrealistic in the modern sense of "realism". A natural force of stage movement was maintained along with an almost formal arrangement of characters, for the sake of effecting aesthetically pleasing pictures. As was the case last year in the ASU production of *Twelfth Night*, Elizabethan music on the harpsichord and singing, under the direction of Nadine Dresskel and Marion

Smith of the music faculty, were utilized to maintain the mood of the drama, as it flowed from scene to scene without a break, except at intermission.

To assure this continuous fluidity, the setting had to be simple and flexible in design. No scenery was used on the forestage of the basic festival set, but a series of slender columns and one-dimensional cut-outs on the upper acting area were painted in a stylized manner on both sides, so that the columns might serve as such in the court scenes, and as tree trunks, when turned around for the forest scenes. In like manner, the cut-outs represented fountains or benches on one side, and bushes on the other. Thus the shifts could be made on a darkened stage in a matter of seconds.

Lighting on an open "cyc" played an important part in the total effect by producing colorful hues in the background of the palace, and lush blues and greens in the forest, though in the latter there was a tendency to over-light on the first night. When the god, Hymen, appeared at the end of the play, the stage was bathed in a deep golden glow. Here advantage was taken of the opportunity for pageantry, with as many people in colorful costumes on the stage as could effectively be managed. Another memorable scene was provided by the wrestling match between Orlando and Charles. Played by George Winningham and Paul Lingol, it was as rough and tumble a contest as any seen on TV.

Although they made a more youthful, less mature-voiced impression than the *King Lear* cast, the student actors in *As You Like It* distinguished themselves with their zestful portrayals and lively pace throughout. An outstanding success was chalked up by lithesome Jill Fisher in the pivotal role of Rosalind. Her acting had freshness and assurance; her stage manner had style, and her diction was consistently good, whether as herself, or in masculine disguise. Easily the most finished and professional performance among the men was that of experienced Don Doyle, playing Touchstone. If anything, he was a little too sure of himself, but he didn't miss a trick in his delivery or acting, and he stole several scenes with mercurial stage business that kept the audience laughing. Another standout was Tom Paty in the role of Jaques.

The Phoenix Little Theatre's own production of *Henry IV, Part 1*, boasted a predominantly adult cast, including several former professionals, under the direction of TV Actor-Radio Announcer Norman MacDonald, who had played Macbeth in the first Phoenix Festival and Iago in the second. His experience dates back to membership in the professional Shakespeare company of the Globe Theatre at San Diego's 1935 World's Fair. Last season he conducted PLT's intensive Shakespeare Studio for actors and technicians.

MacDonald viewed this "chronicle" play as one in which he could call advantageously upon the techniques of the twentieth-century mass media (television, radio, motion pictures, and newspapers) plus the public interest in current events, as exemplified in news reels and documentaries, to project, insofar as possible on the stage, the impact of Shakespeare's drama. This embraced the Bard's incomparable understanding and the quality of immediacy which infuses all of his plays, none more than *Henry IV, Part 1*. The result was a triumphant close to the 1959 festival, with some of the finest acting seen at any of them to date. The division of the play into two acts was not so much an arbitrary choice of the director, as it was indicated by the script itself. The first part consisted of the preparation for the battle; the second the battle itself, starting with Act IV.

Staging was simplified by the addition of a forestage of truly Elizabethan

proportions. By means of lights and traveler curtains, it was easy to achieve quick transitions from scene to scene. In the second act, the stage left area, in all its levels, was used for the rebel camp, the stage right for the royal forces, and the curtained forestage for the scene between Falstaff and Prince Hal, just before the battle. From that point on, the full Elizabethan stage was employed, with only such supplementary elements as the bannered tents at each side of the upper level silhouetted against the illuminated sky effect on the "cyc", which changed to suggest night, dawn, and the full day of battle.

Taped music bridges of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century dance music with the original instrumentation introduced the tavern scenes. More program "mood music" with modern instrumentation helped to set and sustain the drama itself, and for its shock value, stirring bagpipe music served as leit motif for the rebel forces during the Shrewsbury sequences. The costumes were as handsome as have ever been seen at the Phoenix Festival.

The most important ingredient of the production, the cast, with one minor exception, the Earl of Douglas, was exemplary. Henry Balloni, a young but seasoned actor with a fine voice, dignity, and an impressive stature, made a Prince Hal that neither brawling nor purse-taking could destroy or even tarnish.

Robert Aden, with years of professional theater to his credit, fully realized the kinetic energy and volcanic fire of Hotspur in situations that a lesser actor might have played off as mere rant. His climactic scenes on the battlefield were magnificent, and those with Lady Kate struck just the right note of youthful and wayward impulsiveness. For her part, Lady Kate became a superlatively petulant, adoring, domineering, and enchanting wife at the hands of Chris Gordon, while Walter Andrews' Falstaff was a tour-de-force of wit and bawdy humor, as well conceived and developed as it was hilarious, and worthy of a place beside his Sir Toby Belch.

At the Little Theatre's annual banquet the next month, Edgar Anderson, Chairman of the Alfred Knight Shakespeare Section which stages the festival, presented the Dr. Alfred Knight Annual Scholarship Awards of \$50.00 each, as follows: *King Lear*, Acting Awards to Peter Glenn, the Fool; William Spies, King Lear; Harman Weiner, Edmund; and Bruce Pearson, Edgar. Production Awards to Tal Ressel, stage manager; and Gretchen Butterbaugh, costume mistress. *As You Like It*, Acting Awards to Don Doyle, Touchstone; Jill Fisher, Rosalind; Don McGregor, Oliver; and Tom Paty, Jaques. Production Awards to Alvie Thomas, stage manager; and Dolores Gregory, assistant to director. *Henry IV, Part 1*, Acting Awards to Robert Aden, Hotspur; Walter Andrews, Falstaff; Henry Balloni, Prince Hal; and Chris Gordon, Lady Kate Percy. Production Award to Joan Judkin, stage manager. The PLT technical director, Thornton Garst, was not eligible.

Chairman Anderson also revealed that the 3,000 total attendance at the festival was 83 percent of capacity, and that students account for nearly half of the total. This accords with Dr. Knight's desire to encourage and develop the study of Shakespeare among young people. It was with this in mind that he made possible the annual scholarships totaling \$1,200.00, and perpetuated the gift for five years in his last will and testament.

Phoenix, Arizona

The Cambridge Drama Festival

ELLIOT NORTON

IN the first season of the new Arts Center Theater, in the Brighton section of Boston, the Cambridge Drama Festival became a Shakespeare Festival by chance, not by design.

When they were commissioned by the Metropolitan Boston Arts Center, Inc., to produce three plays in the State-built playhouse on the Charles River bank, the officers of the Cambridge Drama Festival, Inc., were committed to no author, only to "the best in drama". They had hoped to be able to open their summer program with an American work and had considered, only to discard as impracticable, Maxwell Anderson's *Mary of Scotland*, and Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

Because they did not receive their franchise until February and the theater was due to open on July 9, and because they had nothing but plans and pledges to offer to actors and directors, they had to line up their season in haste and to make certain concessions.

Siobhan McKenna and Sir John Gielgud were both friendly to the Cambridge Drama Festival, she because she had originated her American production of *Saint Joan* for the Festival at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, in 1956, and Sir John because he had played his "Ages of Man" under the same auspices, with marked success, last winter.

As executive director of the Cambridge Drama Festival, Inc., and as an admirer of both Miss McKenna and Sir John, William Morris Hunt approached them with open invitations: "Would you like to act for us this summer"? That both of them accepted is more than a little wonderful. For, at the time, the theater did not exist, and even partisans of the project had some doubts that it could be completed in time.

Under the circumstances, the Festival managers were bound to favor the plays which their stars wanted to do. Both had Shakespeare in mind. Miss McKenna had been thinking about *Macbeth* for some time. Along with Jose Quintero, who wanted to stage it, she had discussed it with Jason Robards, Jr., who shared their belief that the three of them might perhaps bring to a new *Macbeth* certain values which they believed to have been lost, or perhaps submerged, in some previous productions. They were interested, for example, in bringing into sharper focus "the love story" of Macbeth and his Lady. Although he was not able at once to free himself of other commitments, Mr. Robards managed to do so, and formally consented to star in *Macbeth* two months before the opening of the Festival. A little later, John Gielgud accepted an invitation to recreate in New York, his London production of *Much Ado About Nothing*.^{*} Then he told officers of the Cambridge Drama Festival he would be

^{*} EDITOR'S NOTE. *Much Ado* is reviewed elsewhere in this number as part of the New York City theatrical season.

willing to open the play here in August, prior to Broadway. For their part, the Festival managers committed themselves to build the production.

Because Siobhan McKenna was willing to appear in a second play, and because the Festival directors wanted a comedy to balance against *Macbeth*, it was decided at the last minute to open the season with *Twelfth Night*. There was no suitable American comedy which could be properly cast. Since it is a classic and also popular entertainment, *Twelfth Night* seemed a good choice. Although there was a certain amount of grumbling in some theater circles when publication of the Festival schedule showed nothing but Shakespeare, public acceptance was good from the first. In the summer, at least, Shakespeare seems to attract playgoers whom he does not interest the rest of the year.

Herbert Berghof staged *Twelfth Night*, which opened in the Arts Center theater on schedule on Thursday evening, July 9. The playhouse was not yet finished; some of the canvas sidewalls had not arrived. Mr. Berghof wanted more time to rehearse his cast on the newly completed stage; Miss McKenna sided with Festival officers who insisted that a postponement would create public disfavor. With makeshift strips of canvas serving as walls, and with gusts of wind whipping through these at intervals, the opening performance was more than a little rough. Playgoers contended that many of the lines were blown out of the tented theater. Later they discovered that this circular playhouse, with its inflated nylon roof and canvas sides is acoustically imperfect. Even with microphones on the stage, there are dead spots in the auditorium. When the present temporary structure is converted into a permanent playhouse, with a concrete roof and wooden walls, it is believed that these defects will be eliminated.

As it seemed on that first breezy evening, *Twelfth Night* was spectacular, attractive and generally pleasant, though hardly perfect. Mr. Berghof had obviously been interested in making it as widely popular as possible and to that end had played up the clowns and comics, even introducing two characters whom he called a Singing Zany and a Dancing Zany, played, respectively, by Russell Oberlin and Geoffrey Holder. For the Singing Zany, he had had music written by Andre Singer to the lyrics of Shakespeare's songs. Dancing Zany Geoffrey Holder, a vast and agile man, improvised his own movements, which were often grotesque. Along with Alvin Epstein, who played Feste and whom they followed about, these zanies invented a good deal of comic "business", some of it amusing and some of it distracting.

In the scene where Sir Toby and Andrew Aguecheek become roaring drunk, the singing and dancing zanies joined the other buffoons, and here their rough-housing paid off. Mr. Oberlin's high sweet counter-tenor was lovely to hear in Mr. Singer's songs. The whole company of clowns sang, after the roaring fashion of inebriates, the drinking songs. The scene was honestly and rowdily Shakespearian.

On the other hand, when this troupe of clowns and zanies took part together in the plot to punish Malvolio, they were so active and so noisy that they almost overwhelmed him and, for a while at any rate, threw the play out of focus. The Arts Center Theater has an apron stage which projects 30 feet into the 1600-seat auditorium. A raised platform runs across the back of the stage; this is reached by stairways at either side. When Fritz Weaver, a priggish and delightful Malvolio, appeared for the scene where he finds the letter Maria has

written in Olivia's name, the whole troupe of clowns met him as he walked on the upper level. As he paraded haughtily, looking neither to right nor left, they blew noisemakers in his face, then took up posts on various uprights, looking like so many crows on telegraph poles. When he descended the stairs and began to preen and to prattle, they remained aloft, howling, shouting and blowing their noise-makers almost continuously. In the beginning, this was funny. But it was overdone; it became tiresome.

In keeping with Mr. Berghof's fondness for the broadest kind of comedy, Mr. Weaver got himself up most ludicrously for the meeting with Olivia. No Malvolio has ever been more tightly or ridiculously cross-gartered; none has ever smiled more foolishly. Yet this fine actor managed to walk gracefully the hair line between character and caricature, and to endow his man with humanity enough to make him a symbol of foolish humanity.

The prison scene, which baffles some directors, and annoys others, was omitted from this production.

Mr. Berghof's version was prettily and successfully sentimental, largely because of Miss McKenna's pretty performance as Viola and Patricia Cutts' charming Countess Olivia. It was, however, not always well spoken in those passages where the lines are loveliest. Occasionally, Miss McKenna was at fault, perhaps because she was fighting the breezes that blew into the tent. Her voice, which she can produce in great volume, tended to sink at times into inaudibility and then, suddenly, to ring out at the top o' the question. In seesawing between soft and loud, she lost some of the melodic sweetness of such passages as that, for example, in which Viola tells the Duke of her imaginary sister, who "never told her love/ But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud/ Feed on her damask cheek." Otherwise, she was a delightful Viola, very young and pretty in a black wig, small and rather chubby, in standing water between boy and girl. Her exchanges with Patricia Cutts's Olivia were boyishly firm and appealing. When Olivia began to like this simulated boy, the frightened gravity of Miss McKenna's expression was amusing and also touching. She stayed beautifully in character as a terrified girl in the fencing scene with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and that episode, with the clowns howling on its perimeter, was wildly funny.

Michael Wager's lank-haired Aguecheek was generally amusing, but George Matthews made Sir Toby Belch an East Side tough rather than a drunken British baronet. As Orsino, Zachary Scott was handsome enough, but his voice seemed a little hoarse (perhaps because of that Charles River wind) and his reading of the lines, from the great initial speech up to the end, was hardly memorable. One of the delightful performances of the production was contributed by Tammy Grimes, a small, swift comedienne with a tip-tilted nose and chin. As Maria, she scampered in and out of the action as though wind-borne, coming to rest by plunging onto the lap of whichever man was handiest. If all the others had fitted the play as well as she, this *Twelfth Night* might have been the merriest Shakespeare show of a generation.

The Festival's *Macbeth* opened on Thursday evening, July 30, in an atmosphere of high anticipation. Although he had made no pronouncements, it was known that Jose Quintero was interested in making this production as effective as possible on the purely theatrical level. As had been true of *Twelfth Night*, the opening performance of *Macbeth* lacked final polish, which was under-

standable. Unfortunately, it also lacked a great Macbeth. As a spectacle of marching, shouting, fighting men, it was picturesque and exciting. Using the playhouse to its fullest, the director brought actors on from entrances at the audience level, staged some of the action inches away from the first row spectators, and finally brought Birnam Wood (though without the branches, for some strange reason) down the aisles in a great skirling of bagpipes to Dunsinane.

When the moment of battle approached, Malcolm shouted final encouragement to his troops from a place at the head of one of the aisles. From another aisle (standing under an electric sign that read EXIT), Macduff thundered back at him. Then their warriors raged down all the aisles to confront Macbeth and his men, who had lined up across the stage. For a moment, the two lines of soldiers with rough weapons and shields stood facing one another. Then, with a shout, they plunged into a wild melee that howled all over the stage and ended with Macduff knocking down and finally strangling Macbeth. In all this spectacular action, rough and noisy, and in such other scenes as that wherein the ghost of Banquo and his kingly descendants marched silently out of a white mist to confront the terror-stricken Macbeth, this production was boldly spectacular and honestly Shakespearian.

Spectacle aside, it was disappointing, because of Jason Robards' imperfect performance. Although Mr. Robards' acting improved during the first ten days of the Festival, he did not penetrate to the heart of the Scottish King, nor did he learn to utter the lines with any of the grandeur and grace which, in certain scenes and passages at least, is required. Even by primitive standards, he did not look much like a King of Scotland; in his full black beard, he rather resembled an Old Testament prophet. After a few performances, he got the ring of command in his voice. In certain isolated scenes, he flared into Macbeth's passion. But his appearance and his posture were unfortunate, and when he spoke the soliloquies he tended to chop up the lines, speaking the words sometimes in clusters of two or three. At times, his accentuation was so arbitrary as to be completely bewildering.

It is hard not to think of Macbeth as a soldier of great physical power. A slouching fellow might conceivably be a crafty warrior; but such a one, walking with little steps, with his head hanging forward, would hardly seem likely to have "enseamed" anybody "from the nave to the chops"; "enseaming" takes a man of heroic physical power. Mr. Robards tends to lounge rather than walk. He is not a heroic figure. He breathes heavily and frequently when the speeches are long, as though the lines taxed him. He has little fluency. Now and then, as when Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost (represented in this production by spot-lights), he shouted in terror right up to the level of Shakespeare's own passion. Towards the end of the play, he displayed some of Macbeth's bitter disillusion and some of his wild animal courage. But he rarely penetrated to the inner truth of Macbeth, and he did not depict with any clarity the man's sudden, violent rush into murder, or his swift decline. He sometimes seemed melancholy rather than rash, as though he had crossed Hamlet with Macbeth, and timid rather than terror-stricken; Macbeth is a bigger, bolder figure.

What he did with "Tomorrow and tomorrow" illustrates something of his interpretation and his failure. He was himself responsible for a curious piece of business in that scene. Standing center stage when the messenger informed

Macbeth that the queen is dead, he hesitated for a moment, then walked off suddenly. A moment later, he reappeared with Lady Macbeth's body cradled in his arms. Downstage center, he knelt, still holding her in his arms, began to speak directly to her: "She should have died hereafter; there would have been a time for such a word." As he spoke, his face was only inches away from hers. He paused and kissed her, then proceeded with "tomorrow and tomorrow . . .". Up to the word "tomorrow", the effect was reasonable and the simple strength and tenderness with which he spoke those lines was touching. But he spoke the rest of that great passage in which, by words and by its very rhythm, Shakespeare conveys with utter dramatic finality all the weariness of a man who has reached the end of his world, in a choppy way, losing not only its grandeur but some of its sense. Ten days after his first performance, Mr. Robards had learned to control his voice better, but only in part. Even then, he was breaking up the lines. He managed in that "tomorrow" scene—and this seems to have been his intention—to put a tender period to the love story of Macbeth and his Lady. But he let Macbeth's soul slip away in the process. He gained intimacy, at the expense of greatness. He turned the tragedy into a domestic story. In this treatment, the murdering King and Queen dwindled into Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth.

He failed in other important moments. It was not possible to believe, in his first soliloquy, that his Macbeth was inwardly agitated by the wild movement of his imagination at the promises of the witches. Nor could one be sure that it was a dagger that he saw before him. At the opening performance, he threw away the better part of the soliloquy beginning "if 'twere done when 'tis done"—though he read this more thoughtfully and reasonably later in the engagement.

For the second of the three acts into which the play was separated by Mr. Quintero, he was poorly costumed. In a robe with a low belt, he looked not only unkingly but also unseemly. Because this wretched garment was too long, he had to reach down and lift it as he walked up the steps of the stage. It is hard to play a fierce murdering king while lifting one's robe like an old lady crossing a muddy street.

Siobhan McKenna's Lady Macbeth was interesting and often brilliant. At the opening performance, she came on stage shouting out the contents of Macbeth's letter as though she had just learned the lines and was making sure that everyone could hear them. She corrected this declamatory entrance later on. She pitched her voice high and loud throughout most of the evening and in so doing gained an interesting effect. That unnaturally loud voice coming out of her small body suggested eloquently the way in which Lady Macbeth forced her soul, for ambition's sake, to a pitch of ferocity and resolution above its natural level. When this Lady Macbeth ran mad something of this lingered in the memory; it was easy then to understand why her mind must break under that kind of terrible effort.

In the sleepwalking scene, Miss McKenna first appeared on the platform above the stage, crossing swiftly in terrible silence, then came down the stairs. Her eyes seemed large and somehow alive, yet glazed. She put down the candle she carried, then sat. In a quick compulsive moment she began to rub her hands together fiercely. Her voice alternated between frightened softness and a wild screaming terror. She moved about, restless and driven, then sank down on the steps leading from the stage to the theater floor. When she spoke the lines:

"Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him", she stood, her eyes staring in horror, and moved onto the center of the stage. She raised her voice to a scream as she pronounced "so much blood", uttering each of the three words separately.

Of the other players in *Macbeth*, the most interesting was Roy Poole. As Macduff, he was far closer to the truth than was Mr. Robards' Macbeth. A rough soldier with a warm smile, this Macduff was tough, then tender, with Malcolm, and altogether heart-breaking in the moment when he hears the news of his family's destruction.

Henderson Forsythe was an honorable, soldierly Banquo and Pat Malone a kindly old King Duncan. Michael Wager was too mannered as Malcolm, forcing his voice in a curious and stilted way. The weird sisters, dressed in long wigs of straw that looked like long wigs of straw, were only moderately convincing as played by Eda Reiss Merin, Mary Perrine and Patricia O'Grady.

Boston

London's New Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock

BERNARD M. WAGNER



THE opening of London's newest theater, the Mermaid, on May 28th, was an event of startling significance not only for the present pleasure of London playgoers, but also for the interested student of current theater building, and particularly for the historian of Elizabethan playhouse topography. It is "London's first theater for thirty years and the City's first for three hundred"—as one newspaper wrote with only moderate exaggeration. The opening of a new playhouse at a time when so many are being closed, and the return of the drama from the overcrowded West End to the East where it was born in the City innyards would, in any case, be a matter of note; but the quality of the achievement has magnified the event. It is easily the most comfortable theater in London, with roomy seats, wide leg-room, ample aisles, and—not excepting the handsomely restored Queen's Theater—possesses the most attractive and spacious foyer in London; it also offers something unheard of in the British theater: free programs, neatly laid on the seat ready for perusal—an amenity appreciated by at least one visiting American who has managed to see some thirty plays each summer for many years. A minor courtesy, perhaps, but especially appropriate to a playhouse built entirely by public subscription: contributions ranged from the modest £3,000 obtained by the half-crown "Buy-a-Brick" campaign conducted for weeks in front of the Royal Exchange by Bernard Miles, the Lord Mayor, Sir Laurence Olivier and numerous stage and screen personalities, up to large donations by City trusts and foundations (including a friendly £2,000 from Television) and generous gifts of material and labor by various companies.

Few readers of SHAKESPEARE QUARTERLY will forget Bernard Miles's vivid account (V [1954], 307) of his creation of the first plan for a Mermaid theater in 1951, its realization for two seasons in a small school hall in the garden of his St. John's Wood home and a third on the piazza of the Royal Exchange, with the performance of *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *Eastward Ho*, and several plays of Shakespeare, including a *Macbeth* in Elizabethan pronunciation. (Mr. Miles's account may be brought up to the present by a useful interim note in *SQ*, VIII [1957], 137, and two handsome brochures: *The Mermaid: A Record of Performances* [1954] and *The Mermaid Review* [1959]). Now that the permanent Mermaid is a reality, Mr. Miles's astuteness as director of the whole project has brought about an instant and overwhelming success. Having selected the exactly right site for ease of transportation and parking—fifty yards from Blackfriars Bridge and Station—he is offering a rare and refreshing play

in the only London theater—apart from the theater clubs and the unpalatable cinema cafés—with a restaurant in the same building—one may sip “Mermaid’s broth” to the lapping of the waves of the Thames—and, by giving two performances nightly at 6:10 and 8:40, he has captured two different audiences: the City worker before he returns home and the fashionable West End theater crowd who come this far East at night for the first time in their lives. What a novel pleasure it is to get away from coruscating Piccadilly Circus, sleazy Shaftesbury Avenue, and xenophillic Leicester Square—although the latter is much less so since the new bill in Parliament has banished from the neighboring streets the modern representatives of the Elizabethan daughters of Pickt-hatch and Turnbull Street and those “tender sisters of compassion” whom Thomas Middleton found “in the bowels of Bloomsbury”! Instead, one can observe from the entrance to the Mermaid the dark chasm of Upper Thames Street to the right, two respectable public houses for the few local inhabitants, the Black Friar and the Baynard Castle on either side, the gutted shell of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, and immediately opposite, the lighted offices of the Times newspaper—where, if one looked closely enough, he could see no doubt the editors slitting open new learned letters from American students addressed to the *Literary Supplement*.

The play that is now filling the Mermaid is a City play, Henry Fielding’s light heartedly boisterous comedy called in the first edition *Rape upon Rape; or, The Justice Caught in his Own Trap* (1730), but because of its too explicit title, renamed in the second edition later the same year, *The Coffee-House Politician*. . . , adapted by Bernard Miles as *Lock Up Your Daughters*, with spirited lyrics by Lionel Bart and agreeable modern music with a faint eighteenth-century flavor by Laurie Johnson. The alarmed prospective viewer may be reassured that the play, while as frank as *Tom Jones*, is entirely rapeless. And certainly it is one of the three most rewarding of those current during August in London: the other two are Brendan Behan’s *The Hostage*, which would probably have disgusted Fielding could he have seen it, and Sir Michael Redgrave’s adaptation of *The Aspern Papers* of Henry James, which would surely have baffled the author of *Rape upon Rape*.

But more important than the play is the theater itself. Built on the foundation and lower remaining walls of a bombed six-story warehouse, the architect (Elidir Davies, with C. Walter Hodges and Michael Stringer contributing designs) has created an auditorium with one grand stepped tier seating 500 people that leads down to the very edge of the stage—raised only 9 inches above the floor—which is curtainless and without proscenium, and stretches from wall to wall—the whole arrangement making for a sense of intimacy with the actors. This involvement is further achieved by the effective placing of the orchestra—a clever adaptation of the Elizabethan “music room”—on a gallery just behind and midway to the height of the set: one sees the shadowy figures of the thirteen musicians through the open parts of the set and the genial glow of their green lampshades. The set for *Lock Up Your Daughters* by Sean Kenny, once a student of Frank Lloyd Wright, is particularly satisfactory with an ingeniously simple design that makes for complete fluidity of action. The unusual feature of the production is that all the actors remain *in situ* throughout the play in semi-darkness, except when, by spot-lighting, the individual scene is “on”. “It is the

kind of stage", writes A. Alvarez in *The New Statesman*, "on which drama becomes a direct extension of life, rather than the usual formal and separate fantasy world. I do not know", he adds, "what plans Bernard Miles has, but he has potentially the best Shakespeare theater in the country." The other Elizabethans, however, Sally Miles tells me, will come before Shakespeare in the immediate future—as she spoke she looked out of the window of her executive office across the river in the direction of the Old Vic!—together with opera and new commissioned plays; short concerts and documentary films are planned for the noon-time period.

But the really astounding thing about the Mermaid is not its play, its stage, or the amenities of the house, not even its name, evocative of the immortal tavern that stood not very far away in the now largely ruinous Bread Street—but its site at Puddle Dock. It might seem sufficient that the whirligig of Time had brought in its appropriate revenge of seeing the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London welcome back to the City the players that their predecessors had so exigently banished; but Elizabethan scholars and lovers of theatrical topography—who will never be less than perfectionists—needed one more thing to be completely satisfied—namely, that a twentieth-century theater should rise from the very place where an Elizabethan playhouse had vanished. It seemed a hopeless wish! It was unthinkable that the Times office that occupies part of the site of Burbage's and Shakespeare's Blackfriars should be touched, or the grimy malt-scented alley (called Park St.) in Southwark where the Globe, the supreme theater of the modern world once stood, or Curtain Road in Shoreditch where the Theater was situated, or Woodbridge Street that had its rowdy Red Bull—and none of these but the first would be a likely site for a modern popular theater. But the Goddess Fortuna was determined to grant the wish of her devotees: she caused a bomb directed at the two Blackfriars bridges to swerve slightly to the East and strike a warehouse; and next she inspired Bernard Miles to choose this particular spot to build his Mermaid theater. The wheel has come full circle! The spot—Puddle Dock—is the former site of the Porter's Hall playhouse, the only Elizabethan theater in all London that, like the phoenix, has renewed its life—antiquarians and present day theatergoers are equally rewarded; and also—may we hope?—that the fretful wraiths of those who were concerned in the original playhouse will become less discontented: Philip Rosseter, the licensee and manager, Nathan Field, whose *Amends for Ladies* was played there—as well as Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*—Robert Daborne, who rather heavily involved himself and his family in the venture, together with (as we know from the researches of Harold Hillebrand) the greater and more imposing shades of Philip Heuslowe and Edward Alleyn—and, of course, "one Puddle", who, says Stow, "dwelling there", may have given the place its name. If an inscription personifying the old warehouse should ever be put on its remaining walls, what more apt than the last line of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *East Coker*: "In my end is my beginning"?

The story of the rise and fall of Porter's Hall is brief but dramatic, a tragic-comedy in five acts. First, the royal patent of 5 June 1615, to Rosseter to erect a playhouse to house the amalgamated companies of the Children of the Queen's Revels and Lady Elizabeth's and Prince Charles's men; second, by early September while the playhouse was being built, the protest for almost every con-

ceivable reason, from lack of air to the peril of bloodshed, by the inhabitants of Blackfriars, and the Lord Mayor's appeal to the Privy Council; third, the Council's ominous order of 26 September that building was to be stopped. "If the City now thought their battle with Rosseter and his fellows was over", writes Professor F. P. Wilson in the latest account of the venture (Malone Soc. Coll., IV [1956], 57), "they were mistaken." Fourth, an alarmed letter eleven months later (21 Aug. 1616) from the Lord Mayor to the Lord Chamberlain begging that he would forestall Rosseter and his associates who "doe intend to revive theire suite to his maiestie", followed by a peremptory and final order from the Council (27 Jan. 1617) that the building "bee made vnfitt for" any further theatrical use; the long subsequent ownership of the property for some unspecified purpose—trade or lodgings?—by Alleyn; and then the levelling of the whole district in the Great Fire. The fifth, happy act is of course the opening of the Mermaid theater three hundred and forty-two years later. A once somewhat larger district, the Mermaid is probably not on the precise location in Puddle Dock of its predecessor—but it is as near as it can be, for with the widening of Upper Thames Street and the opening of Queen Victoria Street (1871) the district has shrunk to one single Post Office Directory number. Much research is still needed to add detail to the outline of the Porter's Hall plot; and I hope in the near future to show from a Chancery suit that Sir Thomas Bodley was one of the previous lessees of the original property—an historical irony in that he loved the drama so little that he planned to exclude all playbooks as riff-raff from his magnificent Oxford library. But fortunately one can now find there all the plays that mention Puddle Dock: *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *A Match at Midnight*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*—what a titillating quartet for Bernard Miles to revive!—as well as Davenant's *Entertainment at Rutland House* and Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*.

And what a roster of Elizabethan and Jacobean inhabitants, property holders, and visitors could be read for Puddle Dock!—from the highest to the lowest born, nobleman, commoner, and criminal: the Earl of Rutland, Lady Arabella Stuart, Sir Dudley Carleton, the rich and "godly" brewer, Elias James, whose epitaph was written by Shakespeare himself (Dr. Hotson's brilliant identification in his *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated*), and even Dr. Simon Forman, "that fiend in human shape"—whose most innocent hours were spent as a spectator of Shakespeare's plays—met his strange death while crossing the Thames on his way to visit "some Buildings he was in hand with in *Puddledock*" (Lilly's *History*, 1715, p. 16). And lastly, the greatest Elizabethan of all was a nearby property owner. No visitor to the Mermaid should fail to walk the few feet across Upper Thames and Queen Victoria Streets and up the narrow St. Andrew's Hill—the "street leading down to Puddle Wharf" in the words of the original purchase deed now in the Folger Library—to stand for a moment at the entrance on the left to Ireland Yard (named from William Ireland and the previous lessee), between the Three Castles pub and an empty warehouse, where, spanning the roadway, once stood the Blackfriars Gate-house of William Shakespeare.

Georgetown University

Reviews

Shakespeare's Religious Frontier. By ROBERT STEVENSON. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1958. Pp. [x] + 97. 7.60 guilders.

The author of "this slight volume", as the preface deprecatingly calls it, is mainly concerned with Shakespeare's treatment of the clergy in his plays; and he adds that his remarks are addressed to the general public rather than to "Shakespearean specialists". One suspects that Mr. Stevenson has been unduly impressed by the decrees of reviewers in the learned journals and is thus trying to forestall their ministrations. It is hoped that the following notice will not come within that category. The book is quite worthy of the attention of scholars and the findings are fresh and interesting; and if the general public is prepared to follow Mr. Stevenson's comparisons, for instance, between Shakespeare's use of his sources in the history plays and the use of sources in *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, *When You See Me You Know Me*, and *If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody*, some of us have been gravely misled about his characteristic tastes and interests.

In approaching the topic of Shakespeare's religious bias in his plays, Mr. Stevenson is very discreet; and one is left to infer his inclusive purpose chiefly from his title and his happily chosen epigraph (from Robert Parsons):

*Some do thinke him to be of al three religions, and others of none. . . .
This opinion of him may do him goode, for that al sides heerby may
(perhapps) conceaue hope of him.*

His study is made up of three chapters dealing with Shakespeare's treatment of "cardinals and bishops", "priests and friars", and "parsons", respectively; a fourth chapter raises a point in support of Malone's original contention concerning the relation of the *Henry VI* plays to the quartos; while the two remaining chapters, "Shakespeare's interest in Harsnett's *Declaration*", and "William Shakespeare and William Shakeshafte: A study of religious affiliations", are concerned more or less speculatively with Shakespeare's possible associations with Catholics in the '80's. The conclusion of the final essay may perhaps be taken as summing up the purport of the book as a whole:

Long before Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (whose Catholic associations have been canvassed elsewhere), he had moved in a world where religious zeal pitted father against son, brother against brother, wife against husband, in a monotonously recurring pattern. The inclusion of the Stratford area in Thomas Cottam's itinerary of 1580-1581, even though the latter never reached his goal, shows that this particular vicinity was considered a likely target for missionary effort. Later during his years of probable association with Strange's troupe Shakespeare was again living in an environment where plot and counterplot exacerbated the religious temper.

It is universally agreed that Shakespeare in the first clear allusion still extant was called Shake-scene. If he was Shake-shafte as well as Shake-scene then he lived also for a time in "so unbridled and bad a handful of England" as Lanca-

shire. There or elsewhere, however, he learned an incomparable aloofness from all partisan religious issues.

What Parsons said of Derby's religion in 1594 might have been said equally well of Shakespeare's: "Some do thinke him to be of al three religions, and others of none. . . . This opinion of him may do him goode, for that al sides heerby may (perhapps) conceaue hope of him." Shakespeare's own religious attitude was presciently summarized by A. C. Bradley when he said: "Although this or that *dramatis persona* may speak of gods or of God, of evil spirits or of Satan, of heaven and of hell . . . these ideas do not materially influence his representation of life" (pp. 79-80).

In his first three chapters, Mr. Stevenson attempts to establish an ingenious "control" upon his data. He not only collects and examines everything relating to clerics in the plays: he compares the treatment of the clerics referred to, wherever possible, with the treatment of these same figures in Shakespeare's sources; and, for cases that afford such comparison, with the treatment of clerics of similar status in non-Shakespearian plays. "With these two types of control", the author suggests, "it should then prove possible to separate the strain in [Shakespeare's] characterizations which can be called peculiarly his own" (p. 31).

The principal objection to this procedure is that it tends to ignore the dramatic function of the characters in their particular plays. While it is suggestive to notice how Shakespeare tends to neutralize the religious functions and especially the expressions of religious doctrine by his clerics in his history plays—compared with the more emphatic identification of their religious views and functions in his sources—this is but negative evidence concerning Shakespeare's individual attitude, at best. On Mr. Stevenson's showing, Shakespeare did not use historical evidence for either Catholic or Protestant propaganda; and it is valuable to have his clear demonstration that this is indeed the case. What he does not consider is whether it may have suited Shakespeare's dramatic purpose to treat his clerics in this way.

The objection applies especially strikingly in his treatment of Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet*. He finds Shakespeare's character a very unsatisfactory representative of his office, as others have done. He overlooks the circumstance that Shakespeare's development of his plot—which differs importantly from Brooke's—requires the friar to behave as he does. Friar Laurence's irregularities as a cleric and confessor tell us nothing about Shakespeare's attitude to the clergy, though a good deal about how Shakespeare wanted to shape his story. The same goes for Friar John; he is a character in Shakespeare's play, not to be confused with a friar in real life—one is reminded of Thomas Rymer's objections to the representation of soldiers in *Othello*. And it is not relevant that nineteenth-century operatic versions of *Romeo and Juliet* secularize Friar Laurence (p. 37). This simply testifies that the Italian adapters had the same disregard for Shakespeare's way of telling the story that Mr. Stevenson seems to have. Nor does it signify that Middleton could represent a more friarly friar than Shakespeare. This shows that *The Mayor of Quinborough* is not *Romeo and Juliet* (p. 38).

Despite the foregoing objections, I think Mr. Stevenson has made a valuable contribution to our understanding of Shakespeare's treatment of religious issues in his plays. The burden of his argument is that Shakespeare avoided such issues as much as possible, and his showing (allowing for some irregularities) seems to me impressive and cogent. While I myself feel that there are ways in which we can detect an ethical bias in the plays which in turn derives from a

specific religious attitude, I would not insist that others should share this view; and in any case, this view allows one to accept with equanimity the general findings of Mr. Stevenson's thoughtful and often acute study.

University of Toronto

HAROLD S. WILSON

Shakespeares dramatische Erzählkunst (Schriftenreihe der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, N.F. VII). By KURT SCHLÜTER. Heidelberg: Quelle und Meyer, 1958. Pp. 159. DM 12.

A narrative would, by definition, seem to introduce an undramatic, non-mimetic device into a play. Yet a narrative report can be highly dramatic even in a narrative tale; we merely need remember the peripeteia effected by the message, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

To a certain extent Dr. Schlüter's book is descriptive and classificatory and investigates the purpose and technique of the dramatic narrative, its principles and laws. In some cases it is technically impossible to have certain actions presented on the stage, in other cases it is aesthetically objectionable to do so (hence the classical convention, for example, of reporting scenes of cruelty rather than showing them). The report can be given in a monologue, or the narrator can give it to a more or less passive listener specifically introduced for this purpose, or it can be broken up into a truly dramatic dialogue. The narrator can be a character in the play or a special messenger, or a report can be communicated by a letter read aloud. The information can relate to past events (exposition), concurrent events (action behind the scene), or to future events (anticipation, announcement of plans, foreboding dreams). Such reports can influence the action, characterize the narrator, the listener (by the way he reacts to the narrative) or a third person, or they can fulfill several of these functions simultaneously. Dr. Schlüter seems to have overlooked an earlier German study covering some of the same ground he covers—Karl Obmann, *Der Bericht im deutschen Drama* (Giessener Beiträge zur deutschen Philologie, XII), 1925. In any case, as Dr. Schlüter points out, playwrights have wrestled with the problem of dramatic narrative in different countries and for a long time.

Dr. Schlüter's major contribution, however, lies elsewhere. By taking one type of dramatic narrative, e.g. the final disclosure so often found in the denouement, and comparing its treatment in selected plays, Dr. Schlüter establishes an objective and reliable method of analyzing and judging Shakespeare's art; he acquires a touchstone that produces concrete and ascertainable evidence of Shakespeare's poetic development. Shakespeare has used dramatic narrative at all times, but it becomes in his hands progressively more dramatic—the narrator stays more in character, the narrative as dialogue becomes a genuine interplay of actors and is integrated with the dramatic plot and situation. As Shakespeare's art develops, mere information is turned into dramatic action. Whereas in an older and more primitive play a plan for future action may merely be announced or narrated, we witness the actual plotting when the King and Laertes plan how to dispose of Hamlet. Dr. Schlüter thus corroborates the findings of Wolfgang Clemen, who broke ground with his "Wandlungen des Botenberichts bei Shakespeare", *Sitzungsberichte der Bayrischen Akademie* (1952).

Perhaps the line of development is not exactly linear, and from the illustrative material of the book we gather the impression that Shakespeare reached his greatest dramatic intensity in the great tragedies and that especially the last romances show an increase of lyrical elements. But be this as it may, we owe

to Dr. Schlüter—and to the school of Wolfgang Clemen in general—a view of Shakespeare's art solidly founded on objective criteria.

The College of the City of New York

LUDWIG W. KAHN

The Year's Work in English Studies. Volume XXXVII: 1956. Ed. BEATRICE WHITE and T. S. DORSCH. London and New York: Oxford University Press, for The English Association, 1958. Pp. 267.

Although the personnel of this annual survey, now in its thirty-seventh year, has recently been changing with a frequency that must seriously inconvenience its editors, the standards have remained high. The critical tone, and especially the leisureliness of commentary, may differ from section to section, but the work as a whole retains an eminence among surveys for its fairness and objective manner. Its special distinction is still the directness with which it cuts through intent, manner, and apparatus to a description of what the book is really about.

Mr. T. S. Dorsch, now an assistant editor of the entire work, has again ably written the Shakespeare chapter. And, to judge only from the size of the field, his has been a singular responsibility. In fact, it is occasionally instructive to view scholarly interest in terms of quantity—to note that Shakespeare covers twenty-eight pages, the Renaissance eight, and the Restoration Period only four. This disproportion is not the result of prolixity; on the contrary Mr. Dorsch often gives no more space to a book than the writers of less congested sections give to an article. Nor can the disproportion be significantly the result of selectivity by the reviewers; there are no more curiosities in the Shakespeare chapter than elsewhere. And certainly, to judge from American policy, it is not the result of editorial soliciting of Shakespearian manuscripts. (One well-known journal, until recently at least, has arbitrarily refused to consider such manuscripts for months at a time; and most American journals print very little Shakespearian scholarship.) A survey such as this, then, tells us quite factually and beyond argument what subjects have presently the most vitality as fields for scholarship. The results are not necessarily pleasant even to devout Shakespearians, most of whom would be troubled by the little more than a page devoted to poets like Spenser and Donne (a proportion which makes the total poetical output of these men carry approximately the same weight as a play like *Henry IV*).

Within the field of Shakespearian scholarship itself there is a comparable lack of seemly proportion. A few plays receive most of the commentary, while there are plays, like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Timon of Athens*, without any recorded scholarship, and others, like *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, and *Julius Caesar*, which have attracted only one article each. This pattern is not peculiar to this year. In last year's volume (for 1955), *As You Like It* had three entries, *All's Well* had only one, and *The Merchant of Venice* had none at all. In contrast, a single line, like "a babbled of green fields", may attract as many as a dozen commentators.

He who finds a pattern in the caprices of Shakespearian scholarship may, in our present state, do more service than one who makes the most brilliant exegesis of *Hamlet*. Even surveys such as Dorsch's, judicious though they are, can do little more than record; they can not explain why for three successive years there has been a rash of "green fields" conjectures. Admittedly Shakespearian scholarship deserves its eminence, and admittedly it is progressing

as well as can be expected. But, speaking as one who has, as Bibliographer, dutifully chronicled its every waywardness for five years, I should be grateful for some sense of direction. Is ours, like the scholarship of science, building carefully and surely upon each new discovery? Or are we merely duplicating or—what is often the same thing—repudiating the work of our predecessors?

It is doubtless the perennial strength of Shakespeare that he can induce endless generations of scholars to repeat old truths in new manners. But as new and fresh minds enter the Shakespearian field, they could do worse than test their enthusiasm against that recorded for thirty-seven years by Mr. Dorsch and those who preceded him.

University of California, Los Angeles

PAUL A. JORGENSEN

England's Elizabeth (A Lecture Delivered at the Folger Shakespeare Library on November 17, 1958, the Fourth Centenary of the Accession of Queen Elizabeth I). By Sir JOHN E. NEALE. Washington: The Folger Shakespeare Library, 1958. Pp. [vi] + 20. 1 plate. 75¢.

The printing of the lecture that Sir John E. Neale delivered at the Folger Shakespeare Library in commemoration of the accession of Elizabeth I to the throne of England four hundred years ago is welcomed by all who would pay tribute to the queen that nurtured England into her greatest age.

Sir John first recalls the keeping of Accession Day by grateful Englishmen that began spontaneously "about ten years after Elizabeth's accession" and continued "certainly to the end of the third decade" of the eighteenth century except for a short gap just after Elizabeth's death when James "cashed in on the idea by transferring the celebration to his Accession Day in March". In the early years bell ringing, bonfires, tilting, and sermons marked the day. In London its violent antipapal demonstrations eclipsed Guy Fawkes Day during the second half of the seventeenth century and into the early eighteenth. In the countryside the more restrained and appropriate practice of bell ringing" obtained. "By the early nineteenth century, the vestigial remains were a day's holiday at two of London's ancient schools and also—oddly enough—at the national Exchequer."

Sir John subsequently turns to a "secret" of the greatness of the age: "the unfanatical nature of the Queen"—a truth that he pointed up in his Creighton Lecture at the University of London in 1950. By contemplating the alternative to Elizabeth's rule—Mary Tudor rounding out her life and leaving a Catholic heir with Spanish ties—Sir John reveals the full significance of Elizabeth's legacy to England, Europe, and America. Chaos could have come under Elizabeth had not that nature been at the core of her statecraft, luckily allied with time playing on her side, and even with her single state that let her be "married" to England, as she once told her Commons she was. The lands we know would have been deeply different had it not been for the temperament and genius of Elizabeth I.

Her devoted subjects never doubted the greatness of her achievements. With apt quotations ranging from lowly balladists to Shakespeare and Bacon, Sir John demonstrates their gratitude for the unique blessings in war and peace that she brought them by such a masterly control of foreign and domestic policy that the land "enjoyed the advantages of the liberals coupled with the dynamic of the fanatics" in secular and sacred affairs alike ("The Elizabethan Age" [The Creighton Lecture], in *Essays in Elizabethan History*, London, 1958, pp. 41-42). He does not miss the irony that Elizabeth, mother of the Anglican Church, was the adored Deborah of the rising Puritans who had

no alternative except her unfanatical leadership that transcended faction for the sake of England. Elizabeth's union of feminine intuition with what men call masculine intelligence is seen in her pursuit of a *via media* in politics and religion; in her almost unerring wisdom in choosing her aides, the while she in hard experience, learning, and wit towered above them all; and in her unfailingly tactful displays of devotion to her people that underlay her fruitful power over them and their adoration of her.

The style of the lecture is the felicitous one that Sir John commands in his several authoritative volumes on Elizabeth and her government, touched with the feeling and informality that the celebration in the Folger Library invited. At his end he quotes Bacon: "The only true commender of this lady is Time"; then he gracefully adds: "and Time—to adapt a remark made by Elizabeth during her Coronation procession—'Time hath brought us hither.'" Time brought to our century this "dean of Tudor historians" (as the *Times Literary Supplement* has termed Sir John) to take the full measure of a supreme ruler. Had not Elizabeth infused her sanity and temperance into her people for nearly half a century would they have survived their fratricidal strife under her unwise Stuart successors? Would England under Elizabeth II be a bulwark against the tides of unreason and intolerance that now threaten the globe itself? It was fitting that Sir John present this distillate of his authoritative study of Elizabeth in the capital of a land that in a true sense was born of her days—and in a library dedicated to the study of their greatest poet.

New York University

ELKIN CALHOUN WILSON

Tudor and Stuart History. A Report of the Folger Library Conference on Needs and Opportunities. Held in Celebration of the Fourth Centenary of the Accession of Queen Elizabeth I. Ed. L. B. WRIGHT. The Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D. C., 1959. Pp. [vi] + 41.

In this booklet there are brief abstracts of papers by nine of the more than a hundred historians who met in the Folger Shakespeare Library, November 16-17, 1958, to pay tribute to Elizabeth I and discuss inadequately tilled areas of Tudor and Stuart history. Dr. Louis B. Wright, Director of the Library, introduces the abstract and writes in summary on "Opportunities for the Study of Tudor and Stuart History". The Conference, as he declares, demonstrated that "a vast amount of research remains to be done, and many of the older studies require a fresh appraisal in the light of new knowledge now available."

Sir John Neale ("The State of Elizabethan Studies after Four Hundred Years") tells of a great project that he in London has inspired by precept and example: the history of Parliament sponsored by the "government and planned ultimately to cover the whole range of parliamentary history"—"a sort of *D. N. B.* of M. P.'s specially devised to answer, so far as possible, the same set of questions in each section." Having himself proved the fruitfulness of the biographical approach to Tudor history, Sir John points to the need for further knowledge of the country gentry, taking the county as the unit; and he marks the invitation for study offered by the Yelverton MSS, by the Marquess of Bath's various collections at Longleat, and by the vast resources of Star Chamber, Chancery, and ecclesiastical court records.

Professor Conyers Read ("Unexplored Biographical Sources") observes the relative abundance of materials for biographies of men engaged in public affairs as contrasted with men of letters: records, both public and private, of state, legal, and financial life. The Ellesmere MSS at the Huntington Library

invite an adequate biography of Sir Thomas Egerton. Other notables merit study: Sir Nicholas Bacon (and his learned Lady Ann), the Earl of Leicester (recently given a new dimension by Professor Eleanor Rosenberg), Sir Christopher Hatton, Thomas Parry, Thomas Randolph, Robert Bowes, Henry Killigrew, Henry Unton, Sir Edward Stafford, Sir Thomas Gresham, Gerard de Malynes, Thomas Sutton, and Elizabethan soldiers like "Black John" Norris and Sir Roger Williams.

After acknowledging the extensive cultivation of a significant area, Professor John Lievsay ("Studies in the Relations between England and Italy") calls for a genuine competency in Italian by students of the Renaissance and points to the need of more good translations of important Italian works, of further study of translating into English from Italian and from English into Italian during Tudor-Stuart days, and of traveling between the two lands. He recognizes that we can no longer rest content with pioneering studies of the cultural relations between the mother of the Renaissance and her island daughter.

Professor Eleanor Rosenberg ("Studies Needed on the Border Line between History and Literature in the Tudor Period") emphasizes the indivisible fraternity formed by literary scholars and historians who must study co-operatively all memorials of the past—scientific, economic, political, social, artistic, and religious. She sees the need of a new *D. N. B.* for the Tudor period; of fuller knowledge of religious groups and their interactions; of Tudor Oxford; and of cultural relations reflected by translations and foreign books in England, English books circulating abroad, travelers, ambassadors, and religious exiles. We need more study of the part that rhetorical skill played in careers—and attention to historiography itself.

President W. K. Jordan ("New Developments in Tudor Social and Economic History") observes that in social history the present "thrust of inquiry, is clearly in the direction of local and regional research and writing", and hopes that new generalizations in his domain will rest on more than the "historical intuition and gleanings from the central archives" that have too often marked earlier ones. He urges an unsentimental and detached approach to social and economic history and would rightly have full statistical evidence support all statements about population increase, wealth, and standards of living.

Sir John Neale ("The Tudor Heritage in Stuart England"), appearing a second time, asks "what happened to the Puritan *classes* after their suppression by Elizabeth in the 1590's", counsels an exploration of the factional structure of politics under James, and asks whether a skilful balance of factions under Elizabeth did not yield to a reign illustrating the calamity of single-faction rule. He would have us replace the phrase "Tudor despotism" with "personal monarchy", and investigate carefully such government in and outside of the Privy Council.

Professor Mildred Campbell ("Problems in Social History"), after a bow to Professor Tawney, stresses the understanding of social history as a synthesis of all the components within a given social milieu. Inasmuch as "the doctrine of *degree, priority, and place*" was central in Tudor and Stuart times, the gentry that gave it force demands full-scale study. Needed, too, are still more studies of Stuart Englishmen who were pioneers in New World trade and exploration, and of those who were active in the Anglo-Continental traffic in ideas. Witchcraft needs to be scrutinized by the light of modern psychological knowledge. Artisans and skilled workers want more study; so, too, land tenure, ownership, and rent.

Professor Mary Frear Keeler ("Significant Omissions in the Stuart Bibli-

ography") marks the material accrued since the basic Stuart bibliography by Godfrey Davies in 1928: source materials for constitutional, ecclesiastical, military, and economic history; diaries and collections of letters; studies of constitutional history and political theory; and other studies of social, economic, and cultural history. Revision of Davies' volume is revealing our need of more general works "on aspects of administration and on Parliament; more on the interrelationships between religious, economic, and social groups and their bearing on political developments; and comparable studies also for Scottish and Irish history." We need an extended basis for understanding Puritanism, a general history of Roman Catholicism, and a definitive economic history of the seventeenth century as a whole. We need, too, "more knowledge of art, of music, of journalism, and of ideas and their influence upon the age."

Professor Gerald E. Bentley ("The Literary Historian and Stuart History") insists that the historian of the drama must be even more politically oriented than other literary historians inasmuch as the drama more than any art mirrors the age that gives it birth. He aptly uses Middleton's *A Game of Chess* to illuminate the "mutual dependence of the literary historian and the political historian." And he speaks a vigorous word for expert indexing that will guide all men of learning, not just a small familiar group, through volumes that thread the mazes of Stuart history.

Lastly, Professor Paul H. Hardacre ("Unexplored Biographical Resources in Stuart History") notes the lack of adequate accounts of Sir Thomas Egerton and Sir Walter Erle, of studies of family histories (e. g., the Grenville, Temple, and Brydges families) for light on social and economic trends. He calls, too, for study of the royal household and the Court, and of the Commonwealth and Protectorate navy.

As the reader will observe, the contributors to this valuable booklet often recognize the same needs in the study of Tudor and Stuart history. Their papers should make all serious students of Shakespeare mindful anew that they can never wisely forget that their "myriad-minded" dramatist was "of an age" before he transcended it for "all time", and that only expanding knowledge of its "form and pressure" can fortify them against the subjectivity into which criticism of Shakespeare perennially slips.

New York University

ELKIN CALHOUN WILSON

In Praise of Love: An Introduction to the Love-Poetry of the Renaissance. By MAURICE VALENCY. New York: Macmillan, 1958. Pp. [xii] + 319. \$6.50.

A time there was when the status of woman in Western Europe was not greatly superior to that of the horse. *In Praise of Love* is, in a sense, simply an account of the widening of the breach between man's two best friends, with the focus, of course, on *la femme* rather than Bayard. As the subtitle makes clear, this volume is essentially an introduction to the love poetry of the Renaissance. It is not, however, an introduction in the sense of being a general analysis and appreciation of one kind of poetry that reached great heights during that period; it is, rather, a study in backgrounds, an extended essay on origins and development.

The opening chapter, "Love and the Poetry of Love", surveys in brilliant fashion the notion of love as it existed from ancient times down to eleventh-century France. Here the author takes issue with C. S. Lewis's statement that "French poets, in the eleventh century, discovered or invented, or were the first to express, that romantic species of passion which English poets were still

writing about in the nineteenth"—Valency omits Lewis' commas and thereby gives the quotation a twist not entirely justified, but he does make the valid point that according to this view the poetry of the troubadours reflects not only a new literary fashion but a psychological upheaval resulting from some great shift in our culture. Actually, of course, there was no such upheaval. "There is no reason to suppose", the author comments, "that we should have any difficulty in explaining to Aristotle, Virgil, or St. Paul that love is a noble and ennobling passion. In one way or another, each of these worthies had said as much." It would have seemed strange to them, however, that "anyone in his senses would maintain seriously that a noble passion could be inspired by a woman". The originality of troubadour poetry lies not in its use of the conventions of love (all of which are amply paralleled in classical literature) but in its conception of the proper object of love: woman, not man. The ideals of chivalry were important in the spread of this conception. In northern France the *trouvères* represented nobility as the outgrowth of loyalty, prowess, and honor, but these qualities of the fighting man, so important to his lord, were less highly valued by the troubadours, whose concept of nobility was based on courtesy. Thus in northern France narrative poetry of martial exploits developed, whereas in Provence the love song became the dominant literary type, the troubadours stressed the ennobling power of love, and a new attitude toward nobility developed: no longer a matter of property and power and inheritance, it became one of individual worth, ultimately of self-perfection through the pursuit of beauty—not beauty in the abstract but the love of a beautiful woman. The history of troubadour poetry from its beginnings in the early twelfth century (Guillaume IX died in 1127) to the end of the thirteenth (the death of Guiraut Riquier, self-styled "last of the troubadours", occurred in 1293) is largely the history of the development and elaboration of this concept in both France and Italy, and it was in the poetry of the *dolce stil nuovo* that it reached its finest expression before its culmination in the poetry of Dante. The troubadour lady, the essence of perfection, could only become an angelic being. Later poets added some Platonic details, but the basic pattern of Renaissance love poetry had already been firmly established through the work of the Provençal poets and their Italian counterparts.

Although *In Praise of Love* is solidly based on thorough scholarship and could have resulted only from much research in source materials frequently presenting problems of more than normal difficulty, it is nevertheless a beautifully written book, one which has much to offer not only to the specialist in medieval and Renaissance poetry but also to the intelligent general reader. The author quotes frequently and normally provides translations for such passages, though he is sometimes inconsistent in this respect; most of the passages from the troubadours, for example, are translated, though a few, for no apparent reason, are not; and one wonders why, when Montaigne is quoted twice, in one instance the quotation is given in French and in the other in English. Full annotation and a selective bibliography of twelve pages make it reasonably easy to check the author's use of sources and, more importantly, provide the necessary guides for the reader who wishes to pursue an intriguing subject still further. It is almost criminal that a book printed on such cheap paper is priced at \$6.50; it should be made available in a paperback edition so that it may enjoy the wide audience it so fully deserves, for it is only rarely that rich scholarship and vigorous writing are as happily combined as they are in this volume.

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THOMAS A. KIRBY

Charlecote and the Lucys: The Chronicle of an English Family. By ALICE FAIRFAX-LUCY. London: Oxford University Press, [1958]. Pp. xiv + 327. 9 plates. 30/-.

If this book had been a novel it might well have been given the title of its last chapter—The long summer afternoon. It is a narrative of a family which presided over an estate near Stratford-upon-Avon for eight hundred years until the house was given to the National Trust in 1946, for the history of the Lucys of Charlecote reflects the growth of a social organization whose long summer afternoon is melting into twilight. The immediate period before the transference of ownership is but lightly touched upon. Charlecote is the center of interest throughout the book; its owners lend it diversity and interest. The members of the family, their character, appearance and interests are drawn with care, becoming increasingly lifelike as the record materials become more abundant. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, letters and diaries permit a blending of the warp and woof of documentary evidence with the writer's imagination which is very pleasing. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy has made great use of the family archives as well as of national and local records, monumental effigies, and portraits. Where specifically Lucy records are lacking to a cohesive narrative she has supplemented her material by using records of a similar nature elsewhere; this makes for greater fullness if sometimes for unnecessary elaboration.

The Shakespeare legend cannot be substantiated by any circumstantial record, yet it is this association which for the general reader lifts this family history out of the realm of purely local topographical histories and gives it a wider appeal. The poaching story, immortalized in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, will always give the Lucy family a particular halo. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy has tried not to over-emphasize it; she has abstained from giving a full account of the fluctuations in its fortunes, but no portrait sketch of Sir Thomas would be complete today without an obeisance to Justice Shallow. In fact, Shakespearian antiquaries are rarely mentioned. It is only when a visit to Charlecote has given rise to a description of the house which enlarges our vision of the place that we read of the impressions of a Washington Irving or of a Walter Scott.

Any family history would contain some references to people of more than local importance and interest, and those who impinge on Charlecote's give a worm's eye view of many aspects of national history of which the authoress has taken full advantage.

John Foxe was tutor to Thomas Lucy, whose puritanical predilections Foxe must have found most gratifying. This Thomas' grandson, Thomas, was at Magdalen College, Oxford, with Edward Herbert and became a member of the Herbert coterie, which included Donne. The successive remodellings of the house and park at one time brought Lancelot Brown to Charlecote. The life of a member of the landed gentry, whether performing his duties as a justice of the peace or as a member of Parliament, whether attending the county races or going on the grand tour, is well described. It is the cumulative effect of such studies, based primarily on contemporary evidence, that is helping to clarify the picture of one of the most important classes of the community.

Charlecote and the Lucys is intended as a chronicle of the Lucy family, not primarily as a work of reference. There are a few discrepancies and questionable statements—were carpets used as floor coverings in Elizabethan houses, or virginals only played by women?—which detract from its reliability. A list of sources and particular references to some of the material consulted, a genealogical table with easily ascertainable dates of birth, and deaths where known,

would have been helpful and surely not superfluous. May other descendants of landed families be encouraged by Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy's example to plot their families' fortunes as readably.

Folger Shakespeare Library

A. L. D. KENNEDY-SKIPTON

Correspondence

Sir:

Mr. Oliver's review of my *Timon* is generous in the extreme, but there is one detail that I find very obscure. By what process of divination does he arrive at the conclusion that at III. v. 63 the very common spelling "ha's" (also found at I. ii. 192, II. ii. 103, III. ii. 32, IV. ii. 47, IV. ii. 212, 351, 446, 528, V. i. 9) arises from a transcriber's "h'as"—a form nowhere found in the play?

Yours faithfully,
J. C. Maxwell

Mr. Oliver writes:

Sir:

Mr. Maxwell may well find my comment cryptic: I expressed myself badly (indeed, inaccurately). It is true, as he says, that it is "ha's" and not "h'as" which appears often in the Folio text of *Timon*. But, briefly, my suggestions (developed in my Introduction to the New Arden edition) are:

1. that "ha's" occurs so often in F. *Timon* because it was frequent in the "copy"
2. that the copy was not all foul papers, as has been commonly believed, but in part transcript
3. that this transcript was by Ralph Crane
4. that "ha's" in such lines as the one in question

Why say my Lords ha's done faire service

(III. v. 63)

represents, as it frequently does in Crane, an elided pronunciation of "he has". Comparable lines from Crane manuscripts that I had in mind include:

I know he doth not deserve ye: ha's vsd ye poorly

(*Demetrius and Enanthe*, 2980)

and

What makes the Devill so greedy of a Soule

but 'cause ha's lost his owne . . .

(*The Witch*, 1543-544);

Compare also:

I'll call her stranger ever in my hart,

Sha's killd the name of *Sister* . . .

(*The Witch*, 1071-072).

Crane also uses "h'as", of course, for "he has" (as well as for "has"); indeed the Malone Society editors of *The Witch* indicate at least one line (49) in which it is almost impossible to say whether Crane has written "ha's" or "h'as".

H. C. Oliver

Notes and Comments

FRONTISPIECE AND ILLUSTRATIONS

The *Frontispiece* and the illustrations are reproductions of sketches or engravings made in Shakespeare's lifetime of cities, towns, buildings, and shrines that he certainly or probably saw in his travels. There are records, for example, of performances given by companies of actors with which Shakespeare was associated in Coventry, Shrewsbury, York, Norwich, and Winchester. He could hardly have missed visiting Warwick, which is only a short distance from Stratford. See *Frontispiece* and pages 480, 492, 498, 522, 530, 540, 568, 586, and 592.



THE ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY

At the request of a number of libraries, an opportunity will be offered to secure separate copies of the Annual Shakespeare Bibliography. The Winter 1960 number of *Shakespeare Quarterly* will announce the details and include a form to be used by all who wish separate copies of the Annual Bibliography that will appear, as usual, in the Spring number.

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